

SPORT

NOVEMBER

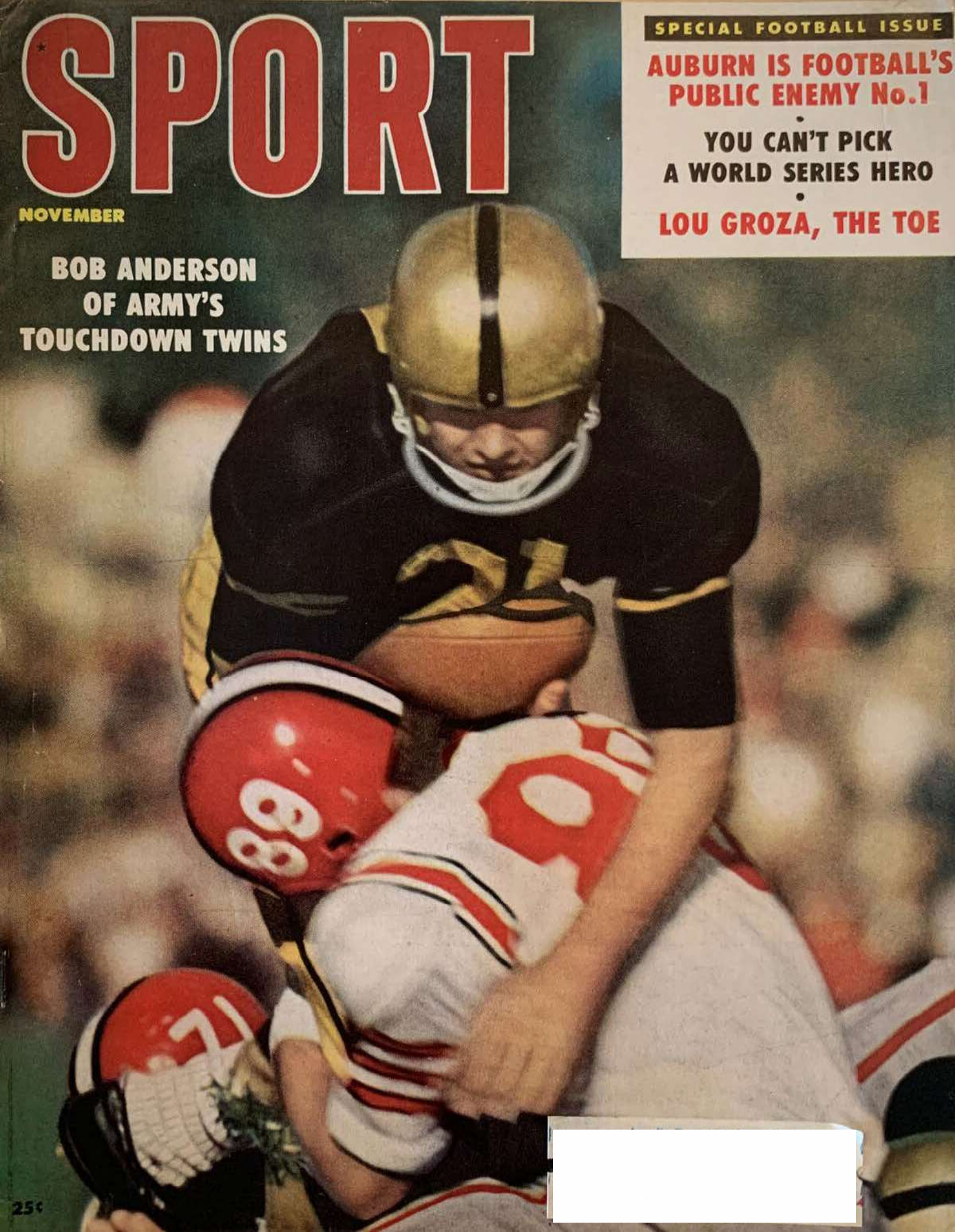
**BOB ANDERSON
OF ARMY'S
TOUCHDOWN TWINS**

SPECIAL FOOTBALL ISSUE

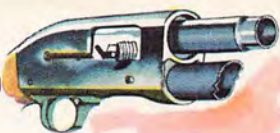
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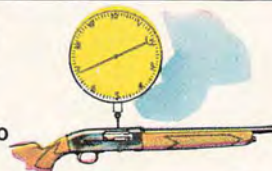
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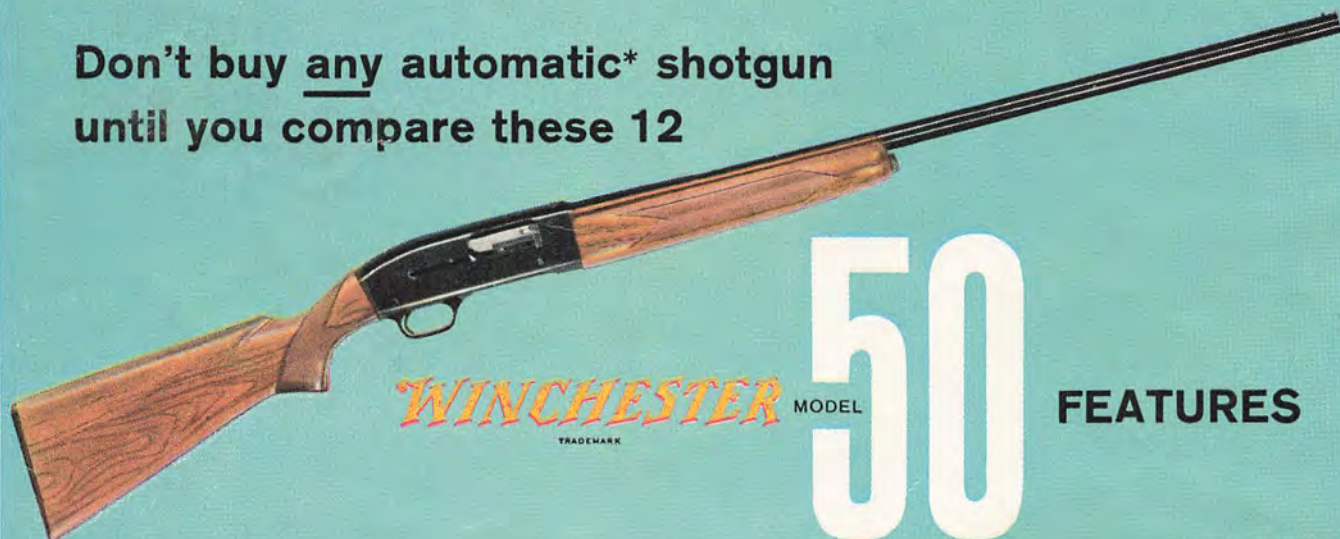
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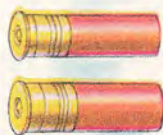


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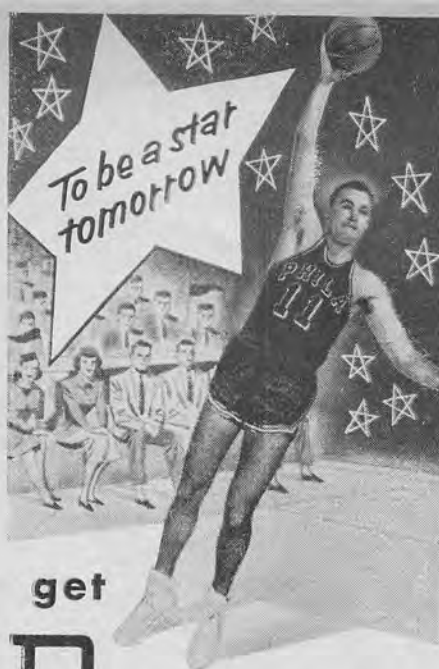
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COVER—By Marvin Newman

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letters to SPORT

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THOSE MILWAUKEE SUBURBS

Surely, Roger Kahn must have spoken with tongue in cheek when he stated, in his September story on Eddie Mathews, that Marshfield was a suburb of Milwaukee. Marshfield is over 150 miles from Milwaukee. Watertown, Wis. TOM TORKELSON

Author Kahn was simply carried away by the all-Wisconsin popularity of the Braves and a poor road map.

NOT ENOUGH AMERICAN LEAGUE?

I am an American League fan and I feel that you do not have adequate coverage of that league. Without making an actual count, I would estimate that you feature stories on National League players about three times for every two American Leaguers. Even when you occasionally break down, you only run stories on has-beens like Ted Williams and Yogi Berra. Topsfield, Mass. JIM ROBINSON

We're mystified, Jim. We went back over the July, August and September issues and found that we actually ran more American League than National League stories in that period. None of them was on Williams or Berra, a couple of "has-beens" who are always welcome in SPORT.



\$110,000 BUSH LEAGUER

Dave Nicholson, Baltimore's \$110,000 bonus outfielder (SPORT, July) was demoted to class D ball with Dublin in the Georgia-Florida League because of his inability to hit the curve ball. After opening the season at Knoxville, in the Sally League, he was sent down to Wilson of the Carolina League, and batted only .225. Playing for Dublin, in his first 21 trips to the plate he got only three singles for a batting average of .143.

It should be noted that in order to send him down to class D, Baltimore had to obtain waivers from the other 15 clubs who would have killed each other to get him one year ago. Providence, R.I. HARRY MAMIS

All of which goes to prove once again the point that a big bundle of cash doesn't guarantee anything. But don't give up on Dave yet. He's still young.

HOW ABOUT ERNIE BANKS?

You boys missed the boat this season when you had no story on Ernie Banks. Banks holds the home run record for shortstops, with 44, and the season grand-slam record of five. He is also one of the best shortstops in the majors today. Chicago, Ill. BEN CAPUTO

We agree with you, Ben. We have an Ernie Banks story in our next issue.

WHAT CAMPY MEANS IN L.A.

Your article on what Campy means to all of us was excellent. A baseball game here in Los Angeles is not the same without Roy Campanella. I am sure that if Roy had played this year, the Dodgers would have been right up there fighting for the pennant instead of trying to get out of the cellar. Los Angeles, Calif. RICHARD LEBBY

A WEIGHTLIFTER'S ADVICE

I read with interest your article, "The Care And Feeding Of A Young Athlete," in the August issue. But being a weightlifter, I do not agree with Mr. Libby's advice on this subject. He states: "The number of lifts in a given period should be gradually increased, not the size of the weights." Anyone who is experienced in weight training knows this is not right.

In doing a body-building exercise, you start with a weight that you can lift a given number of times—let's say, eight. Then you progress an extra lift or two each training period until you can do 12. Then you return to eight lifts again, using a heavier weight and repeating the process. After several weeks of training, you should from time to time use heavier weights for three or four lifts, and occasionally work up to the heaviest weight you can lift just once. This is the only way to make progress. Detroit, Mich. CHARLES R. VAN SICKLE



THE YANKS CAN BEAT ANYBODY

Everybody is complaining about the Yankee runaway in the American League this season, but they would have won just as easily in the National League. You could even pick an all-star team from both leagues and the Yanks would win. Waynesboro, Tenn. WALLACE PRIMM

ANOTHER GIANT SPORT QUIZ

I would like to see a revival of your Giant SPORT Quiz. I am sure that many of your readers have experienced countless hours of enjoyment trying to find the answers to these puzzlers. Middletown, O. DAVID YOUNG

Start brushing up on your record books, Dave. There will be a new Giant SPORT Quiz starting next month.

THE COURAGE OF GEHRIG

I have just finished reading Tom Meany's marvelous story on Lou Gehrig, the first of SPORT's new Hall of Fame series. It showed what a wonderful man the Iron Horse really was. Here was a man every American boy should look up to. He was an outstanding example of courage and stamina. If there were more people like Lou Gehrig, the world would be a much better place in which to live. Chicago, Ill. SAM KROLL



WHY THEY BOO JENSEN

I have an answer to your question, "What Do They Want From Jackie Jensen?" They want him to play on a pennant winner. Boston fans have to have someone to boo because they don't have anything to cheer about. Since they can't boo the real villains—Cronin and Higgins—they take it out on the players.

Why Jensen? Perhaps it's because Jack represents the mediocrity of the Red Sox. He's good enough to be a star but never quite good enough to win any top honors. So it is with the Bosox. They'll do a good job but will never quite make it to the top.

The whole cause of the trouble is one of the most inefficient general managers in the business. Joe Cronin is the exact opposite of Frank Lane. To paraphrase one of your titles, "Where There's Cronin, There's Indifference." But it's Jensen and the other players who take the rap. Brockton, Mass. PAULA STEVENS

WALTER JOHNSON'S RECORD

In your listing of Washington's all-time all-star team, you put Walter Johnson's win total at 416, while in your listing of the American League all-time, all-star team, it is 413. Which is correct? Brooklyn, N.Y. HAROLD ARONOW

There have been some discrepancies in Johnson's total, but it is officially recorded at 414, not counting World Series games.

Your belief that no boy who wants to play baseball should be turned away from the Little League sounds noble, but who's going to pay the doctor bills? I've managed a team for six years and it has been my experience that about ten percent of the candidates have no business playing baseball in any way, shape or form. Ordinary thrown balls and easy pop flies elude their gloves too often for safety. That ball is hard enough to knock you cold, break your jaw or smash a tooth.

Elmhurst, Ill.

BILL NEWELL

TEX IN MONTREAL

In your September SPORTalk, you mentioned that Tex Coulter is now a sports cartoonist in Fort Worth, Tex. This is to inform you that he is on the staff of the Montreal Star and does cartoons and writes about football.

Montreal, Que.

HAROLD LAXER

CY, TRIS AND "HOME RUN"

I was disappointed in your selection of the American League all-time all-star team. I think the records justified the selections of Cy Young over Walter Johnson, Tris Speaker over Joe DiMaggio and John "Home Run" Baker over Jimmy Collins.

The records show that Young's 510-314 record is a lot better than Johnson's 414-282; that Speaker, who played 22 years to DiMag's 13, had a .344 lifetime average to DiMag's .325; and that Baker's .307 lifetime average is better than Collins' .285, even though you list it as .294.

Toledo, O.

WALTER ROSS

The panel of experts who supplied the all-time all-star teams took more than statistics into consideration. Young, Speaker and Baker were great players, but we think our three were just a little better.

THEY LOVE 'EM IN BROOKLYN

From what I read in your magazine, Brooklynites sure hate the Bums since they left town. Well, I'm a member of Gino Cimoli's Brooklyn fan club and here are some quotes from the players which appeared in the club journal recently:

"Tell my fan club that I miss them and still love them."—Gino Cimoli.

"Tell them I miss the dear hearts and gentle people."—Clem Labine.

"Give my regards to all my buddies in Brooklyn . . . all the spaghetti eaters and those who ain't."—Carl Furillo.

How can anybody hate them?

Elberon, N.J.

WENDY KAPLAN

THE WOLVES OF BASEBALL

What's the matter with baseball fans? First it was Ted Williams, one of the greatest hitters in the game, who got booed. Then it was Al Rosen, booed as he lay on the ground after a hard line drive hit his knee. Now it's Jackie Jensen who has his own pack of wolves. Maybe they ought to drop the game until the fans learn how to act.

Swampscott, Mass.

PETER LOITER

Take a tip from these
3 famous cage stars.....

Play a
HERCULITE
Yellow

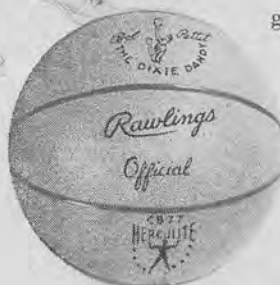
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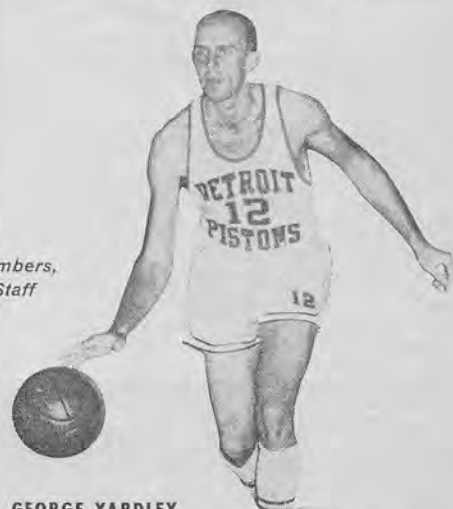
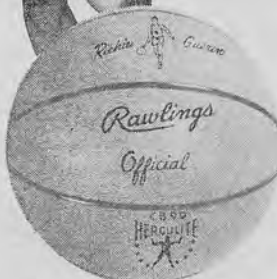
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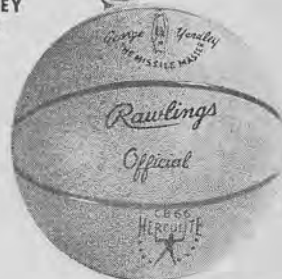
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SPORTalk

Tallest Softball Team

Ever wonder what those skyscrapers of professional basketball do for kicks during the off-season? Well, in the case of the world champion St. Louis Hawks it's an easy question to answer because eight of the ten squad members play softball together.

The Hawks of the Media, Mo., Municipal Softball League actually feature seven players, with basketball high scorer Bob Pettit traveling up from his home in Baton Rouge, La., whenever he has a chance. The team is filled out with a couple of front-office employees, the public address announcer and broadcaster Buddy Blattner, a former major-league baseball player. The star pitcher is Win Wil-

fong, whose earned-run average was almost higher than his basketball scoring average. "I should worry," he commented when asked about his softball future. "The team averages 15 runs a game."

As an example of the Hawks' heroics on the softball field, they played a team of advertising executives last summer and were trailing, 7-0, in the third inning when Pettit, making one of his infrequent guest appearances, laid down a bunt. He beat it out in something like three strides, and Al Ferrari and Chuck Share followed with homers as the Hawks roared to an eight-run inning. In the end, they staggered to a 19-18 victory as Pettit got four-for-five and pitcher Wilfong took the credit.

If the Hawks don't hold the record

for the tallest softball team anywhere, they certainly must hold the mark for the wildest throw ever made. In one game, six-foot, ten-inch Ed Macauley, playing third base, uncorked a heave that was ten feet over the outstretched glove of six-foot, eleven-inch Chuck Share at first base. That's about as wild—and as high—as you can throw.

Auburn Is Pushing

A point made in Furman Bisher's story about the recruiting problems at Auburn (see page 12) is that the school and its people are bitter. What used to be a pleasant town of Auburn, Ala., has become a tight little island of suspicion and self-consciousness. The school is pushing the case of young Don Fuell, who was allegedly illegally recruited. Understandably, Fuell and his family pushed the case in the courts this summer to restore the boy's eligibility, but if Auburn persists in the same pursuit, there is a chance that some startling changes will take place in the Southeastern Conference.

At least, that's the word now. The conference doesn't like all the court involvement and the harassment that comes with it. It could reach a sufficient point of irritation to consider regrouping into a new conference that would keep Auburn out. This is not a remote possibility.

"All they have to do is take their medicine," says SEC Commissioner Bernie Moore, "and they'd have public sympathy. They were caught and found guilty in fair and just consideration of all cases brought against them. But all the time they keep their name in headlines over these affairs, they're just advertising their faults instead of their qualities."

So you've got to figure there is still more trouble brewing in the Southeast.

Campus Queen Candidate No. 3

Ever wanted to take a cute girl on a golf date? Elaine Woodman, our Campus Queen candidate for the month, is the girl you want. But you had better be pretty hot stuff around the links or you're going to look awfully foolish. Because 18-year-old Elaine,



The St. Louis Hawks softball team has plenty of strike zones when giants like 6-11 Chuck Share, left, and 6-9 Bob Pettit, right, are in the lineup.



Sun-wise Dodger fans use some novel headgear in the uncovered L. A. Coliseum.

a sophomore at the University of Wichita, has a golf game as pretty as that smile and a 36-22-34 figure.

A five-foot, two-inch, 105-pound brunette, Elaine holds the city and state girls' championships of Wichita and Kansas respectively. Last year she was runner-up in the Kansas Women's Amateur Tournament and reached the finals of the Girls' National Junior Tournament. This past summer she represented her college in the Women's National Intercollegiate Tournament.

An all-around athlete, Elaine majors in physical education and has won medals in swimming and tennis. A resident of Wichita, she is the oldest of four daughters of a former track and basketball star at Wichita U.

A member of Delta Gamma, she is a cheerleader (they call them Shock-erettes at Wichita), an honorary ROTC colonel, and was runnerup in the recent Campus Press Queen contest. She likes to play the piano, dance and bowl.

In case you've forgotten, we will run two more candidates in the December and January issues and then give you a chance to vote for the 1959 Campus Queen in the February issue.

Where Semproch Came From

It is rare, in these days of multi-figure baseball bonuses and eager



Elaine Woodman, University of Wichita

baseball publicity men, for a player to reach the major leagues unnoticed, and vault to success, at that. This was the case, though, for Ray Semproch, the Phillies' 27-year-old rookie pitching star.

Seems the first anyone ever heard of the big righthander was last year when Ray posted a 12-4 record for Miami of the International League. Before that, he had drifted obscurely and slowly up the ladder in the Phils' farm system, performing adequately but not sensationally.

We wondered if the Philadelphia club had closely regulated his steady progress with the organization. Had the team signed Ray after a financially competitive chase and then carefully nurtured its investment? Allowing our curiosities to dictate our actions, as usual, we decided to check.

The first step was the Phillies' front office. No one there was certain how Ray was discovered. Our next contact was Pete Mihalic, the man who signed Semproch. Pete, very willing to talk about the first of his kids to make the majors in his 12-year scouting career, told us Semproch simply happened. "I was on my way home from a Cleveland ball game in 1951," Pete said, "when I saw lights on at Gordon Field—that's a sandlot diamond five minutes from my house. Well, I always like to see what's going on, so I stopped."

Pete sat in the stands and watched Semproch's sandlot team take a beating. Ray was sitting on the bench and after a few innings was sent in to relieve.

"He had a good, live fast ball," Mihalic said. "Not blazing fast, but the ball was live; it moved. I liked him. I was pretty anxious and walked to the water fountain between innings to talk to him."

"Now that's not good policy—to tip your hand like that," Pete cautioned us, "but it didn't matter because there were no other scouts around. No one had ever heard of him."

Mihalic took Semproch to a Phillies' tryout camp in Lorain, Ohio. At the camp, Pete was told to sign the boy if he liked him. "I liked him," Mihalic said, "and gave him \$150 a month to sign with Elizabethton of the class D Appalachian League. He didn't get a bonus, and Walter, his older brother, thought the salary wasn't enough. Ray was anxious, though, and told me, 'That satisfies me, all I want is a chance.'"

Ray won 17 and lost 11 before going into service for two years. He wasn't too effective on his return, compiling a 9-11 mark at Terre Haute in 1954 and a 2-5 record with Reidsville early in 1955. But his strikeout totals remained high and he began to look good again when the Phillies shifted him from Reidsville to Three Rivers during the 1955 season. He went 6-5 there, with a 2.86 earned-run average.

Moved up to Wilson in the Carolina League in 1956, he was 13-13 with 170 strikeouts, 71 walks and an earned-run average of 2.91, good enough for the big jump to AAA ball at Miami last year.

Even in this era of the big bonus some good players still get there the hard way. We've got an idea Semproch will still be around long after some of his lavishly rewarded contemporaries have departed.

A Visit With Lou Thesz

"I've been a wrestler for 24 years," Lou Thesz said, "and I don't regret a minute of it. I'm 41 now and about all I want is another crack at the championship before I quit."

Thesz, huge, ruggedly handsome and in perfect physical condition, reflected on his highly successful career as he escorted one of Sportalk's correspondents around his new five-acre home at Rancho Santa Fe, an exclusive area about 30 miles north of San Diego, Calif. The sprawling ranch home had an atmosphere of conservative luxury, enhanced by a sleek white Thunderbird hardtop in the drive. There were

a few head of prize Hereford steers wandering around the compact layout, along with some horses and sheep. There was a modest vegetable garden, carefully weeded and irrigated. "The garden is my hobby," he grinned. "It costs me about \$5 per vegetable when you figure how much I could be earning during the time I spend on it."

Money doesn't bother Thesz anymore. During five of his peak years he made better than \$200,000 a year; and he invested it wisely. He now owns extensive property in Rancho Santa Fe, Apple Valley, La Jolla and Los Angeles. Simply keeping track of his property and earnings is a full-time job, so why does Lou want to take one more fling at the championship?

"Well, actually I'm still the international champ, even though I lost the world title to Dick Hutton in Toronto last year. That was only the fourth loss in over 2,200 matches. This year I've been wrestling about every other week locally, since I want to be near home. But next year I'd like to campaign actively for a shot at the title, and bow out as world champion."

A bashed nose and two badly cauliflowered ears give mute testimony to a quarter-century of wrestling, but Thesz has a physique that makes some of today's pot-bellied TV wrestling specimens look like imposters. He packs 228 pounds of solid muscle on a six-foot, two-inch frame and keeps in shape by constant work around the ranch and weekly workouts in a Los Angeles gym.

"I was only 20 when I first won the title, back in 1937," Thesz recalls. "My father, an immigrant shoemaker who had wrestled in Europe, taught me well, and I beat Everett Marshall for the title. In the last 20 years, I've held the crown five different times. The only ones to beat me in that time were Hutton, Steve Casey, Bill Longson and Whipper Watson."

Thesz doesn't count a disputed loss to Edouard Carpentier, when the promoters claimed Lou had forfeited the title by stalling outside the ropes. Thesz was disqualified, but the loss was never recognized by the National Wrestling Alliance because a world title can't change hands on a disqualification.

There are wrestling mementoes scattered around the new home, since Lou collects books, paintings and sculpture on his profession. Here and there, in inconspicuous places, can be spotted various trophies. But most of the furnishings are tasteful and conservative, including a well-stocked library which includes the classics as well as the best-sellers.

Lou's attractive wife, Fredda, is happy that her husband is finally thinking about retiring from the wrestling ring, but his sprightly six-year-old son, Jeffrey, is a little disappointed. "When I grow up I want to be the world champ like my dad," he says.

"No," Lou says, mussing the boy's hair, "one wrestler in a family is enough."

The Violinist And The Elephant Gun

Julian Olevsky, who has studied the violin since he was three and has been a successful concert violinist since he was ten, has a hobby that would make Paganini flip in his grave. He designs guns. Not just little guns, but big, powerful elephant guns.

"Well, I don't really design them," he says. "I simply modify existing



In his new California home, Lou Thesz lives the good life on his earnings from a quarter-century of wrestling. At 41, and still in perfect condition, he is aiming at a comeback so that he can officially retire as world champion.





Julian Olefsky proves that hands that can play a concert violin can also handle a big-game rifle.

types. I have quite a collection of rifles, and when I'm home I spend hours taking them apart and examining them. That's where I got the idea for the elephant gun. It's my only original creation and I feel like Stradivarius must have felt when he made one of his violins."

How does a traditionally cloistered violinist, confronted with almost nothing but music all his life, come to design a .458-caliber rifle so good that a professional gunsmith asked permission to make two more exactly like it?

"I guess I'm different from the other longhairs," smiled the handsome, 31-year-old musician, who wears his hair neat and short. "I've always liked outdoor sports, even though I never had much time for them as a child. I was born in Germany and brought up in Argentina. In Buenos Aires I secretly joined an athletic group and was just learning to walk on my hands when my parents found out about it. They were horrified and made me stop immediately."

But a few years ago Olefsky came to New York to make his successful American debut and decided to stay. He met his wife, Yvonne, at the Tanglewood music festival and they now have a home in Westport, Conn., and two children, Roxanne and Ronald. In a specially built game room, the violinist keeps his hunting and fishing equipment, and when he's not off on a concert tour, he loves to hunt, fish or sail on Long Island Sound.

"I also have a studio there, with a grand piano and two wonderful violins, where I practice. But the game room is where I relax."

What's so different about his elephant gun, we asked, and got an earful of explanation in return.

"The gun has a Mauser Magnum action with a hinged floor plate, which can be instantly opened to unload the magazine by pressing a button release milled into the trigger guard. I checkered the bolt handle for better gripping and matted the receiver ring. The barrel is unique in that it, along with a half-rib and the front sight base, was completely machined out of a single forging of Roehling nitro steel.

"I also adapted an extra night bead stick, like they use in India for hunt-

FAMOUS FOSTERS* TEAM UP WITH ITHACAS FOR QUALITY ALL THE WAY



Like many American shooters, the Preston Fosters of TV and movie fame, are thorough outdoor folks and do a whale of a lot of hunting and shooting. They go for the perfect feel and balance, faster, easier action they get with their Ithacas.

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Model 37R shown here—America's best shotgun buy—only **\$115.95** ▶

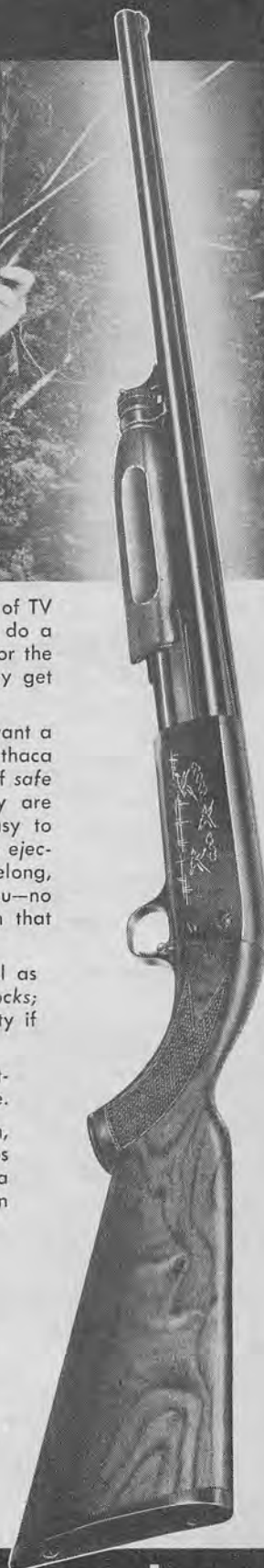
*Preston Foster and his wife Sheila are starred in the TV "Waterfront" Series.

"Since 1880 — Great Guns"

ITHACA Gun Company, Inc.

Dept. 6

ITHACA, N. Y.





Lew Hoad seemed more interested in Pancho Gonzales' reaction than in Gina Lollobrigida's figure during a reception on the pro tennis tour, Tennis, anyone?

SPORTalk

ing tigers at dusk or in moonlight. Like my other big-bore rifles, this one is fitted with a steel recoil lug which automatically adjusts to barrel strain. The stock is hand-made of ten-year-old, air-dried French walnut. I have added a muzzle control and rubber pad to reduce the recoil."

Does he ever get a chance to combine business with pleasure on his concert tours?

"Not usually, but I'm working on something," he said happily. "My agents are trying to arrange a concert tour in South Africa, with enough time allotted afterward so I can go on my first big-game hunting safari."

Football's Newest Weapon

Back in October, 1955, Iowa was giving Michigan fits on the football field. The Hawkeyes ran all over the Wolverines in the first half and Michigan's only hope seemed to be a second-half passing barrage. But Iowa had changed its pass defense and the scouting reports had to be discarded. Could Michigan solve the problem in the 20 minutes between halves?

They could and they did. In the locker room, the Michigan players were shown 14 photos of the Iowa secondary—all taken during the first half, some few minutes earlier. By studying and analyzing them, the Wolverines were able to find the holes and beat Iowa with passes in the second half.

It marked the first big triumph for the Polaroid camera in football. Since then the "picture-in-a-minute" camera has found all sorts of uses in a game where it is impossible to follow the individual actions of 22 men on every play.

"There has been a steady increase in the use of Polaroid photography by football teams, varying from scouting to use during a game," reports Bruce W. Marcus, who handles the Polaroid account for a New York advertising agency. "Equipped with telephoto lenses attached to the ordinary Land camera, a photographer can study

what he has just seen without leaving his seat."

The colleges have been the biggest users of the new gimmick, Marcus says. At Minnesota, for example, an assistant is regularly assigned to take pictures from the press box during the game and send them down to the bench for immediate study. At Stanford, coach Chuck Taylor uses the technique to examine defensive line spacing. At California, transparency slides taken during the first half are projected in the locker room between halves and analyzed by the coaches. Michigan State and Boston College use the camera, too.

Although the Los Angeles Rams make periodic use of the new weapon, the New York Giants are by far the leading advocates of the quick extra look. At each home game, club secretary-treasurer Wellington Mara takes a weird-looking contraption up to the press box and starts snapping away. It's a press-type camera with a Polaroid magazine and tank, plus a 15-inch telephoto lens.

Mara sits beside assistant coach Ken Kavanaugh, who has a direct line to the bench and coach Jim Lee Howell. When Ken spots something in the pictures, he grabs the phone and reports it. Meantime, Mara is hastily stuffing the print into a weighted sock, which he throws to a waiting accomplice far below the press box. It is then turned over to brainy offense coach Vin Lombardi for analysis. The entire operation takes less than a minute, since Mara cheats considerably on the developing time.

"The quality of the photograph isn't so hot," he admits with a grin. "We only take 20 seconds or so, instead of the required 60, because we're in a hurry. And the wet print gets scratched in the sock. But we're not after an Oscar for photographic excellence. We're just after information."

"It's been a tremendous help to us," Lombardi says. "We have great faith in its value. We use the photos only to spot defensive alignments of the opposing team, but it's a lot more convincing for the quarterback when we can show him what we've spotted rather than tell him."

The Giants credit the camera technique for at least one victory. That was last season's 24-20 win over the Washington Redskins. "The pictures showed that Washington's middle line-backer was watching our halfbacks, Gifford and Webster, on every play, even when they remained in position. So we gave the ball to fullback Bobby Epps, and he gained more than 100 yards that day."

Slip Madigan And The \$100,000

Slip Madigan, the old Notre Dame star and coach of the colorful Galloping Gaels of St. Mary's of California in pre-war years, is a successful building contractor on the West Coast these days. Recently he put up a 180-home development in Concord, Calif., and named all the streets after Notre Dame football heroes.

But back in the days when Slip and the Gaels traveled from coast to coast, virtually orphans of big-time college football, there was many a time when he wondered where his next buck was coming from.

Even by depression standards, Slip's salary of \$75 a month wasn't too good. But spurred on by success and a new marriage, he successfully argued his way to a raise—\$125 a month. "But that's not enough," his wife objected. "You're a valuable coach. They need you worse than you need them."

So Madigan argued some more and finally the shrewd officials offered him a percentage deal of the gross gate receipts. Unless the team made money, Slip was back where he started. But he accepted the offer.

When the year ended and no percentage check was forthcoming, Slip said nothing but made a note of what was owed him. He did the same thing the next year—and the year after that. The 1938 Gaels went to the Cotton Bowl and beat Texas Tech. Still no check.

In 1939 the Gaels' season ended in New York, where they played Fordham before a packed house and the Fordham authorities prepared to turn over St. Mary's share—about \$100,000—to Slip. "Better just make the check out to me," he said thoughtfully. "Might need some expense money on the way back, you know."

Back in San Francisco, Madigan proceeded to deposit the whopping check in his own bank account and submitted a piddling amount to the college, along with an itemized accounting of his percentage arrangement. He simply kept the rest.

That was the end of Slip Madigan at St. Mary's, but it was a nice way to go.

The Browns And The Orioles

In compiling the 13th in this series of all-time, all-star teams, we ran across a problem in genealogy. In preparing such a team for the Baltimore Orioles, we certainly had to include the old St. Louis Browns, from whom they are directly descended. But what about the proud Baltimore Orioles of old, one of the greatest teams ever put together? Since modern Baltimoreans are a lot prouder of the ancient Orioles than of the more recent Browns, we felt we had to include some of them. They were wonderful players and they certainly deserve this small honor.

First Base—George Sisler, the greatest Brownie of them all, played from 1915 to 1927 and compiled a lifetime

average of .340. He hit .420 in 1922, .407 in 1920 and still holds most of the all-time Browns-Orioles hitting records.

Second Base—Marty McManus played for the Browns from 1920 to 1936 and hit over .300 in three of those seasons. His lifetime average was .289.

Third Base—John McGraw, the Little Napoleon of a later era, is not often remembered as a hitter, but he was a great one. He played with the old Orioles in the American Association in 1891, in the National League from 1892-1899, and in the American League from 1901 to 1902. He hit over .300 for nine consecutive seasons, had a lifetime average of .334 and stole 444 bases.

Shortstop—Hugh Jennings, who played with the Orioles from 1893 to 1899, is often ranked as second only to Honus Wagner among all-time shortstops. He was equally proficient as a fielder and hitter and made the Hall of Fame with a .314 lifetime average. Jennings hit .386 in 1895 and

from 1915 to 1925 and a .289 lifetime hitter.

Righthanded pitcher—Urban Shock-er, who won 126 games in seven seasons with the Browns, from 1918 to 1924, gets the spot over Joe McGinnity, a Hall of Famer who won 244 games in his career, but only 66 of them in three years with the old Orioles. Shocker holds the present team record of 27 victories in a season.

Lefthanded pitcher—Matt Kilroy played only four years for the Orioles of 1886 to 1889, but won an amazing 119 games in that time. He holds the old Oriole record of 46 victories in 1887, also the records of 505 strikeouts in a season and 73 games played.

News From The Fan Clubs

Emily Fitzgibbons, president of the Rocky Colavito Fan Club, writes to complain about readers who send her letters, asking to join the club, and don't send dues when asked. No club can operate successfully without systematic dues and those of the Colavito club are certainly reasonable: 50 cents for new members plus another 50 cents for the club newspaper. Renewals are 75 cents. The address is 2123 Mars Ave., Lakewood, O.

The Detroit Tigers Fan Club members were guests of the team on August 11, with only a membership card required for admission. Earlier, on July 4, the club chartered a bus for a doubleheader in Cleveland. Club member Carolyn Zalewski, hospitalized for a delicate heart operation, was cheered by a telegram signed by Billy Martin, her favorite Tiger.

Alfreda Baker of 920 Lyme Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y., president of the Johnny Podres Fan Club, announces she is raising the dues to 50 cents. . . . Carrie Turem, president of the Dodgerette Fan Club, has moved from Brooklyn to Los Angeles and is now reorganizing the club, in existence since 1951, for its new fans. Her address is 306 Loma Dr., Los Angeles. . . . Mary Linehan, whose sister Betsy has sadly folded the Bob Porterfield club, has started a new Albie Pearson club, which will continue the hospital charitable work of the Porterfield group. You can write to her at 1414 No. Ohio St., Arlington 5, Va.

Carol McCord of 3630 Beacon Dr., Beechwood Village, Cleveland 22, O., is continuing the Chico Carrasquel club, despite his trade, and wants new members from around Kansas City. . . . Pat Austin of 5421 Geary Blvd., San Francisco 21, Calif., co-president of the Ken Aspromonte club, announces that San Francisco members have conducted a special drive for comic books and magazines for donation to a local hospital. . . . E. Forrest Munson of Fielding, Utah, head of the official Enos Slaughter club, has an unusual gimmick in a recent club bulletin. It's a detachable card, signed by a member of the Yankees and supplied by Slaughter.

The Ted Williams Club of Hialeah has a new president. It's Susan Deupree, 6275 Park Rd., Cincinnati 43, O. . . . The Joe Cunningham Fan Club of St. Joseph's Academy in St. Louis is now accepting outside members. Write to president Judy Sharpe, 320 No. Skinker, St. Louis 5, Mo.

We're sorry we can't accommodate those who want to be mentioned as looking for a particular fan club, as we simply don't have space. See you next month.

—LEE GREENE



AT YOUR
NEWSSTAND
OCTOBER 23



WILLIE
MAYS



BOB
PETTIT

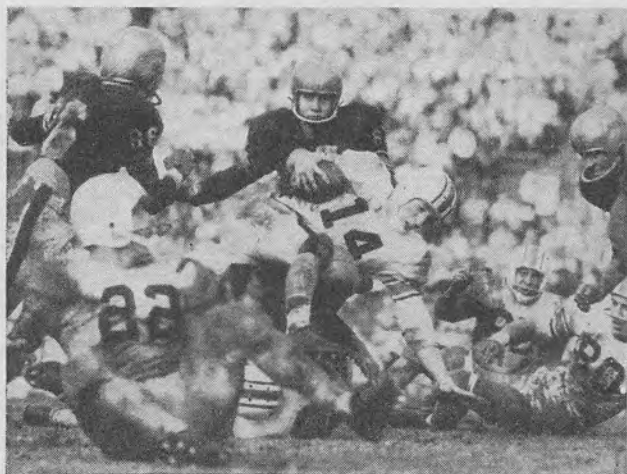
next month in SPORT

Our cover story for December is on Johnny Unitas, the talented and surprising quarterback for the Baltimore Colts, in a special photo action spread. . . . And our headliner for the month is an exclusive by former pro great Otto Graham, who ought to know. It's called "Let The Quarterback Call The Plays!" and it's a hard-punching story. . . . Also for the pro football fan is the story of Bert Bell, "The Commissioner Who Commissions."

How come the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles and found only trouble, and the Giants moved to San Francisco and found an all-town welcome committee? Was it really O'Malley who was leading Stoneham by the nose, the way people said? And how come the Giants looked so good in the field? Where did they find all those rookies? Will it all last? The full report is in "Sudden Success In San Francisco" . . . The SPORT SPECIAL is on the mighty Yankee mainstay, the fellow who gets in and out of trouble, on and off the field. It's called "Whitey Ford Is His Own Boss."

"There's Never A Dull Moment With The Hawks." That's for sure. Bob Pettit and Co. wins the championship and the coach quits, players tell owner Ben Kerner who they want as the new coach, and the owner listens. It's interesting stuff. . . . He looked like an angel as he won the Open. So why didn't his new personality last? Read it in "Terrible Tommy Bolt Just Can't Reform". . . . Plus an inside report on how young and tall basketball players are recruited today.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL'S PUBLIC ENEMY No.1



Auburn, scoring here, was undefeated in '57.

*In its rush to become the No. 1
team in the country, Auburn got slapped
—hard—for illegal recruiting*

By FURMAN BISHOP

THE NO. 1 college football team in the nation last year was an ambitious, growing school with a mouth-filling name—Alabama Polytechnic Institute of Auburn, Ala.—according to an Associated Press poll of several hundred sportswriters. Better known as Auburn, it scored ten victories in ten games with a squad so devoted to defense that it led the nation in this department.

By a strange coincidence, the current Public Enemy No. 1 on the blotter of the National Collegiate Athletic Association—police force, judge and jury of the nation's major colleges—was this same Auburn. Within four months after Ted Smits, general sports editor of Associated Press, had appeared before 15,000 enthralled worshippers in Cliff Hare Stadium to present the massive trophy that goes with No. 1, Auburn had been hauled before the NCAA infractions committee for the second time within two years and given a fresh whacking across the stern for impious recruiting. Twice within the previous two years Auburn had been fined by the Southeastern Conference for recruiting indiscretions. On other occasions, they had been reported by brother conference members, but the evidence uncovered had been insufficient to prosecute.

Just seven years before, Auburn had played an entire ten-game schedule without a victory or a tie. Over a course of three seasons, including a super-tragic campaign in 1950, Auburn had won only three games. This provoked one of the first acts (—▶ TO PAGE 86)

Back for two more years is Jackie Burkett, Auburn's All-SEC center, a vital cog in the Tigers' great defense. ▶



You Can't Pick A Series Hero

The stars find that their reputations don't cut any ice in October. That's when men like Dusty Rhodes, Billy Martin and Lew Burdette rise up from the ranks to take all the glory

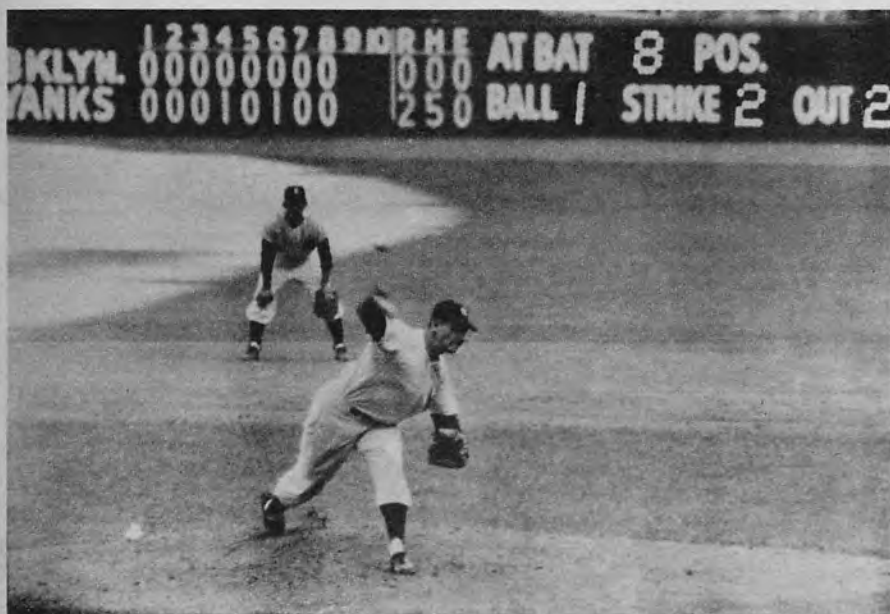
By Frank Graham, Jr.

THE WORLD SERIES has always had consequences far beyond its essential purpose, which is to decide the baseball championship of the 49 states. Among its other functions, the Series provides the players' pension fund with a considerable slice of a razor-blade manufacturer's profits; a week's free refreshment for underprivileged sports-writers; a larger audience than usual for Casey Stengel's singular observations; and, most important of all, a dramatic setting in which a mediocre ballplayer can, with one mighty deed, pluck himself from the obscurity to which his talents apparently had doomed him. People who don't give a hoot who wins the World Series are delighted when a player abandons his role as spear-carrier to earn undying fame (and the accompanying checks for appearances and endorsements) during the first week of October. The World Series is baseball's way of closing the gap between the super-stars and those below them. It is where the likes of Al Gionfriddo and Dusty Rhodes can be King for a day.

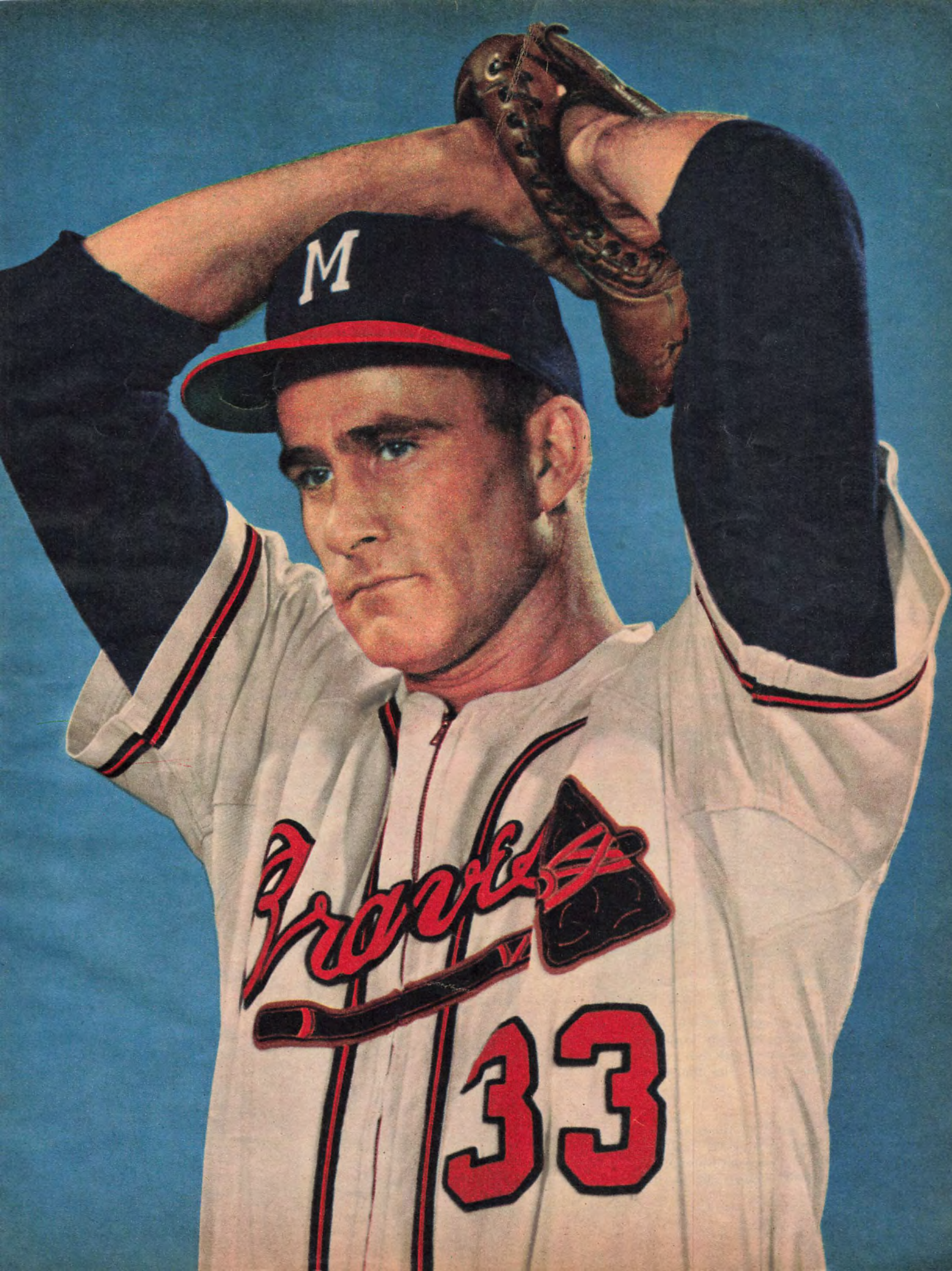
This is not to suggest that all World Series heroes are humpty-dumpties. But the greatness of players is usually measured by their performance over a 154-game season, year after year. But

Color by Nicks Lauritzen

A burning resentment of Casey Stengel, the man who never gave him a chance, might have been the spark that ignited Lew Burdette's three victories in 1957. ►



The scoreboard told an amazing story as Don Larsen threw the last pitch of his perfect game in 1956. Fans forgot he was belted out in an earlier game.





Rounding first base after hitting the second of his 1954 clutch home runs, Dusty Rhodes provided the Giants with the big hits in their four-game sweep.

while you can predict, with reasonable certainty, how a man is going to play during a full season, it is impossible to be sure that he will be at his best during one particular week. Men like Joe DiMaggio and Jackie Robinson were good World Series performers, but not spectacular ones. Other immortals, like Ty Cobb, Ted Williams and Bob Feller, failed dismally in the Series. The real drama of the Series every year lies in the emergence of a particular player, often completely overlooked beforehand, as the hero. Almost invariably, while the public's attention is focused on a Robinson, a DiMaggio, a Mantle or a Spahn, somebody else moves out of the shadows and winds up in the spotlight. He is the fellow you see in the photographs the next day, being mobbed, hugged, kissed and affectionately roughed up by his playmates. You can also see him driving off in the white Chevrolet Corvette that SPORT awards to the Series hero each year.

"A guy gets hot," said Dusty Rhodes in his moment of glory in 1954. "It could have been anybody. It turned out to be me."

A World Series hero is partly the result of his own prowess, partly a product of a special set of circumstances. He is the right man in the right place at the right time. Sometimes he goes into a Series on the momentum of a late-season streak; at other times he suddenly comes to life at the critical moment. To realize what a diverse group of men these World Series heroes are you need only go back to 1946, the year baseball returned to normal after World War II, and pick out the key players.

1946 was the year the Cardinals beat out the Dodgers for the pennant in the National League, while the Red Sox crushed the Yankees and all of their other American League rivals. All eyes, of course, were on Stan Musial and Ted Williams.

Maybe you remember what happened. Musial slugged a tepid .222, while Williams was even worse. He batted



Cookie Lavagetto, being hugged by manager Burt Shotton, not only broke up Bill Bevens' no-hitter with two out in the ninth; his double won the game.

Billy Martin, the "All-American out" in Charlie Dressen's book, tied one of Babe Ruth's records leading the Yankees to a 1952 victory with his bat.





Discarded by the Yankees because he had no fast ball, Gene Bearden won the 1948 playoff for the Indians and then starred in the Series. Then he faded.

200. Neither of them hit a home run. The man who dominated the Series was a little lefthanded pitcher named Harry Brecheen and the most spectacular individual play was a piece of daring base-running by a fellow named Enos Slaughter.

1947 is another example of the futility of trying to choose a Series hero in advance. It was the Yankees and the Dodgers, and there were big names everywhere: Joe DiMaggio, Tommy Henrich, Pee Wee Reese, Jackie Robinson, Pete Reiser, Dixie Walker and Eddie Stanky. When the Series was all over, however, the players you kept reading about were Bill Bevens, Cookie Lavagetto and somebody named Al Gionfriddo. Bevens, of course, was the unfortunate Yankee pitcher who was one out away from the first no-hit game in World Series history. Lavagetto was the man who broke up the no-hitter—and the ball game—with his two-run double in the ninth inning of the fourth game. The Dodgers, with their shabby pitching staff, were doomed to defeat, but little Gionfriddo typified the spirit that had kept them in the battle. A utility out-

fielder, he staved off defeat in the sixth game by racing back to the bullpen to rob DiMaggio of a home run. The names of Bevens, Lavagetto and Gionfriddo will always have a bright place in World Series history. The irony of it was that not one of them ever again played in a major-league game.

Do you remember Gene Bearden? He, too, had only one shot at glory in 1948 and he didn't miss. He was an unlikely hero right from the start. Certainly neither the Yankees, who originally owned him, nor Casey Stengel were impressed by the young man. The Yankees had optioned Bearden to Oakland, where he pitched under Stengel in 1947. Casey, aware that the young lefthander did not have the fast ball to make good in the majors, taught him how to throw a knuckleball. When Cleveland president Bill Veeck was searching the minors for a pitcher at the end of 1947, he called his old friend, Stengel, and asked him about the staff he had at Oakland. There is no doubt that Stengel recommended Bearden to Veeck, but his motives are still obscure. Perhaps he wanted to do (→ TO PAGE 89)



*On the pages that follow in
our special football
issue are the stories of some
of the young heroes who
turn a Saturday afternoon into
something special. They
make football fans of us all*

SATURDAY'S STARS



Saturday afternoon in autumn is a special time. The day is brisk and sunny, and the morning moves too slowly toward the moment of excitement in the stadium when a young fellow places a football carefully on a tee and kicks off. And then the golden sun rolls in a rush behind the concrete stands, pretty girls cheer their final, hoarse chorus to the gladiators below, the now-misshapen band plays a crashing echo of alma mater, and Saturday's football fades. It is a special time.

It is a time when young boys hurry their lunch, and wear something woolen and bright red, and run the long, last yards to the stadium. It is a time when old grads hurry their lunch, and wear something woolen and bright red, and feel old and young together.

It is a time for contact, for hard blocking, for team play, for the things we cannot see but know are taking place as the halfback moves off tackle for six yards. It is no time to care where our heroes come from. But only that they are here, in muscles and pads, come to play bravely and boldly.

They are our heroes for a Saturday afternoon. And some of their stories are on the pages that follow—from the guard at Notre Dame to the halfback at LSU to the quarterback at Utah to the pair of runners at West Point. These are the Big Men On Campus, the All-America stars, the kids who can run and pass and block—and make football fans of us all.

Color by Marvin Newman



*Bob Anderson and Pete Dawkins
are the most lethal one-two punch to
roam The Plains since Davis
and Blanchard. They may be better*

Army's Touchdown Twins

By Murray Olderman

THE GAUGE Colonel Earl (Red) Blaik uses to measure a football player is simple. The boy is either a student or an athlete. "And you never in your life," complains the colonel, "saw so many skinny kids with glasses as we get here at West Point. It scares you to death to see them when they first arrive. They're all students."

But these "students" become in the fall the rock-ribbed, relentlessly aggressive Army football teams. To see them cut down bigger teams with waves of explosive blockers followed by swift, hard-charging backs makes you wonder how kids could be any tougher, quicker, more intuitively gifted for football or have a greater zest for combat—all qualities you suspect that Blaik attributes to "the athlete" rather than "the student."

For instance, on his team at the United States Military Academy this fall are a couple of halfbacks who weigh 200 pounds or so. Discerning authorities—among them Eddie Erdelatz of Navy, a guy who should know—say they are the best pair of halfbacks in the country. The left halfback is Bob Anderson, who made All-America as an Army yearling (sophomore) in 1957, a significant achievement since Blaik allows only the most gifted rookies to play with the varsity. Pete Dawkins, the right halfback, caused a friendly split in the Army coaching staff when some of the colonel's aides insisted he was the more dangerous runner of the two.

It seemed a good idea to ask Blaik in the quiet of his office secluded at the end of a maze of halls, stairways and elevators high in the bastion of North Gymnasium, to rate the two boys who carry the Army's

powerful running offensive.

"Anderson," he nods agreeably, "is an athlete."

And Dawkins?

"He's a student. That is, he ranks ninth in his class at the Academy, so how can you call him anything else?"

Together, are they the best pair of halfbacks Blaik has seen in his 17 years at West Point?

"A lot," he shrugs, "depends on how much Dawkins improves. He needs to learn the hard block and the hard tackle, and he's never played defense much. Anderson is by far the more all-around football player."

At the age of 20, with only one varsity season behind him, young Robert Anderson of Cocoa, Fla., has it all—ability, guts, temperament—on the football field. So reserved a man as Blaik called him last year "Army's finest sophomore since Glenn Davis." And even Blaik won't put a ceiling on Anderson's future as an Army star.

"Get him the support," says the colonel, "and he'll improve. He's big, strong, fast and he likes the game. In style you might call him a cross between Davis and Doc Blanchard. He might be like Bob McLeod, the All-America I had at Dartmouth, but I think he's a little niftier than McLeod was. Bob played wingback for me at Dartmouth. Anderson in the single wing would definitely have to play tailback. He has the moves, and he's a fine passer."

"Funny thing, but Doc Blanchard, who coached Anderson when he was a plebe here, didn't think he would be ready for the varsity so soon. He wasn't that outstanding."

When the Army squad assembled

in Michie Stadium above the plains of the Point for the windup scrimmage in the spring of 1957, the boy to watch was a plebe named Steve Waldrop of Mississippi. Blaik sat up in the stands, alone, with the tight-lipped, intense look he gets on a football field.

It was a steaming Saturday afternoon, the kind of a day that wears football players out, but as the cadets clawed wearily at each other, one kid seemed (→ TO PAGE 68)



Anderson, left, and Dawkins, right, are hard driving, breakaway halfbacks in the classic tradition. They accounted for 25 Army TDs last year.

Color by Marvin Newman

*Quarterbacks who can really
throw the ball around under fire
don't show up too often.
That's why Lee Grosscup is . . .*

The Passer The Pros Want

LEE GROSSCUP, an unusual young man who talks well, writes well, acts well and passes very well, had just concluded a fair season's work at Utah. He had completed 94 out of 136 passes, for a record .686 average, with only two interceptions. He had made a national reputation for himself when he went wild against Army, passing for 326 yards against only 45 for the winning Cadets, in a 39-33 brawl where a fumble decided the outcome. And he was an All-America selection after a couple of years of bouncing around the Pacific Coast and only one season of varsity competition.

Now he was basking pleasantly in a hero's glory and thinking about returning to Utah for his senior year and more of the same. But a call came through from Toronto. The Argonauts in the Canadian Big Four League needed a passing quarterback badly. Would he jump school and play for them in 1958? They would pay his price. "No, thanks," Grosscup told them. "I'm going back to school and then I'm going to play in the National Football League."

The people at Utah and in the NFL began to breathe easily again. Young Grosscup, even with his one season of ball, is the passer the pros want. Coach Sid Gillman of the Los Angeles Rams has already predicted that Lee will be the bonus choice at the NFL draft meeting after this season. Gillman was technically wrong—there is no more bonus choice in the league, each team having had one crack at it—but he was right in his estimate of Grosscup's value.

His 1,398 yards gained passing, high mark in the nation last year, is only one reason why Grosscup has been tabbed by the pros. His ability to pass both long and short

—vital in pro ball—is another. But there is much more. Lee is a confident player. "You get the impression," one coach observed, "that he could hit his receivers anywhere on the field." He doesn't throw the ball away; he is willing to eat it if he can't find anyone open. He is big (6-1, 180), strong, accurate, ambitious, and a stern competitor.

Lee's parents married young—his father was 18, his mother 15—and he was born a year later. When he was six, his father came riding home one day on his bicycle with a football under his arm, and Lee was hooked. For two years they worked out around the house, the young father and the young son. Then his dad went into the Navy. When he came out, he was 29 and Lee was ten, old enough by now to begin taking instruction in football fundamentals, like signal-calling and blocking. But mostly Lee learned how to throw the ball. Instead of practicing by throwing at an old tire hung to a wall, the traditional method, he would throw at a moving target. Who was the target? Grosscup senior, naturally. "Dad was in good shape," Lee explains. "He still is. He's only 40 now and we play volleyball together, in doubles games, and we do pretty well."

Lee went to Santa Monica High School, where both Ronnie Knox and Jackie Douglas, later a couple of hotshot passers in the Pacific Coast Conference, were ahead of him. Lee did well in football, earned the usual share of college bids, and settled on the University of Washington. He had a good freshman season there, but that was the year Washington was rapped for its zeal in acquiring athletes, and the players were punished for the recruiters' crimes. Ineligible to

play there and unable to transfer to another PCC school because of a special double transfer rule that would have forced him to sit out two seasons, Lee went to Santa Monica Junior College to escape the storm for a while. There he broke his leg as a result of a three-way gang-up. An end, a tackle and a shooting linebacker landed on him simultaneously, and the break kept him on the shelf for three months. It wasn't until a year ago that the leg healed completely.

Unable to get back into the PCC after his one year at Santa Monica, Lee went shopping and found that the Skyline Conference had a lenient transfer rule. He picked Utah because Jack Curtice, the coach there last season, is pass-minded, and Lee figured, rightly, that he would have a showcase for his good right arm. In the first game of the season, he broke a rib in the first quarter and fared poorly with his passing. It appeared that his personal jinx hadn't left him. But the next week, against tough Colorado, he was better again and began his aerial assault on the record books. Against Colorado State, in a fierce snowstorm, he completed 12 out of 13 passes. Afterward, Colorado State coach Tuffy Mullinson said: "I've never seen anything like it. How in the world can a boy throw the ball like that on such a miserable field?" And Red Blaik, after Lee had completed 14 of 28 passes against Army, said, "He is the best passer in college ball today. He could make any pro team in the country."

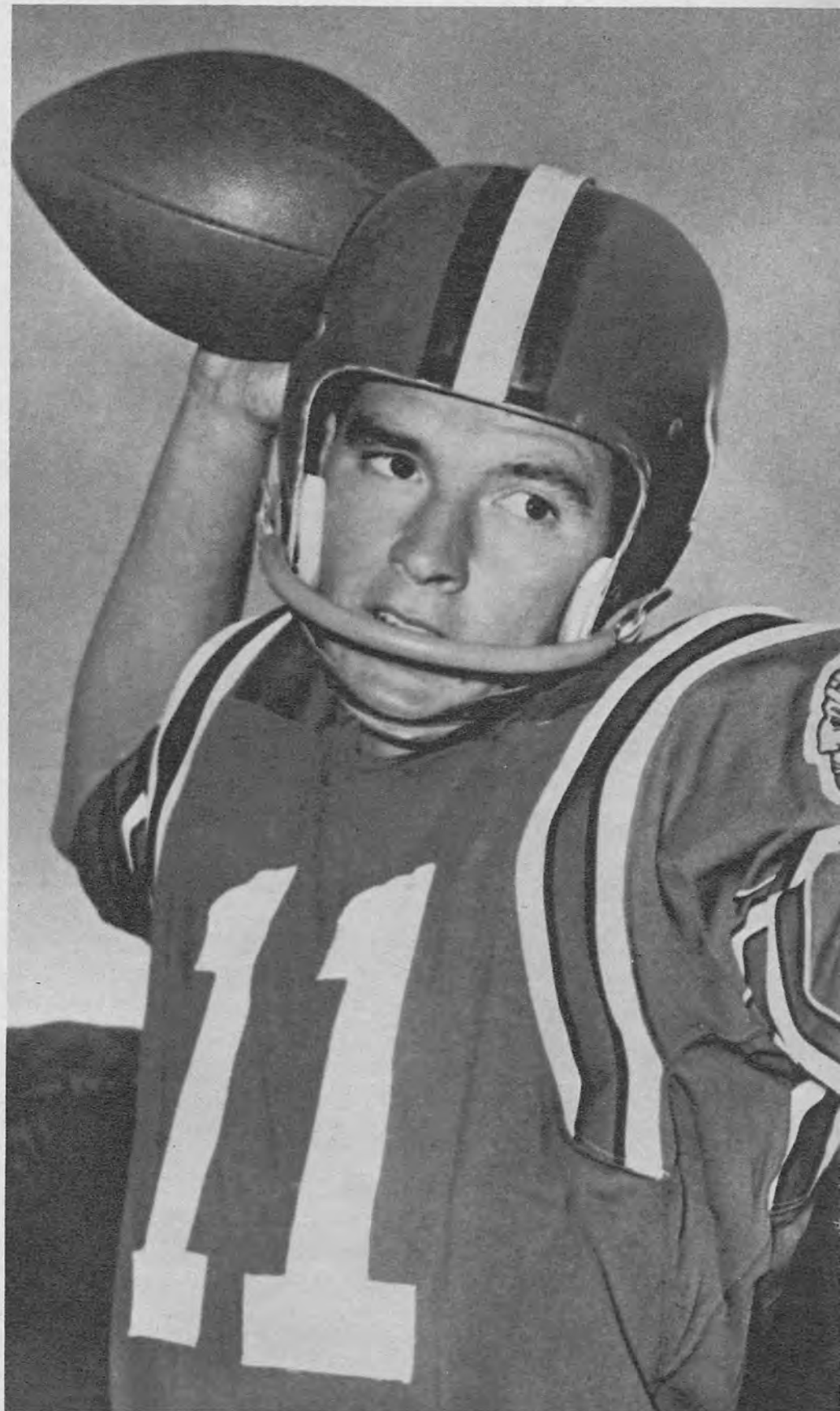
This year, with Curtice moving on to Stanford and Ray Nagel, who learned his football under Red Sanders, taking over as coach, Utah has switched to a split-T offense, which requires the quarterback to run more, block more, handle the

ball more and take more punishment. "I am happy for the chance," Grosscup says. "People thought I was a passing specialist last year. They will have more respect for me if I can do the job in the split-T."

Lee likes challenges. He has spent the last two summers working as a reporter on the Santa Monica *Outlook*, as beach reporter. (Only in California is there such a "beat.") He wrote some feature stories, covered volleyball and surfboarding—two of his favorite sports—along the beach, and ran a football clinic for the newspaper. One of the goals he has in mind is to become a writer. "Dad did some writing," he says. "He wrote a juvenile sports novel, *The Winning Spirit*. And I grew up reading his stuff. Dad always told me how much fun it is to write, so I want to try it, to see if I can write."

Another thing he wants to be is an actor. Although he is an English major at school, Lee is taking courses in theater arts. He had the lead last season in a Tennessee Williams one-act play, *Mooney's Kid Don't Cry*, directed by Don Kraft, another football player. "It was fun," Lee says. "Don and I are thinking of getting into a full three-acter this season at school." What will he be, after school and after the tour of pro ball that he wants so very much? A short story writer, he says, or a Hollywood actor, or a public relations specialist. Or, maybe, all three.

His immediate job, though, is to continue the work that brought unexpected prestige to the often-ignored Skyline Conference, success to Utah and the scouts to his door. Bambi—a logical nickname because of his spindly legs—will not have the supporting cast he had last year. Star halfback Stuart Vaughan, the nation's leading pass-receiver with 53 catches, and Merrill Douglas, the Skyline's best running back, are gone. But Nagel, hopeful as all new coaches are, says Lee will still have a great season. And he probably will.



In his only season of varsity competition, Utah's Grosscup completed 94 out of 136 passes, had only two intercepted, gained 1,398 yards.



*Notre Dame's Al Ecuyer is a
squat, sturdy, spit-and-vinegar
guard who likes to mix
it up with the big fellows*

Fire Hydrant At South Bend



Aggressive and quick, Ecuyer (No. 60) is a tough middle guard on defense, an exceptional blocker on offense. Against Army, the Irish gained behind him in seven straight carries for a touchdown.

ALLAN Ecuyer is five feet, ten inches tall, weighs 200 pounds, and has played first-string guard at Notre Dame since his first day on the varsity. Which is no easy trick among the platoons of robust athletes who suit up each fall at South Bend. The Irish are never hurting for talented football players, and most sophomores work hard all week, then just sit on the bench and watch on Saturday. Even Paul Hornung, the most recent of the larger-than-life-size Notre Dame quarterbacks, was as a sophomore only a substitute fullback. But 21-year-old Ecuyer, up from New Orleans to mix with the big boys of the Middle West, is a spit-and-vinegar football player. And at Notre Dame, as anywhere else, the kid who enjoys the rough going gets to play.

As a soph, despite a series of injuries including a broken thumb, a pinched shoulder nerve and a sprained ankle, Al managed to get in the most playing time of any guard on the five-deep squad. As a junior, he missed the first game of the season because of an ankle injury, and still was tied for the most tackles made over the season (with the other starting guard, Jim Schaaf). In spring practice this year, on the second day the team was working, a charging sled fell on Al's foot and he missed most of the training period. But by the Old-Timers game, which traditionally winds up spring practice at South Bend, he was back in action. (The game was won by the Old-Timers, incidentally, 37-36, for only their fifth victory in 30 years.)

The point is, of course, that Ecuyer, a very quiet young man elsewhere on the campus, is—as his coaches call him—an “old-school” football player. Minor injuries, and even some fairly troublesome ones, don't bother him. He never calls in sick. He doesn't mind playing with an ache. He doesn't limp in public. This attitude, enshrined in Leo Durocher's famous phrase, “He comes to play,” endears a ballplayer to a coach like nothing else can.

But Allan Ecuyer plays for Notre

Dame (and was a consensus All-America last year) not only because he is willing. Built like an old-fashioned fire hydrant, he is a born football player. Enjoying contact work as he does, he plays what can modestly be called an aggressive middle guard on defense. And on offense, where the work is probably more difficult although not nearly so appetizing, he is an exceptional blocker. Against Army last season, as the Irish were going for their third touchdown in a surprise 23-21 win, right halfback Dick Lynch carried the ball seven straight times behind Ecuyer's charge out of the guard spot. Every one of the plays gained ground, and on the seventh Lynch scored. The famous sports columnist Stanley Woodward, called The Coach by most who know him and a man with the peculiar habit of watching line-men, followed Ecuyer from the press box in Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium that afternoon, and announced afterwards that the youngster from Louisiana was the best lineman he had seen that season. Woodward reconfirmed that estimate at the end of the season, as did about half a dozen of the official All-America selection boards who placed Ecuyer on their first team.

After the Navy game, which Notre Dame lost, 20-6, Al was voted Lineman of the Week by the United Press. But his best game, according to his coaches and several astute observers, was either the battle with Army or the 7-0 upset victory over Oklahoma that ended the Sooners' winning streak at 47. Actually, his best game, one must suspect from the squat man's past record, is still to come—sometime this season. Co-captain Ecuyer is at the peak of his abilities right now, experienced, wise and strong—a classic example of a Notre Dame football player. And none of this skill is lost on his classmates. The slogan devised by the student body for this season is: “All the way with Ecuyer.” (That's how his name is pronounced.)

A football-conscious school is almost always a football-wise school, and the students at Notre Dame

know their football players. That Al is quiet, almost shy, during the course of the campus day, is one thing. That he steps into an Irish practice scrimmage and suddenly turns tiger, is another—and more pertinent—thing to them. Notre Dame knows that this quiet fellow is a good part of its football team.

Satisfactory as last season's seven-and-three record was, 1958 is an important year for the Irish. The boys who as sophomores dominated the 1956 Notre Dame team that suffered through the school's worst campaign in history (2-8-0) are seniors now. Not last season, but this one, has to wipe out the memory of that agonizing year for the millions of Irish subway alumni. This problem is not lost on the athletic powers at South Bend, but this is the campus where pessimism is an art. The Irish point out to all who ask how things look for '58 that last year's 7-3 record was this close to being 5-5: Losing 7-6 to Pitt, Notre Dame made a desperation 60-yard pass to win; and trailing Army, 21-20, Nick Pietrosante, the Irish fullback, on his back on the ground, dumped there by a good West Point block, caught a deflected Army pass that led to the winning field goal. “It is better to be lucky than good,” Notre Dame concludes.

When asked to run down this year's personnel, the Irish say: “Pietrosante is a good fullback. Dick Royer is a good defensive end. Monty Stickle has potential at end. Jim Crotty is a pretty good runner. Bob Williams is our hope at quarterback. Ecuyer is a good guard.”

Ecuyer is a whole lot more than a good guard. He is a hell of a good guard. Wrestling may be no arena in which to prove the point, but at least it indicates the strength of the fire plug. As a sophomore, Al fooled around with the sport, competing as a heavyweight. He had never wrestled before. In one match, up against the Midwest champ, Al grabbed his man and was able to hold him as he leaned over to listen to his coach for instructions on what to do next. The difference is—in football he doesn't have to be told.

*Wray Carlton, the fellow who
had trouble making the first team
last year, can do many
things for Duke, all good*



All-Around Blue Devil

BEFORE THE START of the 1957 football season, Ted Mann, the sports publicity director at Duke, had junior halfback Wray Carlton on the first-team prospectus he sent out to the press. Bill Murray, the head football coach at Duke, had Carlton on the second team. There was the expected amount of professional ribbing at the crossed wires, which publicity man Mann accepted with a gracious smile and a closed mouth. He figured Carlton was first-team stuff; the coach didn't. So . . .

In the Blue Devils' opening game against South Carolina, Eddie Rushton, a senior, started at right halfback, and junior Carlton was on the bench with the second unit. Coach Murray, it was explained to the still-needling press, likes to give his seniors first shot at the starting jobs, and, anyway, there was only a shade of difference between the first and second team. He employs the two units almost equally, it was said. And, apparently, he does. Early in the game, after the first team had made little headway, the second unit came in and proceeded to run over South Carolina. While he was in there, Carlton set up two touchdowns and scored the other two in Duke's 26-14 win. He was, by far, the outstanding performer of the game.

In the Duke locker room afterwards, someone asked Wray, "Did you feel funny not starting the game?"

It was a question that probed with a cat's nails. Carlton, tall (6-3), very handsome and thoroughly unassuming, did not bite. Instead he answered: "Nope. I just wish I was as good as Rushton is."

That was Carlton talking. Publicity man Mann was not asked, but it didn't matter. He was looking better every minute. For the next game, against Virginia, Carlton was

still with the second team. By now, of course—since these things don't take very long to grab hold—he was being called "The best second-string halfback in the country." It made good copy, and the people at Duke didn't mind. When his turn came against the Cavaliers, Carlton went out and scored four touchdowns and kicked two placements for an Atlantic Coast Conference scoring record of 26 points. In the two games, his power running had converted the Blue Devils' second unit into a powerhouse. They weren't out there just to hold the opposition at bay while the varsity gained a breather. They scored touchdowns, more than the first team did, and they had won both ball games.

In that 40-0 romp over Virginia, Rushton hurt his hip, and for the next Saturday Carlton was moved up. Coach Murray had finally agreed with Mann. What would have happened if Rushton had not been hurt was something the Duke people weren't saying. But it was clear that now Carlton was a regular to stay. Coach Murray stood up straight and said, "Wray Carlton has the greatest potential of any player I've ever seen."

Which was one way of saying that the 195-pound halfback is good and versatile. Carlton can run, stepping freely around the sides or bowling through the middle. Against Rice last year, he exploded for a 68-yard touchdown run, his longest of 20 dashes that went for better than ten yards. He gained a total of 852 yards, for a 5.3 rushing average. In four games, he gained better than 100 yards.

There won't be any arguments over the respective merits of the first and second teams at Duke this year. With 18 lettermen gone, coach Murray will have his hands full try-

ing to put one good team on the field. But with Carlton, George Dutrow and quarterback Bob Brodhead among the returnees, Blue Devil fans will have plenty to yell about.

With a schedule that includes intersectional newcomers Illinois, Baylor and Notre Dame, Carlton will find no breathers where he can roll up impressive totals. But around Durham the feeling is that he won't need them.

He can score points. He went over for ten touchdowns last year, kicked 14 out of 17 extra points, his place-kicks being the margin of victory over Rice and Clemson. Against North Carolina, Rice and Clemson, he scored all of Duke's points.

He can pass. In Murray's split-T which features end sweeps, pulling guards, blocking quarterbacks and running and passing halfbacks, both Wray and left halfback George Dutrow—another good one—work the ends on pass-run option plays. Last season Carlton completed seven out of 12 passes for 65 yards and two touchdowns.

He can catch a pass, grabbing eight of them in 1957 for two touchdowns and 174 yards, the top total pass-receiving yardage on the team.

He can block. On a team often praised for its enthusiastic bumping of the other fellow, Wray is a standout blocker. He paves the way on many of Dutrow's runs.

He can play defense.

And not only can he kick, but this season he is doing some punting, too.

This versatile young man started out as a single-wing tailback at little Wallace (N. C.) High School, and if there is any place to learn all-around football it is at a little single-wing high school that must make do with the few boys who come out for the team. Wallace is



a small town (population 1,500) with a reputation as the strawberry capital of the world. ("The only thing I have to do with strawberries," Carlton says, "is I eat them.") Wray played some baseball and basketball for Wallace High, but mostly he played football. "Our coach," he says, "was a good man with fundamentals. He always ran us through blocking and tackling drills. That's where I learned my basic football." It is also where he learned to place-kick. After the other youngsters would trudge away, dirty and tired from a scrimmage, Wray would stay behind and practice kicking. If there was still some daylight, he would practice blocking again, too.

When he was finishing up his high school career and making something of a name for himself, Wray received firm scholarship bids from his home-state trio of fierce rivals—North Carolina, North Carolina State and Duke—and from Clemson just across the Carolina border. He accepted Duke's grant-in-aid offer because "I thought I would get a better education there." The Blue Devils' Durham campus is only 115 miles from Wallace, and this, too, mattered. Wray didn't want to be too far from home. So he is an education major at the liberal arts college at Duke, with better-than-average grades, a membership in Kappa Alpha fraternity, a minimum of other campus activities, and a dream of playing pro football next year. It is a dream to him because Wray is reserved and shy and unwilling to pat himself on the back. But it is far less than a dream to people in the National Football League. They admire his all-around ability. Some are even thinking of him as a second Frank Gifford, but they won't be disappointed with a first Wray Carlton.



In a favorite maneuver of his, once Duke is within the 30-yard line, Carlton (No. 27) turns the right end of North Carolina and gallops for the corner on a 16-yard scoring play. He gained 852 yards last season, for a 5.3 average, scored 74 points, 26 against Virginia.

Sequence by Charles Cooper



*For a fellow who never played
high school football, John Tracey
has done right well. He's
an All-America at Texas A&M now*

Mail-Order End

JOHN TRACEY is six feet, three inches tall and weighs 215 pounds, every inch and pound impressive and ample. And before he came, via the mails, to star at Texas A&M as a mighty end, he had never played high school football—for which he should be ashamed of himself, a big and strong (and, it was discovered later, very talented) fellow like him. "I just wasn't interested," he says. "I didn't know what I was missing."

Basketball was his game, and he played it fairly well at Northeast Public High School in Philadelphia and at the neighborhood boys' clubs—where he did most of his growing up—until he broke his arm. In June

of 1951, he graduated from high school and went to work. There were no college basketball offers because, John thinks, the broken arm prevented the scouts from seeing him during his last year. "I hung around Philly," John said, "doing factory work and playing ball. I even played a year of sandlot football, my first try at it. I guess I was becoming a tramp kid, content to hang around."

Then, in June of 1953, at the age of 19 and two years out of high school, John was drafted and sent to Camp Atterbury in Indiana. That was where he played his first organized football. "My platoon sergeant was the quarterback for the camp

team," John said. "After drills, he'd go back out on the drill field to throw a football around, and I'd go along to catch it. He liked the way I caught the ball and got me a tryout with the camp team."

The normal run of Army duties being what they are, better than 200 boys showed up for the tryout. Making the team, of course, meant lighter duties. Although Tracey was clearly inexperienced, the coaches liked his size, his speed, his natural talent for catching the ball, and the dogged way he dug in and learned the game. He got a job. He was first-string end by mid-season.

When his outfit, the Eighth Division, was moved to Fort Carson,



Colo., John went out for football again. His coach, Chet Lewkaski, had played at Kentucky under Bear Bryant, and after seeing Tracey through a few games he wrote Bryant, now at Texas A&M, to take a look at the boy. Soon afterwards, Bryant was at Fort Carson, watched John play, liked what he saw and told him to keep in touch.

In May of 1955, Tracey was discharged and went home to Philadelphia and a job assembling air conditioners. But he knew now that he wanted to go to college and to play football. In the summer, he wrote to Bryant, and, sure enough, Bryant wrote back. Come on ahead, he said, I've cleared an athletic scholarship for you. So John saved his money and in early September, his mail-order scholarship in hand, he flew to College Station, Tex.

"I had decided that I wanted to play football at A&M," John said. "You see I'd been away from high school a long while, and I had a

lot of studying to make up. So I didn't want any distractions. And College Station is a long way from home—1,745 miles. I know the exact distance. I figured I wouldn't be able to run off home every chance I had, and that I'd have to stay and study."

Getting back to school was tough for him. He had to review all his old high school subjects. Algebra and biology, particularly, were forgotten. And on the field he had to learn, too. "I was way behind the other fellows," he said. But John is a natural athlete. He was able to do things easily which other players have to study and practice and strain to master. He beat out a high school All-America for a regular end spot on the freshman team. Then, after the first game, he was moved to fullback. The frosh had small backs and the coaches wanted some meat back there. John weighed 220 at the time and could run 100 yards in ten seconds.

Up with the varsity the next spring, he was returned to end and won a starting job. Jack Pardee, the regular fullback, had shoulder trouble, however, and one of the coaches told John to remember his fullback plays, just in case. "Come on, coach," John said, "let me play end."

This was his position. "I love to catch that ball," he says. "There's nothing like it. In college ball, I learned that this game is great. In the service there was no go, go, go. Here, it's all go, go, go. There's always a challenge. And I love to catch that ball."

"The only thing I like almost as much is defense. It's an art, I guess. The play comes your way, and you're wondering what the other fellow is thinking. You decide quick and you go at him. That action is great."

Coach Bryant was exhilarated by what he saw of Tracey. If there is anything Bryant likes, it is a big, burly, hard-nosed player—and Tracey is all of that. He played an aggressive defense, was a natural

blocker because "he just put his nose in there and hit," and he was a natural pass-catcher. He was All-Southwest at the end of his sophomore season.

Understandably, A&M expected great things of him last year. The Aggies' were after a title and John had an important share in the assignment. But he chipped a bone in his ankle early in the game against Baylor. He played the remainder of the quarter; apparently the coaches failed to notice he was hurt. He came out for four minutes at the end of the quarter, limping, and then went back in. Hobbled around the field in the second half, he was belted again, this time on the elbow. And still he played.

In fact, he played through the entire schedule, mostly because the Aggies were thin behind him, and he had only an average season due to the injuries. "I didn't mind playing," he says. "I wanted to play. I can't watch a ball game."

This past spring, John was due to have an operation to remove the calcium deposits that had formed on his ankle. But with new coach Jim Myers coming in, he wanted to impress. "I had my job to protect," he says. So he talked the doctors into delaying the operation until after spring practice, and he went out and showed his new coach what he could do. "The ankle held up until the last two days," he says. "Then the deposit broke off and the ankle locked. So I went to Houston for the operation. I'm okay now."

He's okay all around now. At the age of 25 and married, he has ambitions. He wants to play pro ball (which he will) and own a sports shop. He is happy, living in a four-room apartment with his wife Betty ("She's a great housekeeper"), being called "Pops" by his younger teammates, finding important friendships with them ("There isn't a greater bunch of fellows anywhere"), and playing a game he learned late in athletic life and now loves. He is no tramp kid.

In the wide-open Southwest Conference, Tracey (No. 80) is a big and burly end. He is 6-3, weighs 215, is strong on offense and defense.



*Billy Cannon had to stay in
Baton Rouge because he got into
trouble. So now he is
at LSU, and everyone's happy*

The Halfback Who Couldn't

EVERYBODY in Louisiana knew where Billy Cannon, the All-America high school halfback, was going to play his college football. As a student at Ioustrouma High School in the northeast section of Baton Rouge, Billy got into some small juvenile trouble with the law. The judge who heard his case was (1) a loyal follower of Louisiana State University and (2) conversant with the schoolboy talent around town. He placed Billy on probation, the one requirement being that the boy report every week to the local pardons board. The pardons board was located in Baton Rouge, of course, and the only big-time football school in Baton Rouge is LSU, of course. So the boy's path was clearly marked for him. He couldn't go to Notre Dame or Michigan State or Slippery Rock,

and commute every week to the pardons board back home. He went to LSU.

But that was only one reason why Billy Cannon today is doing his breakaway running for the Tigers. There was another—and perhaps even more compelling—reason why he couldn't leave home. In the section of town where Billy played his schoolboy football, the people are notorious for their consuming affection for the game. High school games around northeast Baton Rouge average 9,000 in attendance. The local title game draws 20,000. And to these very ferocious fans, Billy Cannon was the big hero. He had taken Ioustrouma to the Louisiana State high school championship. He was the home-town boy who had made All-America. Although Billy was chased

by over 50 colleges, the home folks would never have abided his going away to play his football. If he had tried to go out-of-town, there would have been rebellion.

The devotion of the Baton Rouge folks for the junior halfback begins on simple ground. Billy is big, 6-1 and 206 pounds. He is strong, powerful enough to be boldly called by his coaches, "The strongest boy in football today." He is fast, having done the 100-yard dash in 9.5 twice this spring as a member of the LSU track team. These are characteristics any football fan can admire.

But the affection of the local citizenry has swelled with his work at LSU, to the point where folks now expect him to score every time he carries the ball. Nothing Billy does is quite good enough for them, although everything he does excites them. He had quite a sensational sophomore season last year, and only the unexpected brilliance of Bob Anderson of Army kept Billy from becoming the No. 1 national football hero of 1957. He gained 583 yards rushing, scored six touchdowns, caught 11 passes, completed seven, punted for a 37.1 average, and had long-gaining runs of 97, 73 and 59 yards. But the home folks want more and more from Billy. In the intra-squad game that closed this season's spring practice, Billy carried the ball ten times for 66 yards, very respectable work, and he threw one pass for a touchdown, which never hurts. And yet the fans left the stadium—there were about 15,000 of them there to watch the practice game—mumbling, "What was wrong with Billy? He didn't go."

Cannon, 206 pounds and a 9.5 sprinter, goes for 18 yards against Georgia Tech. A junior, he is an exciting runner.





Leave Home

If you were asked to predict who will be the big runner of the 1958 season, you could hardly do better than go with Cannon. His work last year was done with a sub-par LSU team. This time the Tigers are stronger, with enough running talent available to stop the opposition from overloading the defenses against Billy. And the Tigers' opponents will be contending with a wiser and stronger Cannon. Interested only in becoming the best football player he can, Bill spent this past summer lifting weights. By the time he was finished, he was able to press 260 pounds, just 20 pounds off the total that won in the 1956 Olympics in his weight class. The people at LSU think that if he concentrated on weightlifting, he could break the world record.

He is wiser because he has learned a good deal about football and even more about himself. When he first arrived on the Baton Rouge campus, he was a childish teenager, constantly tempted to do silly things. But he was married soon after he got there, and at the start of last season his wife gave birth to a daughter. Now the small Cannon family lives quietly in an apartment just off the school grounds, and Billy is concentrating on his work. He is better than a B student in the pre-dentistry program, and he intends to go to LSU's dental school after he graduates (and while he plays some pro football). He is a natural master of the art of public relations. Although apparently untutored in the subject, he never accepts credit for headlines, he is always polite, and he says the right things at the right times. The Tigers'

sports publicity department is proud of him.

An excellent track performer in two oddly paired events, the sprints and shot put, Cannon missed 20 days of practice this spring because he wanted to play football instead. Still, he won the SEC 100-yard dash title and was second in the shot put.

But it is with a football under his arm that Billy does his finest work. He is not a fancy runner. Going through the middle, he pounds with impressive power. Running wide, he gets out there fast, turns the corner sharply and then takes off. The closest he comes to any snakehipped cuteness is in his changes of speed. This he does very effectively, moving past a defender with a change of pace and then a burst of speed.

What makes him such an exciting ball-carrier to watch is that everyone in the stadium knows that, with a touch of daylight, he can go all the way at any time. Give him a little running room and he is tough to catch. Against Texas Tech last year, he caught a short over-the-line pass from J. W. Brodnax, slowed down to avoid one tackler, and then sprinted away for 59 yards and a touchdown. He simply outran the defense. In the fourth quarter of the same game, with LSU losing, 14-13, he took a kickoff on his three-yard line and flew the 97 yards for the winning touchdown. The play, from kickoff to score, took 11 seconds!

In the Tigers' 20-13 win over Georgia Tech—only the second time in 12 years that LSU had beaten the Yellow Jackets—All-America fullback Jimmy Taylor scored all the LSU points. But Cannon did his

share, too. He set up two of the touchdowns with his running and passing. And twice he punted out-of-bounds on Tech's seven-yard line to keep the Yellow Jackets bottled up.

Billy is not a booming punter; he gets only modest distance on his kicks. But he has been effective (or lucky) placing them away from the safetymen. Under coach Paul Dietzel's split-T system, left halfback Billy gets a chance to throw and to catch the ball. Surprise is Billy's best weapon as a passer, since the secondary is always looking for him to change his mind, tuck the ball to his chest and dash away. Speed is his best weapon as a pass-catcher. He has good hands, can hold onto the ball and gets out in the open without too much faking and twisting. When a pass play is called for him, the quarterback just gets back, and throws the ball high and far. It is Billy's job to get out and under the ball.

As a sophomore last year, Billy made little mistakes, missing assignments, not taking advantage of the other fellow's errors—the usual list of rookie flaws. This season, experience and coaching have eliminated most of these mistakes, and LSU thinks it has potentially the finest running back in the nation. At the least, they say, he is the fastest big man around. There are 68,000 seats in Tiger Stadium, and every one of them figures to be filled for each of LSU's five home games with people who will be watching this fast, big man, waiting for him to take off. Everybody in Baton Rouge is happy that Billy Cannon couldn't leave home.



Bob Newman
Quarterback



Bill Steiger
Halfback



Don Ellingsen
End

*With Bobby Newman throwing,
and Bill Steiger and Don Ellingsen
catching, Washington
State looks Rose Bowl-bound*

Aerial Circus In The Northwest

IN THE game that Washington State thinks cost it the trip to the Rose Bowl last New Year's Day, there were 65 seconds remaining to play against Oregon when State scored its second touchdown to trail, 14-13. Coach Jim Sutherland sent in fullback Eddie Stevens to attempt the important point-after-touchdown.

In the huddle, Stevens said to quarterback Bobby Newman, "I don't know if I can do it." Stevens hadn't tried a conversion since the Nebraska game a month before.

"That's okay," Newman said calmly and decisively. "I'll try it." So he stepped back, the ball was snapped, he kicked, the ball struck the left upright, and bounced back. State lost, and Oregon went to the Rose Bowl.

Coach Sutherland, who could have moaned and probably received some sympathy, made a little public speech after the game: "This is what makes football such a fine game for young men," he said. "Here was a boy"—and at this juncture, he pointed—"with the courage of his convictions, who made a decision to take great responsibility on his own shoulders before thousands of people. He's our quarterback, and he must make decisions. Who could say what might have been? I wouldn't second-guess his choice. He does the job for me out there."

It is this same Bob Newman—

plus a couple of pass-catching geniuses—who is going to do the job all over again this year, this time for a State team that figures to make it to the Rose Bowl. Newman's courage to call a play and his ability to throw a football are what will make the trip to Pasadena possible. Last year, Bobby led the nation in total offense with 1,444, beating out Lee Grosscup (see page 22) because of his ability to run with the ball. Not that his passing was anything but exceptional. Bob completed 104 of 188 tosses for 1,391 yards, just seven yards behind Grosscup. Thirteen of his passes went for touchdowns.

Described as a passer with a "soft touch," he can throw the ball all sorts of distances, always with a "handle" on it for his receiver to grab. At 6-2 and 190 pounds, he works well behind the line of scrimmage, handing off, running with the ball on rollouts around the ends or on sneaks through the middle. Although not particularly fast, his good size and surprising strength for a quarterback make him particularly effective as a ball-carrier.

This young man with a mind of his own and a responsibility on his young shoulders is from El Cerrito, a suburb of Oakland, Calif. The small football team of the small high school of the small town had limited talent the years Bobby played there, so he did little to distinguish him-

self for the collegiate ivory hunters who run up and down the Pacific Coast in search of talent. Although he had a good arm, he was overlooked by all except his high school track coach, a fellow named Hale Roach who was a Washington State alumnus. Roach thought enough of Newman to urge him to go up to Pullman and to convince the Cougars to take him.

It was only after Bobby got to WSC that he learned the school used a Michigan-type single wing under coach Al Kircher. It was a discouraging moment for a boy who didn't know whether he could play big-time football. But he stayed on, and by the end of his freshman year it was evident even to him that Kircher was on his way out as coach. Rather than sacrifice a year of eligibility trying to learn a single wing system that would probably soon be discarded, Bobby decided—or was advised—to sit out the 1955 semester.

The figuring was correct. The next year Kircher was gone, and in his place came Jim Sutherland, up from Santa Monica High, where he had developed passers Ronnie Knox, Jackie Douglas and Lee Grosscup. Newman found himself in that 1956 season, no small thanks going to a talented end named Bill Steiger. Making his varsity debut, Bobby completed 91 of 170 passes for 1,240 yards and eight touchdowns, and

was a successful punter with a 38.7 average on 32 boots. By the end of the year—if not before—he was a confident quarterback.

For this last push toward the Rose Bowl, there is quite a bit going for Newman and the Cougars. The team lost only seven men from last year's varsity, just one from the starting 11. Last season four sophomores started in the line, two in the backfield. All six figure to be much stronger this time. There will be no trouble with the offense, potentially far more efficient than last season's, which scored at least twice on every opponent. The problem in '57 was how to keep the opposition from scoring; the Cougars had 161 points scored against them. This, too, has been corrected with experience and good depth.

And now Newman has available the two men who took turns catching his passes in his first two seasons. Bill Steiger was an All-America end in 1956, but was out last year with a fractured neck. Don Ellingsen was a sensational little pass-catcher last year.

In 1956 Steiger led the PCC in receptions with 39, good for the second spot in the national rankings. His catches went for 607 yards and five touchdowns. He punted for a 39-yard average, and carried the ball nine times for 90 yards. A natural athlete and an excellent defensive end, he had been good for Newman. He and Bob became close friends that season, belonged to the same fraternity, Beta Theta Pi, and got to know each other's habits. His principal target and personal adviser, Steiger assisted Newman in putting his game together, worked out pass patterns with him.

Then, that summer, while swimming in a San Francisco pool, Steiger dislocated a neck vertebra on a dive. He had partial paralysis that had to be relieved surgically. He bears a five-inch scar now, from above the hair line to below the neck.



Newman, passing here, led the nation in total offense last year. Both of his favorite receivers are conference pass-catching leaders.

Newman was in town when the accident occurred, and rushed to the hospital to see his friend. Steiger was in traction at the time, with holes drilled in his head to relieve the pressure. Newman walked into the hospital room, saw Bill wired up, and fainted.

It was believed that Steiger's football career was over. For months he had to wear a neck cast, and for months after that he had to do weight-lifting exercises with his neck to strengthen the weakened muscles. He spent the 1957 season assisting in the training room. Then, after being examined and receiving a clean bill of health from a battery of doctors, he came out for practice this spring. And he was brilliant. So good, in fact, that coach Sutherland had him spend half of his time running from the left halfback spot. With the Cougars six deep at end—including a junior named Gail Cogdill, who looks like a remarkable pass-catcher, behind Steiger—Sutherland's plans call for Steiger to play in the backfield this season until he is forced to move him back to end. With Steiger at halfback, State's running game will be pepped up, since Bill is very fast and was able to run with the ball even from his end position. And their passing game will be that much more potent, having him available as a third pass-receiver. Bill plays a slot (flanking) position in the backfield.

Although he has the grace of a natural athlete, the only other sport Steiger works at is log-rolling. From the logging town of Olympia, Wash., and a forestry major at WSC, Bill is a top intercollegiate log-roller. He is always taking off on weekends to compete in logger festivals throughout the Northwest.

The other fine pass-catcher on the club is little (5-10, 159 pounds) Don Ellingsen. With Steiger not available last season, Don led the PCC in receptions with 45, ranking third in the nation. A sure tackler and a demon on pass defense, he plays safety for the Cougars. The team allowed only three touchdown passes last year, and none of them were over or around Don's area. Another swift runner, he beat Southern Cal last year, 13-12, with an 89-yard touchdown run of a kickoff.

From Spokane, Ellingsen is a brilliant pre-med student. In three years, he has received four B's and all the rest A's in a tough scholastic program. He is, by far, the top boy academically on the football team, and near the top in the school. His dad was a star halfback on the last Rose Bowl team Washington State had, back in 1931. With the brand of aerial offense the Cougars can unleash this year, with Newman throwing and Steiger and Ellingsen catching, the son stands a good chance of being on the next Rose Bowl team the Cougars will have.

WANTED:

A BILL OF RIGHTS FOR UMPIRES

One who was unexpectedly fired charges that umps have no rights, no security and no voice. They can get the ax anytime, for any reason, and cannot appeal

By ARTIE GORE

as told to Al Hirshberg



Gore, here harangued by Chuck Dressen, feels umps expect on-field problems. He says the trouble is behind the scenes.

It's tough work, but nothing like the headaches an ump has with the league office. It has total power over him.

ON December 3, 1956, I was told via long-distance telephone that my services as a National League umpire were no longer required. No reason was given except that the NL wanted to make room for younger men and I did not "fit into the pattern." That was all. In three minutes, 20 years of professional baseball umpiring, the last ten of them in the major leagues, went down the drain.

I couldn't believe it. I was 49 years old, hardly the age for retirement, in good health and efficient enough in my job to have held it for ten years. You don't keep a bad umpire around that long. The phone call, I finally decided, must have been a gag. I sat down and wrote to the National League office in Cincinnati. A few days later I received a written reply, confirming my release. In a later phone call I was assured that my work had been satisfactory and that an announcement would soon be made to the effect that I had resigned. When such an announcement came out in the newspapers of December 20, I promptly denied it. I had been fired, and I wanted the world to know it.



This happened to me, and it could happen to any umpire in the major leagues. An umpire can work hard, do a conscientious job, even be outstanding in the opinion of those who know him best—but when the powers that be decide he's through, he's through. There are certain important facts about big-league umpiring that have never been brought out. I want to disclose them now because, even though I won't benefit myself, I may, by calling for a bill of rights for umpires, help my former colleagues and make life a little easier for big-league umpires of the future.

It is time someone spoke up for umpires, since they can't speak up for themselves. Any active umpire who mentioned what I am about to discuss wouldn't remain an active umpire very long. If I were still in the business I wouldn't dare mention these things myself—not unless I wanted to lose my job. But I can talk now, and I'm talking because I think it's time the big-league umpires' off-the-field problems were aired. It's time something was done so that what happened to me—and what has happened to others before me—won't ever happen again.

Conventional umpirical problems are well-known to any baseball fan, and I don't intend to give them more than passing attention. Everybody knows that while ball players have their ups and downs, umpires have practically nothing but downs. The only time an umpire is noticed on the field is when he's in trouble. He is either a faceless nonentity or a goat. Everybody knows that umpires aren't supposed to fraternize with players, that they live pretty lonely lives, that they can be targets for verbal or even physical abuse, that they're never right when they call a close one against the home team in a tight game and that, being the policemen of the baseball business, they wear the hated badge of authority and are treated accordingly by players, coaches, managers and fans.

No umpire kicks about any of these things, and I have no quarrel with the system that spawned them. They are the occupational hazards of the job. The man

who wants to be a big-league umpire is aware of these hazards—in fact, he asks for them—and he accepts them as a matter of course. While they're not pleasant to contemplate, they are offset by compensations. It's a wonderful life if you love baseball, as every umpire does, and if you want to be in the middle of where things are happening. And, while the night games make an umpire's life a little tougher than it used to be, Tim Hurst's immortal crack, "You can't beat them hours," still stands.

All of the trouble lies behind the scenes. Umpires are as important to baseball as ballplayers, but they don't have anywhere near the same rights that ballplayers have—not even the right to fight for their rights. A ballplayer can argue over salary, length of contract, working conditions, anything that comes into his head, if he has had a good season. An umpire can't argue over anything, for who is to decide whether he has had a good season or not? Everything a ballplayer does—his batting and fielding figures, his clutch plays, his value or lack of it as a team man—is on the record. If you want to know what kind of a season a ballplayer had, all you have to do is look in the newspapers. But how are you going to find out what kind of a season an umpire had? If it's good, there's nothing on the record. Only his rhubarbs show up in print.

Because of this, all big-league umpires are at the mercy of their superiors. The front office is the supreme authority. If it decides an umpire is bad, he's bad. He has no appeal, no protection, no security. In the National League, which has had no umpire-in-chief for several years as the American League has in Cal Hubbard, an umpire doesn't even have anyone to turn to for advice. When I was fired, I was completely isolated; there was no one on my side, no one, at least, who dared to speak up.

When a job is at stake, it has to be every man for himself, and that's what happens to National League umpires. I have seen good ones, for example, lose their jobs for no logical reason, but I (→ TO PAGE 70)



There should be, Gore says, one umpire pool for both leagues. Umps should get tenure, good pensions and sympathetic bosses.



*Do you ever get the feeling that golf is
a plot against man? If you do, then follow Julius
Boros over the course, as he suffers silently*

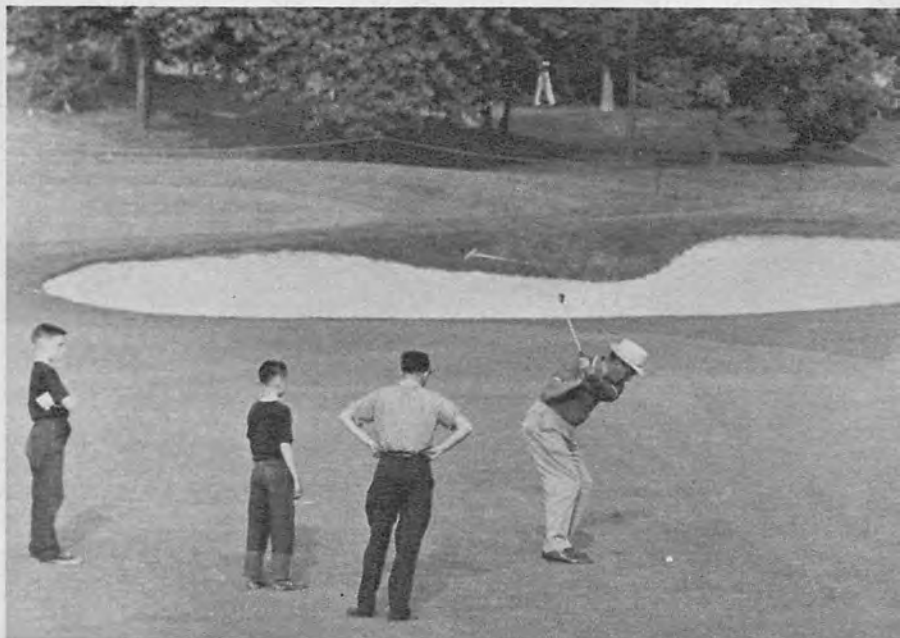
18 Holes of Torture

PHOTOS BY CURT GUNTHER



ANYONE WHO HAS EVER swung a thin-shafted club at a pockmarked, tantalizing little white ball, and flubbed, has faced the awful truth. He knows now the real depths of his own anger, he understands the anguish felt by all golfers, and he can even sympathize with the temper tantrums of Tommy Bolt. The game is a maze of plots against the human spirit; after playing 18 holes of golf, you know what torture is. The few good shots you make during a round serve only to decoy your wracked body into going out for another walk in the sun—and some more frustrating hooks and slices.

If golf is pain to the duffer, what must it be to the pro, who comes so much closer to tasting the sweet sauce of success? Julius Boros, whom we follow here, is an admirable pro. He drives well, plays contemplatively—and suffers silently.



The strong parts of Boros' game are his long irons and woods. *At right*, he uses a brassie as his audience stands quiet. *Above*, he drives to the green. Both shots were good.



He has a rare skill at sandblasting. Where the traps tend to discourage others, Julie accepts them calmly.

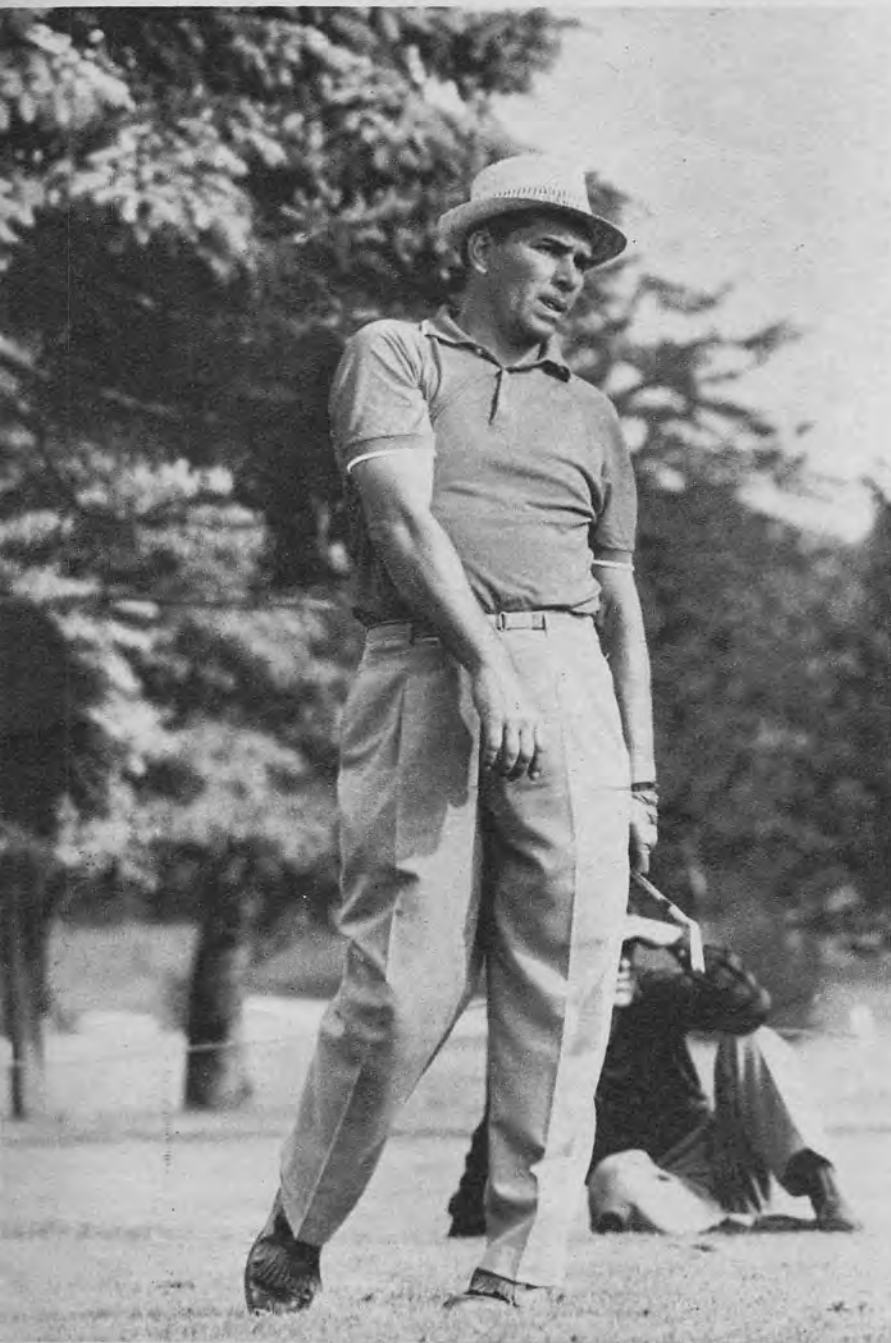


A deliberate player, Boros studies every lie thoroughly. If unfamiliar with the course, as he was here, he will ask his caddy's advice. On the shot at right, he played it the way the caddy, a low handicap golfer himself, suggested, made an eagle-two on the hole.





His only nourishment of the day: a Pepsi, a hot dog, ice cream.



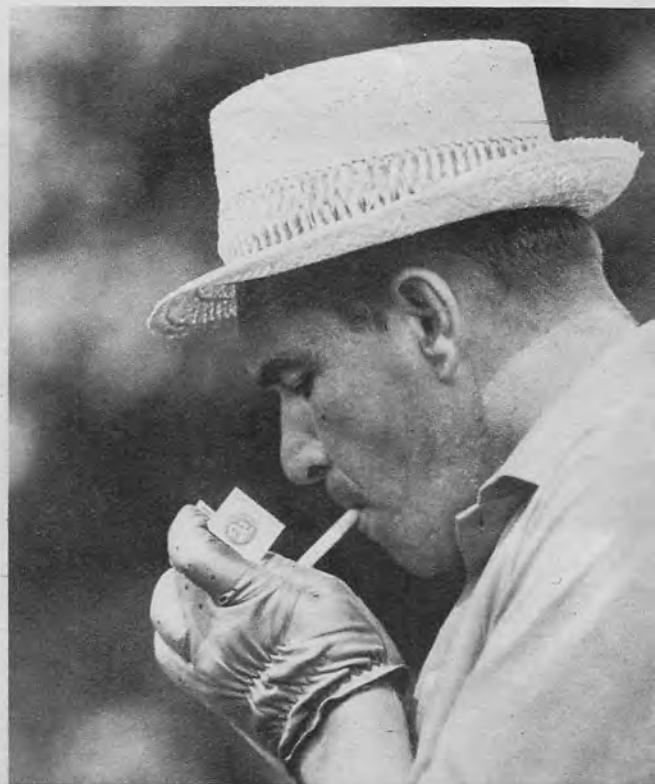
He knows it will do no good, still he instinctively leans to offer body english to his ball. It didn't help. At right, chain-smoker Boros will go through a pack of cigarettes during a round, often has a cigarette in his mouth while making a shot.

A former US Open champ, Boros hides the strain of the game. Emotionally, he is at the other end of the pole from Tommy Bolt (and we can let the psychiatrists decide which one is better off). Boros is poker-faced on the course. After missing a short putt—and that part of his game is erratic—he will mutter softly, then stop. “Sometimes I wish I could blow my stack like other guys do, but I can’t,” he says, still talking softly. “Besides, with the new rules, it would cost me a hundred bucks.”

In the more than four hours it took him to play this round, at the Pepsi-Cola tournament, Boros walked almost six miles in muggy heat. Luckily, he got no blisters on his hands or feet. But by the time he finished, they hurt anyway. Boros is six feet tall, weighs 190 pounds and keeps in good condition, but he is 38 years old.

He signed autographs pleasantly for the gallery when asked. One little boy wanted to know if he had ever shot a hole-in-one, and Boros answered: “Yes, about five.” Then, embarrassed, he looked down and continued his game.

At the end of the round, he turned in his card, kissed his wife Armen, was hugged by his three children, skipped the clubhouse party, and went home. Tomorrow, 18 more holes of torture.





With a nine iron, Julie chips grimly toward the close-by pin.



Then he misses a two-foot putt. Boros can't explain why his putter goes bad.



The smooth stroke returns as he holes another short putt.



Although he doesn't talk much, Boros is friendly and polite with the galleries, answering questions willingly, as he does *above*. A devoted family man, his children join him soon as he turns in his score for the round.





An expert Cree guide can duplicate an entire flock of feeding geese out of sticks, mud and tissue paper in a few minutes. As geese are shot, they too are added to provide even more realism to the decoy pattern.

WILD GOOSE CHASE

Every autumn, in the cold, desolate flatlands of James Bay, a million blue geese make their one big stop on the way south. If you can't bag your quota then, just throw away your gun

By JACK DENTON SCOTT

I HAD OFTEN heard of the blue geese and their great migration in late September, when they head out of their breeding grounds in Baffin Island in the far north. I also knew that over a million blues and a smaller number of snow geese always paused at James Bay in Ontario to take on food before continuing the 2,000-mile flight to their wintering grounds in the south. It has been called the greatest wildfowl migration in North America.

I had always wanted to see it, so when I got the chance last fall, off I went on a genuine wild goose chase. When I checked with the Canadian Government Travel Bureau and the Ontario Travel Department, it was suggested that the James Bay Goose Club, on the west side of the great bay, was an ideal spot both to see and to hunt the geese.

I made reservations for Joe Dolan and myself. Dolan is a skilled East Coast duck

shooter and guide who had always wanted to pit his skill against the Cree Indian guides of James Bay, said to be the greatest wildfowlers in the world.

If you want to go where the wild goose goes, the best way is to do it the way they do: fly. We flew north in a Trans-Canada Viscount to Toronto, transferred to a DC-3 to Timmins, a gold-mining town on the edge of the Canadian wilderness, then into a pontooned Norseman, a one-motored bush plane, to Moosonee, a huddle of huts on Moose River. Alex Hennessy, manager of the James Bay Goose Club, met us there. We plopped our luggage into his 23-foot Indian canoe, and, just as the sun began to fade, started up the wild river toward James Bay. Hennessy sat in the stern and paddled. The talk was mostly about geese.

"The few thousand Crees take about 100,000 geese a year, and about (—→ TO PAGE 66)

Hip boots and swamp buggies are musts in marshy ground around James Bay. But it's worth all the trouble when the day's bag of blue geese is hung up for plucking. They'll make some fine eating.



The Coach Goes To School

The sports clinic gives the young, inexperienced coach the chance to learn his business



There were 350 coaches to hear the famous, well-paid staff. *Below, Rupp, Litwack, Auerbach, Moore, Bee at evening lecture.*

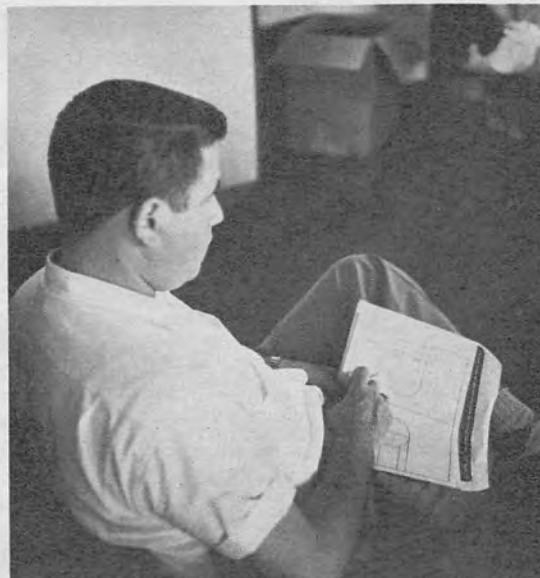
THE AVERAGE high school (and small-college) coach is young, inexperienced and low-paid (about \$4,000). Often he must coach two sports, sometimes even three. And he doesn't always know as much as he feels he should. That explains the popularity of sports clinics. Young coaches need schooling, and the clinics are their only available classrooms. Spalding recently ran the first of a planned annual all-sports clinic (this time only football and basketball) at Kutsher's Country Club in New York's Catskill Mountains, and drew 350 coaches, from 30 states, who came to hear Bud Wilkinson (Oklahoma), Eddie Erdelatz (Navy), Harry Litwack (Temple), Duddy Moore (LaSalle) and others. Unlike most, clinic tuition here was free, courtesy of Spalding, and Milt Kutsher, himself a former athlete, offered special rates (\$32 could cover room, board and recreation for the four days), and the coaches learned.



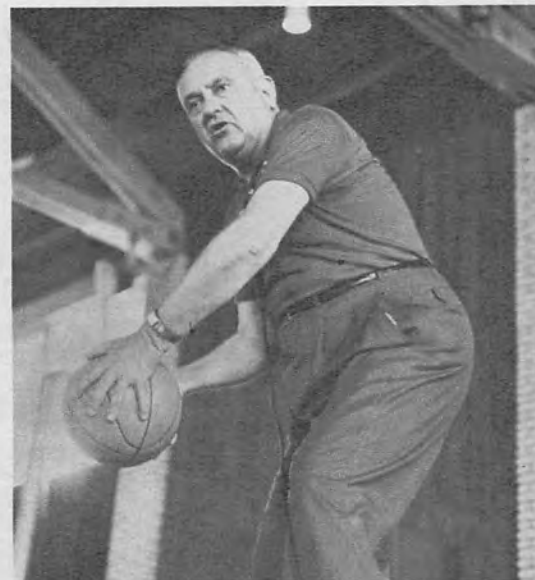


Favorite clinic item was bull session, held anywhere, day and night. Here a coach pumps Celtics' Red Auerbach.

Director Clair Bee, at far right, a brilliant teacher, took coaches outdoors, worked them through patterns that had been diagrammed at lectures.



Young coach follows blackboard work. During his few free hours, he could play golf, swim and eat sumptuously.



Kentucky's Adolph Rupp was a popular lecturer. Coaches stood and applauded when he finished all-afternoon talk.

PHOTOS BY MARTIN BLUMENTHAL

THE GEORGIA PEACH

*There was a fire in Ty Cobb
that made him a terror on and off
the field. With bat, spikes
and fists, he always played to win*

By JOSH GREENFELD

BASEBALL PLAYERS as a breed are enormously popular. The better ballplayers are more than popular, they are idolized. And the few great stars of the game are venerated with a genuine love. Yet it is an historic irony of our national sport that the very best baseball player who ever lived was widely and passionately hated.

On a spring afternoon in 1912 the stands of the old Highlander Park were packed. The fans had turned out not so much to cheer for the last-place New York club, but rather to jeer at the colorful Tigers of Hughie Jennings. And there was one Tiger in particular whom they chose to ride unmercifully. He was the Detroit centerfielder, the original angry man of baseball, Ty Cobb.

For seven seasons, the tight-lipped, jut-jawed Georgia Peach had been the scourge of the American League as he played the game with an original brand of arrogant aggressiveness and bull-headed brilliance. Baseball to him was neither a gentlemanly contest of athletic skills nor simply a way of earning a living in the fresh and open air. It was, instead, a compulsive, knock 'em down, kick 'em in the face, stamp 'em out, never-ending, relentless war. He approached it with the energy of a Henry Armstrong, the art of a Willie Pep, the fury of a Jack Dempsey.

Cobb was an exciting, electric ballplayer, and he was utterly fearless. Once he participated in a series with

each of his legs a mass of raw flesh. "He had a temperature of 103," the great sportswriter, Grantland Rice, later recalled. "The doctor had ordered him to bed for a three-day rest. That afternoon he got three hits and stole three bases, sliding into second and third on sore and battered flesh."

A healthy Cobb was all the more daring and remarkable. Early in the 1912 season, a stunned Philadelphia writer reported to his readers that he had witnessed a once-in-a-lifetime feat on the baseball diamond: "Tyrus Cobb beat out a single down the first-base line, stole second, then shouted in warning that he would steal third and proceeded to do so. Then, with two strikes on the batter, Cobb broke for the plate. The pitch was a little high, and before the catcher could pull it down, Cobb slid home. The man at the plate hadn't swung at the ball, but Cobb had gone all the way around the bases!"

The Philadelphia reporter had erred in one trifling detail. It was not the first time Cobb had gone around the bases in such a manner. Nor was it to be the last time.

Yet Cobb's miraculous deeds failed to earn for him the adulation of the fans. Just as they were impressed and excited by his prowess, the people were antagonized and repelled by his self-centered, hot-tempered manner. And they came to view each successive Cobb triumph with the sullen disdain a vanquished people accords a hated conqueror.

Sometimes their hatred flared openly. In 1910, after being charged with deliberately spiking Home Run Baker, Cobb received 13 letters from the Black Hand Society threatening him with death. The next season some irate fans tried to hi-jack him off a Chicago-bound train "in order to teach him a lesson." Nor was the intense dislike of Cobb reserved to the fans alone. In one of the most shameful episodes in baseball history, some of his fellow ballplayers actually tried to push him out of the American League batting championship that same year.

Sparks always flew when Cobb was around. Take, for example, the mild May afternoon in 1912 when an angry brigade of anti-Cobb fans (→ TO PAGE 72)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALTON S. TOBEY





Battle For The Little Brown Jug

For the 49th time, Michigan and Minnesota go at each other this month in a thumping good football rivalry

PHOTOS BY MARVIN NEWMAN

BACK IN 1903, the story goes, the Gophers of Minnesota tied a heavily-favored Michigan football team, and Gopher rooters, enthused by the success, went off and swiped Michigan's well-beaten, brown water bucket. When the Wolverines finally realized, a few years later, what had happened to their missing jug, they suggested to Minnesota that it be set up as a permanent trophy to go to the winner of their annual game. That's how come Michigan and Minnesota meet each fall before a packed stadium to fight it out for a year's possession of The Little Brown Jug, now carefully encased in steel, locked and ceremoniously guarded by the winning team. On Saturday, October 25, at Ann Arbor, the two schools will battle for the Jug for the 49th time.



Michigan subs watch grim-faced as the Gophers move the football in last year's game.



The hard-hitting battle turned around quickly enough as Michigan's passing game clicked, its line rose up, and they gained a 24-0 lead. At halftime the Michigan band paraded as Minnesota's card section put on its show. In the second half, the Gophers stopped Michigan, but could score only once.





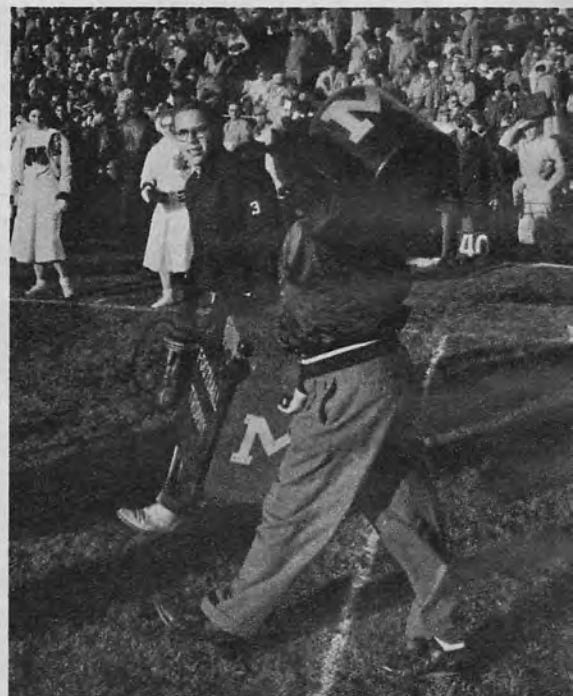
Minnesota coach Murray Warmath listens to a press-box scout's report as he prepares to send in Ken Bombardier.



Turtle-necked cheerleaders use colored pompons to get a rise out of the downhearted Gopher fans late in the game.

Battle For The Little Brown Jug

continued



With the Little Brown Jug secured for another year in Ann Arbor, Michigan coach Ben Oosterbaan, left, prepares to send a fourth-stringer into the game. In 1951, Michigan scored 54 points against Minnesota in a rout that still galls the Gophers.



Minnesota's big moment came in the third period when quarterback Jim Reese, No. 17, plunged for only touchdown.

But whether it is in Ann Arbor or Minneapolis, as it was last year, the hoopla that surrounds this mighty football struggle begins the Monday before the game, and then runs unabated for six football-tradition-laden days. Campus buildings are heavily decorated and floats prepared for the Friday night torchlight parade. Alumni pour into town for noisy, sentimental get-togethers. Both coaches, crying towels aflutter, predict a logical advantage for the opponent but glorious, dedicated effort by their undermanned forces.

And then it is Saturday. Hawkers are everywhere, banners sell well, golden chrysanthemums blaze. Minnesota's 130-piece band booms the *Minnesota Rouser* and is answered by the Michigan band, 160 strong, with *The Victors*. Then comes football, in powerful, four-deep, Big Ten style—as it was last year when Michigan won, 24-7, and took home, for a while, its old water bucket.



The game over, the hawkers fold their stands for another year and winning coach Oosterbaan quietly answers reporters' questions in the locker room. For the losers, there is the dream of revenge at Ann Arbor, when they meet Oct. 25.





BILLY WADE ON THE SPOT

The man who plays quarterback for the LA Rams and their tough fans is always a fat target for abuse. Likeable Billy, taking on the job full time, is no exception. He has to make good in a hurry

By MEL DURSLAG

AS IT MUST to all men who coach the Los Angeles Rams, J. Hampton Pool got fired one day. Not in the least dismayed, he repaired to his home in West Los Angeles to do something he had been dying to do for months. He cooked up a kettle of savory clam chowder. Then, sitting in the kitchen, now pervaded by the rich bouquet of the simmering soup, Pool said reflectively to this reporter:

"When I think of quarterbacks, I am reminded of something I once heard Joe E. Lewis say in a nightclub—'You can lead a horse to water, but if you teach him to float, you've got something.' If I could have taught Bill Wade to float, I'd probably still be coaching the Rams. One time before long, someone is going to teach him. Then watch out."

Since that day in 1954, no one has been in a hurry to try. But now, due to circumstances he created himself, Sid Gillman, Pool's successor with the Rams, must teach Wade all the refinements of professional quarterbacking and trust his fortunes to a man of 28 who is seven years removed from his peak season in college.

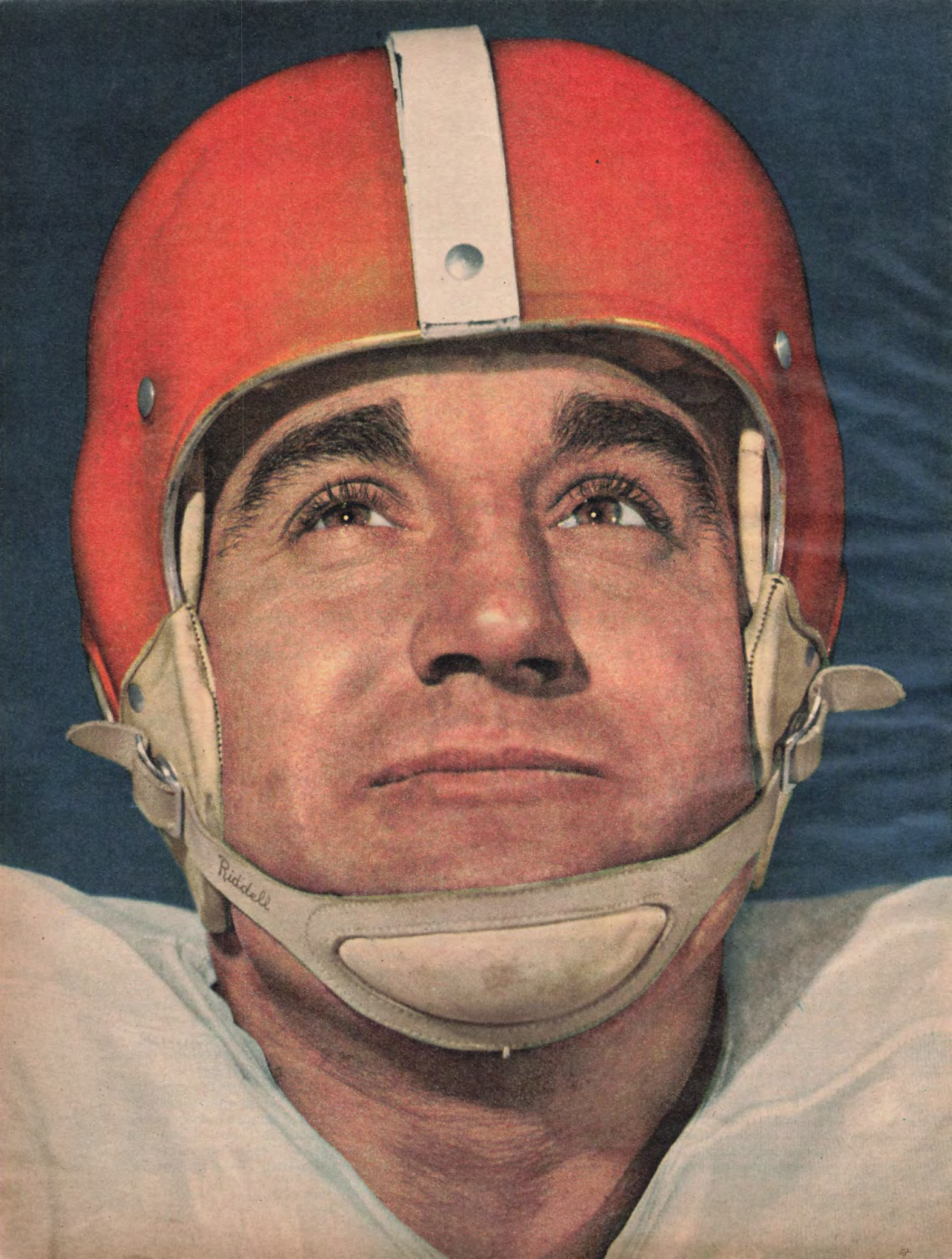
The situation for Wade, not to mention Gill-

man, is beset with pressure. For one thing, Billy is being asked to make good immediately before the most critical fans in the National Football League. For another, he must please a set of nervous owners who are goaded regularly by an impatient press which reveres a winner and demolishes a loser. And, finally, on Wade's ability to deliver the goods may rest the future of the Ram coach whose four-year contract terminates at the end of this season.

Happily for Wade, the professional longevity of quarterbacks in Los Angeles is noticeably greater than that of coaches. In the 12 years that the Rams have inhabited the city, they have employed six head coaches, but only three head quarterbacks. Wade is the third. He follows a worthy line of predecessors, namely Bob Waterfield and Norm Van Brocklin, both in their time league champion passers.

Both Waterfield and Van Brocklin knew the sorrow and pain of playing quarterback in Los Angeles. Waterfield endured it for seven years before he decided to retire at the still frisky age of 30. The fans had been so critical of him and had created such (→ TO PAGE 78)

Color by Laurence Schiller



LOU GROZA, THE TOE

*The last of the original Cleveland Browns,
this pleasant and intelligent giant who never misses
has come as close to perfection
as any athlete in our rich age of sport*

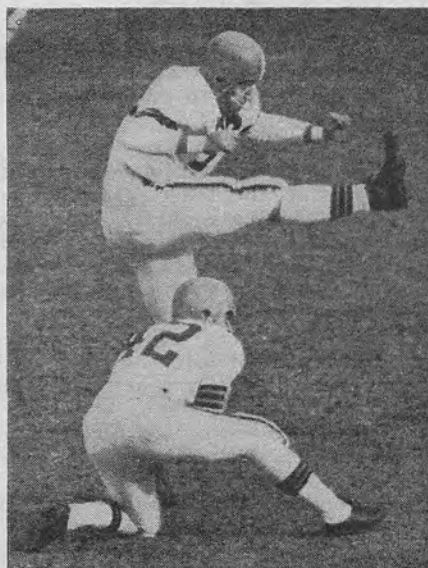
By ROGER KAHN



DURING HIS dozen seasons with the Cleveland Browns, nobody has ever been able to say that Lou Groza failed to kick a point after touchdown.

About once a year, one of the Browns gets careless and an opposing lineman sits on one of Lou's place-kicks just as it leaves his size-eleven cleats. But for as long as Groza has played with Cleveland, and for all the scoring the Browns have done, Groza has always made the point when the pass from center was true and his own line gave him time to rocket the football into orbit.

Quite probably this is the most remarkable statistic this side of J. Robert Oppenheimer, and undoubtedly it represents perfection. At his best, Ted Williams settled for four hits out of ten. Ben Hogan missed short putts. There are even days when Casey Stengel stammers at a



A 13-year veteran with the Browns, Lou has scored more points (892) than any player in the history of pro football.

punch line. But Lou Groza has now gone 12 years without once making a mistake at his specialty.

It seems so easy, most of us don't even notice. When Cleveland scores a touchdown, we mentally give the Browns seven points and, since it is chilly for October, we raise a flask while No. 76 trots out of the line and calmly puts the seventh point up on the scoreboard. It seems so easy that most of us miss the precise magic of No. 76's act.

He stands there, exactly two and a half walking strides behind the ball, never more and never less. He is a big man, thick through the shoulders and chest, but among professional football players he does not tower. He leans forward very slightly and bends his knees a little; his head is down like a golfer's. The center snaps the ball and No. 76 takes a short stride with his right foot and a longer one with his left. Then, accelerating, with power pouring from his shoulders down his back

Color by UPI

into his right leg, Lou Groza kicks. "Cleveland Browns' conversion by Groza," the public address announcer says, without bothering to look at his script.

"Hey, Harold," someone in the press box shouts. "How many is that in a row?"

"Twenty, or 30, or 40," Harold Sauerbrei, the Browns' publicity man, says, his answer varying with the year.

"Thanks," the newspaperman says. "I just wanted it for a note."

It is the hallmark of Lou Groza's special genius that he has reduced perfection to a note. "I don't think that there can be any doubt," suggests Paul Brown, the reserved and thoughtful man who coaches Cleveland, "that Groza is the finest place-kicker football has ever seen."

A maddening aspect of perfection is that it is such a hard bought thing. Hear the great violinist glide through a concerto and his instrument seems to sing effortlessly. Draw the bow yourself and banshees wail. (The violinist started practicing at five.) Watch the pilot set the Constellation down like a feather on the runway. Touch the stick yourself and feel the airplane shudder. (The pilot has logged a million hours.) Ease of performance comes hard; there are no naturals.

Lou Groza, of the Martins Ferry, Ohio, Grozas, was endowed by nature with good legs, a solid 240-pound physique and superb coordination. But it took more than that to make him the finest place-kicker ever. "Lou and Ernie Godfrey, who helped him at Ohio State," Brown says, cutting to the heart of the matter, "know more about place-kicking than any other two men alive." Only a unique combination of study, plus practice, plus natural gifts could make Groza what he is.

Two years ago, Lou and Godfrey copyrighted a manual called "The Art and Technique of Place Kicking." Together with a film clip, the manual is available through Ohio State, and better than anything else, it dissipates the idea that Groza's points after touchdown come automatically.

One section, called "Observations and Suggestions," lists 17 general points. A few suffice to provide an idea of the study the two men have made of their subject.

"If the kicker sees the ball before it crosses the goal post," they write, "he is looking up too soon."

"As accuracy develops, you will use the same cleat marks of the left foot. You will dig the same holes. These are good signs of perfection."

"Give your place kicker the mental picture that it is harder to kick the ball on the outside of the goal posts than it is to kick the ball be-

tween the goal posts . . . since you are directly in front of the goal posts, it takes a very wide angle for the kick to go outside the uprights."

Messrs. Groza and Godfrey go on like this for some 23 pages and one film reel.

Since Groza is both huge and analytical, he may seem from a distance to be a somewhat forbidding person. He doesn't break training, punch referees or insult reporters, and as a result he gets his name in the papers pretty much only when he kicks. Then, usually, he is called The Toe, and it has just about got to the point where the toe obscures the man. (It's a perfectly ordinary toe, really, large but not as long as the toe next to it, bent inward slightly and crowned with an undistinguished toenail.)

Not long ago your operative, fascinated by toes since infancy, decided it was time to probe matters more thoroughly, and set out for Cleveland in search of the man behind the toe.

"It's not Cleveland, actually," Groza said. "It's Berea. That's just outside of Cleveland, a college town near the airport. You come out to the airport and I'll pick you up."

Groza arrived at the airport with his Chevrolet car and his son Jon, a three-year-old who is exceedingly agile. We stepped into the car and nudged Jon toward his father, thinking of children and car doors.

"Window," Jon said.

"That's right," we said. "That's called a window, Jon."

Groza grinned. "Jon means he wants to sit next to the window," he said. "He won't ride unless he's sitting next to the window."

"Sorry," we said, shifting over. Jon nodded curtly and Lou started the car.

"Will he be all right that close to the door?" we asked.

"He knows not to touch the handle," Groza said.

"Oof," we said.

Jon had brush-blocked us on a plunge to the back seat. "We've got three," Groza said. "Jon's the youngest. He was born in March, 1955. Jill was born in March, 1954. Jeff was born on the last day of February, 1953."

"Window," Jon said. He was scrambling back into the front and we had accidentally taken his seat. We moved over, fast.

The Groza home on Edgewood Drive in Berea is white and modern. There is a neat lawn in front and a comfortable yard in back, and as you enter, you notice immediately that it is more tasteful than many athletes' houses.

"Where's the hardware?" we asked.

"I don't like it sitting around,"

Groza said. "There are a couple of football trophies in the playroom and I think I'm going to take those out."

When you walk into a typical athlete's home, you immediately bump into a plaque. "Most valuable something," it says. Then you stumble over a trophy on the floor and, falling, hit your head against a sterling silver cup. "Most valuable something," the cup says. If you fall hard enough you can have the inscription etched into your forehead, which is embarrassing when you stand before a mirror shaving.

On one wall of the Grozas' living room hung two prints of scenes from Greenwich Village, a section of New York more famous for painting than for football, even including tough tackle. A hi-fi set stood against another wall. An ashtray, fashioned from a sketch Jeff Groza made in red, rested on a table. It was a nice room, warm and comfortable.

"Hi," Jackie Groza said, "I've fixed lunch." Jackie, whom Lou married in 1950, is a pretty, young woman who was once a fashion model in New York.

"Those are nice prints," we said.

"We looked for a long time before we found ones we really liked," Jackie said. "Thank you."

Jackie went back into the kitchen and Lou reached for an insurance portfolio. "We have our own firm," he said, "Insurance Counselors, Inc. I'm not tied up with any one company; the work is planning general programs for people, and you can plan better if you have a lot of companies to choose from."

There are a number of athletes who sell insurance as a sideline, like pitching batting practice every fifth Tuesday. The athlete hands his card to the businessman's secretary and the businessman, forgetting all about the recession, says, "Not the Conrad Scrumpt?"

"The same," the secretary says.

"Send him in," the businessman says. "I've been wanting to ask him how to hit the curve ball." Presently, the businessman has discovered that Scrumpt is a fast ball hitter, and, without really feeling it, he has purchased a \$50,000 policy insuring him against being struck by motor scooters.

With Groza, insurance is more than a sideline. After graduating from Ohio State by attending two quarters a year while playing for the Browns, he enrolled for a series of advanced insurance courses in Cleveland. "Two things," says Ken Coleman, who broadcasts the Brown games, "can really get Lou talking. Football and insurance. He's studied both of them very hard."

Recently Groza has been selling some \$600,000 worth of life insur-



Browns won title their first year in NFL when Lou, right rear of hat-wearing coach Paul Brown, kicked last-minute field goal.

ance a year, plus a great many other policies. "What I'm trying to do," he said, just before lunch was served, "is build up the business so that when I stop playing I won't feel a real rough economic bump. I'm 34."

"Ken Strong place-kicked until he was 40," we said.

"I'm also a tackle," Groza said.

"But even if you can't play tackle, they'll still keep you to kick."

"I don't know," Groza said. "I hope so, but that's for Paul Brown to decide."

It might have sounded stilted or forced or falsely humble. Coming from this quiet giant, it sounded sincere. For Groza, as he talks, emerges much the way Stan Musial does. He may know just how good he is, but there is a feeling that he is a little bit surprised that everything has worked out so well.

"I mean," Groza said, "it depends on how the team happens to be going. You have to be going pretty good to afford to keep a man who can't do anything but kick."

Jackie's lunch was splendid, clear down to the cottage cheese salad, and while Lou ate, she worked in

the kitchen pouring fruit juices into a bowl. "Once a year," she said, "we have a big party. We're having one tomorrow night, a few days before practice starts. I'm making punch for 86 people."

"The party is something we like to do," Groza said. "We're going to set up tables in the backyard and cook out."

"For football people?"

"Some," Groza said, "and for some of our friends from Berea. This is a real nice college town. Herb Score and Nancy, we're friendly with them. Just something for a lot of our friends."

Jackie quickly asked us to attend and, after making sure it would not be imposing, we gladly accepted.

After lunch Groza talked for a long time. He showed us the playroom, with a roof of tinted glass that lets sunlight filter through, and the roses in his backyard and the lights that had been set up there for the party. He talked about how much he likes to play football and how, once in a while, when he allows himself to think of it, the realization that he can kick well fills him with satisfaction which lasts until

he begins to consider his own concept of perfection. Then he wishes he could kick better.

Once we were interrupted when Jill brought in a platoon of contemporaries. "Lift me," she demanded. Lou picked her up as though she were a match box and held her high. Then, one by one, he lifted the others. It seemed to be a Sunday afternoon ritual on Edgewood Drive in Berea, a pleasant ritual in a pleasant house, performed by a pleasant man.

Professional football is not entirely a pleasant game. "There's no more dirty play in our league than there is in high school or college," Groza says. "The difference is, the pros are better at it, the way they're better at everything else." But even if the games were played under the etiquette of cricket, the National Football League would still be uniquely competitive. When the lines collide, some 3,500 pounds of humanity thrash about like baby H bombs, and for the last ten years Groza, as a regular offensive tackle, has thrashed about with the best. "It was pretty competitive around the house when I was a kid," he says



Players watch as a Groza kick goes true again, in an 8-3 win over Giants. In this game Lou scored six points (two field goals), rest of Browns two points (a safety).

and reveals himself a little further. Lou Groza is a pleasant man who likes to win.

There are some of the ingredients of a saga in Groza's ascent from Martins Ferry, along with some of the ingredients of a soap opera and at least one element of genuine tragedy. But whatever the circumstances, Lou has always handled himself intelligently, which explains in part why his rise is so little chronicled. He is co-holder (with Mickey Mantle) of the U. S. record for fewest indiscreet quotes. Mantle holds the record for fewest quotes of any sort.

Martins Ferry is one of those rugged little factory towns that hurl smoke into the air above the Ohio River. Pittsburgh is some 60 miles away. Such places as Wheeling, famous for steel puddlers and half-backs, are nearby. When Lou was born, Martins Ferry, like the other valley towns, was crowded with bars, open to everyone, and gambling clubs, open to everyone but the reform candidate for chief of police.

The Grozas were a large Hungarian family. "Big Spot," Lou's father, was a gigantic man who ran a pool room and supervised the bouncing himself. Then, when Prohibition ended, Big Spot converted

the pool room into a bar and restaurant, which is still open and thriving under the supervision of Lou's mother.

Lou was the smallest of Big Spot's boys. Frank and John, who came before him, were huskier, and Alex, who came later, was taller. The family lived in an apartment above the bar, but Big Spot never had any trouble with his sons. They were strong and rugged and well-disciplined. "I never went to college," Big Spot told them. "I want you boys to go." They listened and applied themselves in grade school and at Martins Ferry High. But when classes were over, football and basketball commanded their undivided attention.

Lou started playing touch tackle with his brothers on Avondale Street in front of the house almost from as early as he remembers. Sometimes the boys played tackle, switching to the nearest lawn for a five-minute game. There were no special rules. It was just that after five minutes the proprietor of the lawn emerged and threatened to complain to Big Spot unless the boys vanished. Then they would drift down to Mill Field, close to the river, and play until darkness fell.

The sports were seasonal. Football

was for the autumn. Basketball came next, and here the boys found a haven in the yard of a Negro church. They fashioned a backboard out of railroad ties, and they were in business. With the coming of spring and baseball, they moved back to Mill Field. It was perfectly typical, except that the Groza boys were unusually talented.

John played tackle for Martins Ferry High School on the sort of squad that was surrounded by college scouts. Frank placekicked for Martins Ferry. If Lou intended to compete with his older brothers, which he did, it was clear that he was going to have to work with a good deal of intensity.

Once competition flared up in the kitchen. "I can bowl you over," Lou suggested, amiably, to John.

"Three-point stance or four-point stance?" John asked.

After the scrimmage, Lou found himself in the living room. John had knocked him through a wall. "How did you hit me that time?" he asked, climbing quickly through the new entranceway.

"Come here," John said. "I'll show you again."

As a boy, Lou was never quite sure whether football or basketball was his favorite sport. Baseball was secondary, but clear through high school he was torn between the hook shot and the place kick.

His brother, Frank, was his first kicking coach. There were telephone wires strung above one end of Mill Field, and for want of a better goal post, these served. By the time he was a high school sophomore, Lou was an accomplished kicker and weighed 210 pounds. As John and Frank before him, he made the team.

Two things, besides practice, marked Lou's earliest place kicking. He tried to see the ball at the moment of impact, thus forcing himself to keep his head down, and he reminded himself constantly to keep his toe up so that he would get the proper loft on his kicks.

At Martins Ferry, Lou played football under three coaches and starred for all of them. One Saturday still stands out. In a particularly bruising game against Blair High, he missed two points after touch-down and in the final quarter Blair led, 14-12. For Groza the game had been agony, and he was delighted when the coach called on him to try a field goal. The center was delighted, too, and in his enthusiasm he snapped the ball several yards too far. While the holder watched in horror, Groza caught the ball he was supposed to kick. Lou put his head down and gained four yards, enough for Martins Ferry's first down.

Three plays later, it was fourth and nine, and Groza got another chance, this time from the 25.

"Remember, he's supposed to kick, not run," the quarterback said. "You pass it to the guy who's kneeling."

"Gotcha," the center said.

The pass was true, Groza kicked the field goal and Martins Ferry won, 15-14. "It's hard, when I look back," Groza says, now, "to be sure whether it was things like that, or basketball games, that gave me my biggest charge."

In one sense, basketball was simpler. Groza played for only one coach, a man named Floyd Baker, who worked fundamentals and conditioning into championship teams. Sizing up Groza's build, Baker quickly made a suggestion.

"Do you jump rope?" he asked.

Lou was a shy boy, but rugged. "No, I haven't jumped rope much," he said.

"Well, you ought to," Baker said. "It will keep your legs strong. You've got the torso. Remember, the leg action in jumping rope is exactly the same as the leg action in all sports; timing and spring."

Groza attacked rope-jumping with all the diligence he invested in kicking, blocking and sinking hook shots. He was the only six-footer on the basketball squad, but in his senior year, Martins Ferry won the state championship. In the final, Lou cleared the backboards and Martins Ferry defeated Lakewood High. The score was 37-30; Lou scored 18 points.

As a high school student, Groza recognized that athletics were the way that stretched most invitingly before him. But he also recognized something more. If he was going to profit from sports and let it go at that, he might find himself in search of a new career at 35, equipped with little but a liking for a high standard of living. So he worked hard and seriously at his classwork. Because he was shy, he had no dates until his junior year, which left him a balanced program of ball games and homework. Then, when he finally found out about girls, his routine was so well established that dates didn't disturb it noticeably. "I guess," Lou says, "that the reason I didn't take out girls any earlier was that I was afraid if I asked one, she'd say no."

Only English literature stumped Groza. Somehow there was never time enough to read everything he was supposed to read. His English composition was fine, and he conquered such formidables as chemistry and algebra, but, as an essentially active boy, the lure of books was lost to him. Even so, his overall grades were so high that he was elected to the

National Honor Society.

At 17, as he was completing his senior year, Groza was a prospect of purest gold. He had won a total of ten letters in football, basketball and baseball. He had been captain of all three teams as a senior. "Chief," they called him on the streets of Martins Ferry. His marks were fine. Packing wallet, check-book and conservative suit, dozens of college recruiters began examining train schedules into Martins Ferry.

This is as good a time as any for a young man to go wrong. The colleges contribute, of course. They don't offer athletes handbills advertising courses in Hamlet, or in electronics, or in any of the dozen other programs available when the football team is off duty. Instead, with euphemism, they bribe.

To the ordinary 17-year-old athlete, selection of his college is a problem. Probably, he guesses wrong, goes for the moon, flunks out when he breaks a leg, and later listens in puzzlement to educators talking about reappraisals of our educational system in an atomic age. "What's reappraisal mean?" he wants to know.

Groza listened carefully to scouts from perhaps 40 states bid against each other. "Don't worry about studies," seemed to be the common refrain.

"But I want to worry about studies," Lou would say.

"Wants to worry about studies," the scouts would say. "Get that. He wants to worry about studies. What an athlete, and a great kidder, too."

"But I'm serious."

"Boffo!"

Paul Brown sent Gomer Jones, who now assists Bud Wilkinson at

Oklahoma, down on a mission from Ohio State to Martins Ferry. Jones had been one of Groza's football coaches, and in addition he talked sense. "A full scholarship," he said. "A job that pays \$50 a month. But you'll have to work. Then, you can take any course you want."

"I felt," Groza said later, "that nothing was being withheld. It wasn't the fanciest offer, but it was reasonable." Groza enrolled at Ohio State, played on a freshman team that went unbeaten in its three-game wartime schedule, and then never played another game for Ohio State.

At the end of his freshman year, Lou went into the Army, but in that single season he had done enough and learned enough to decide between football and basketball. He was going to concentrate on football, he knew.

Ever since Paul Brown first heard stories about a boy from Martins Ferry with an adult toe, he had followed Groza's career with professional interest. Until 1940, Brown coached Massillon High School in Ohio, where in over nine years his teams won 87 games and lost seven. But since Massillon did not schedule Martins Ferry, all he knew was hearsay until both he and Groza moved up to Ohio State. He saw Groza play basketball once. "A magnificent build for a lineman," Brown concluded, viewing basketball in his own terms. But with Groza on the freshman team and Brown directing the varsity, the coach convinced himself that Groza was worth his weight in silver at the existing rate of exchange.

As the idea for a new professional football team in Cleveland, tightly organized, firmly disciplined and infinitely skilled, began to germinate in Brown's mind, Groza became a major quarry. The Army sent Groza to Fort Sam Houston in Texas for a course in battlefield medicine, and in his spare time Lou practiced kicking. Occasionally, he received letters from Brown, hinting of sizable plans for the future.

When Groza went overseas to Leyte in the Pacific, the letters followed. "It was a helluva thing," says one of Lou's Army buddies. "Brown kept sending him equipment and letters and we kept chasing Louie's kicks. We'd start on a field and we'd be kicking against him. You know, you kick from the point you catch the ball. It always went the same. Louie would drive us into the ocean."

Brown did more than merely keep in touch with Groza, and there is still some bitterness against him at Ohio State. Brown asked Groza to turn professional after the war and pointed out that Lou could finish



Don Greenwood, kneeling, holds tape he thought up in 1946 for Groza's precise two-and-a-half walking strides into ball.

college in the off-season (which he did). This clearly violates an inter-collegiate rule of ethics variously known as the Ivy Doctrine, the California Code or the Western Conference Manifesto. Under all names, the rule states simply that it is all right for a college to pay an undergraduate athlete, but it is evil, un-American and possibly even pro-Khrushchev, for professionals to attempt to do the same. After his discharge, Groza ran the risk of an FBI check. He packed his duffel bag, bought a bus ticket to Bowling Green, Ohio, and reported to the first Browns' training camp.

No one knew a great deal about him, or about the team or about the All-America Conference in which it would play. The Conference was a new promotion organized by a Chicago newspaperman and not recognized by the old established National League.

All hands found out about Groza very quickly. A few days after the camp opened, one Cleveland newspaperman wrote: "The best show here takes place after regular practice is over. That's when Lou Groza kicks."

"I'm going to build a dynasty in Cleveland," Brown predicted, with more accuracy than humility. "He's got his extra points and field goals," someone remarked. "Now all we have to see is how he gets the touchdowns."

The Browns' first regular game in the All-America Conference was against a team called the Miami Hurricanes, whose name was written on the wind. There have been closer contests. The Browns' won, 44-0, Groza kicked three field goals and five extra points, and the next day his name was bannered across the sports pages of Cleveland.

There was a feature story in which he said, "I just follow the tape and keep my head down the way a golfer does." There was an interview with Don Greenwood, a halfback, who spotted the ball. "Lou used to draw a line in the turf," Greenwood said, "before I thought of the tape. Now I put some tape together—two inches wide and 72 inches long—with a little crosspiece at the end of it to form the letter 'T.' That season Groza kicked 45 extra points and 11 field goals. 'Anywhere inside the 50,' Brown told reporters, 'we never have to punt. We just let Lou go for the field goal.'"

The Browns won the conference championship, but it was not an entirely triumphant year for Groza. "I'm a kicker," he said. "I want to be a football player."

In assembling his dynasty, Brown had not looked to a young man with half a year of college

freshman line work to move in and play professional tackle. Ahead of Groza were Lou Rymkus, Chet Adams, Jim Daniell, the team captain, Ernie Blandin, and there might have been a dozen more. Groza never played; he only kicked.

Late that season Daniell was picked up on a drunk driving charge and fired from the squad. In court he conducted his own defense skillfully.

Daniell was acquitted, but Brown kept him off the squad. The Browns' line was rearranged, but Groza stayed on the bench. In drills, he worked hard against Rymkus, who was perhaps the toughest tackle in the league. Then, when the regular work was done, Groza went off to place-kick. He ran hard and trained hard and kept his weight at 240 pounds. Just before the 1948 season began, Brown approached him cheerfully.

"You'll play left tackle on offense," he said.

Groza thought for a minute. "This is really going to be my first season in seven years," he said. Not since high school at Martins Ferry had he played a full year at tackle.

After that, Groza's career became almost a monotony of triumphs. Giving away some 15 pounds each Sunday to the league's vast defensive tackles, he learned to get the most out of his speed. Even at 34, he is the second fastest tackle on the Browns. Mike McCormack is about a step faster over 30 yards, but McCormack, according to one of the Browns' coaches, "runs like a lineman. Lou runs like an athlete. He knows how to run."

Two incidents reflect Groza's overall value. One, in 1949, took place in the line; the other, a year later, took place some seven yards behind the line and involved the toe.

By nature, Groza is as much of a pacifist as a tackle can be and, for all the brawling that goes on in pro football, he has managed to keep his knuckles clean. But one day in 1949, when the Browns were playing the Chicago Hornets, Conference rivals to the Bears and the Cardinals of the NFL, a lineman named Nate Johnson threw a sharp right to the mouth of Tommy Thompson, who was playing center for the Browns. It was a well-timed punch. The Browns were punting and Johnson reasoned that everyone would be following the action downfield.

Thompson was, but Groza wasn't. He moved between Johnson, who was charging, and Thompson, who was waiting for the nine count, and shouted, "Now!" He shouted no more because Johnson swung at him, too, and connected.

For the first and only time in his

football career, Groza sprang murderously at someone. Johnson, the Hornets' resident bully, sprang backward and Groza's haymaker fell a few inches short. Then the referee moved in. "Everybody's out of the game," he proposed.

Thompson opened his eyes. "What the hell happened here, Lou?" he said.

Groza did not answer. He was too furious to speak.

Brown, who usually reprimands a player on the spot when the man is thrown out of a game, made an exception. "I saw the whole thing," he said, "and I can't blame Lou. Besides, did you ever see that Johnson back off before?"

Chubby Grigg, another Brown lineman, later offered to manage Groza. "The only difference between you and Dempsey," he said, "is that Dempsey got paid to fight."

"That all?" Groza said.

"And Dempsey didn't miss," Grigg said. For a week the squad stopped calling Groza "Lou" or "Toe" and addressed him simply as "Dempsey." It was a quiet gag but a respectful one.

By 1950, it was Toe once more, and in the final game of that season, Groza delivered what was probably his most important single kick. The All-America Conference folded after the 1949 season and its most successful teams were added to the National Football League. Some National Leaguers enjoyed expounding a theory which held that the weakest team in the NFL could murder the strongest team in the Conference. Nobody trampled the Browns. With Otto Graham passing, Dante Lavelli and Mac Speedie catching, Marion Motley shedding linemen like rainwater, and Groza kicking, they marched through the Eastern Division, winning the title when they defeated the New York Giants, 8-3. (Groza kicked two field goals and the Browns added a safety.)

The playoff matched them against the Los Angeles Rams, a team that had begun life as the Cleveland Rams until infected by the O'Malley-Greenback Syndrome. Then the Rams deserted Ohio, leaving Cleveland with a superb football stadium and no pro football. It was essential to civic pride that the Browns thump the Rams in 1950, and although it came up snowy and cold, some 30,000 people rushed into Municipal Stadium for the game.

It was a great one. Bob Waterfield, who moved the Rams, moved them well. These were two superb offensive teams. After Cleveland's second touchdown, a low pass from center got away from Tommy James, a reserve back who was supposed to hold the ball for Groza.

Lou never got a chance to kick, and as the teams surged back and forth, it seemed for a long time that the single point might decide the game. With two minutes to play, the Rams led, 28-27, and Waterfield dropped back to punt. Cliff Lewis caught the kick and ran it to the Browns' 32, where he stepped out of bounds. The clock stopped with a minute and fifty seconds left in the game.

Then, with Paul Brown sending in plays, and with the gifted Graham passing perfectly, the Browns began their final march downfield. With 20 seconds left, they had the ball on the Los Angeles 16, and Brown called for a field goal. A championship, the pride of Cleveland, the memory of the All-America Conference and the final score rested on the kick. Mechanically, without a visible show of emotion, Groza booted the ball straight and true. Later he relaxed and kissed his shoe.

"Were you nervous?" a reporter asked him.

"I don't get nervous when I kick," Groza said. "I was just going over things in my mind, reminding myself to remember fundamentals."

Joe Page, the old Yankee relief pitcher, was standing near Groza in the clubhouse. "Like hell," Page said. "I get nervous in a spot like that and so do you. Don't tell me you weren't worried about missing. I know what was going through your mind."

"All that I let myself think about," Groza said, "were the fundamentals I was going to have to go through. Maybe I hear the crowd when I'm playing tackle, but I don't hear anything when I'm getting ready to kick."

It was during these days of greatness, when everything he did seemed right, that Groza had his encounter with tragedy. He had always been particularly close to his brother Alex and he had watched with a great deal of satisfaction while Alex went to Kentucky and played center for the best college basketball team in the country. Then Kentucky's pride turned professional, forming the Indianapolis Olympians. Alex Groza, like his teammates, owned a piece of the club.

When scandal swept through college basketball like a blight, the name of Groza was implicated. Alex, along with most of his teammates, had agreed to shave points at Kentucky. The Olympians folded, and, as a basketball player, Alex Groza was through.

Consider what this meant to Lou. His younger brother, who had looked up to him and learned from him and lived with him, was a dumper. Everything about Lou



A warm and sensible man who likes people and snubs no one, Lou has many friends, in and out of sport, trophies he doesn't bother displaying and a firm grip on himself.

Groza smacks of the highest morality. Now, right in his own family, something had become terribly twisted.

Lou still sees Alex, who now helps Mrs. Groza at the restaurant in Martins Ferry. "Family love," he says, "is a very strong thing. I mean it takes something awfully tremendous to kill it. I'm friendly with Alex."

It hurts Lou Groza when some one probes deeply about his brother because here is a wound that can never completely heal. "I try to look at it like this," Lou says. "You figure life could be like a football game. All right. If you fumble in the end, you're through, but if you fumble in the first quarter, there's still time to recover, to come back. I figure Alex fumbled in the first quarter. He's young."

If you seek out the people of Cleveland who know The Toe, however slightly, you come away admiring his charity. For he is, they all tell you, a man who has never fumbled.

"Lou," says Paul Brown, who is a kind of Casey Stengel with grammar, "is a phenomenon who embodies all that's best in a football player and in a man. I've seen him with little kids and he handles himself well. I've seen him with fans and he handles them surely. I've

seen him with rookies and he gives of himself generously. Most football players seem to lose the mental edge even before they go physically. Lou is just as enthusiastic as he ever was. What can I say? He's Mr. Cleveland Football." Coming from a man who is often accused of being Mr. Cleveland Football, this is a considerable tribute.

Don Colo, a 250-pound tackle who graduated from Brown University (the undergraduate division is in Providence, R. I.) rooms with Groza on the road. "A very quiet man," he says. "For one thing, you have to be quiet on this club. Every team has a curfew but Paul Brown enforces his. Then we all eat together, go to movies together and live pretty much among ourselves. Lou gets a lot of phone calls. He has friends all around the league. He never snubs anybody; he's always polite, but he won't go out when he doesn't think he should. Sensible, that's the word. Lou is a very sensible athlete."

Along with Colo, Dr. Neille Shoemaker is one of Groza's closest friends in Berea. Dr. Shoemaker does not play football. He is chairman of the English Department at Baldwin-Wallace. "It's a mutually rewarding friendship," Dr. Shoemaker says. "If I were an oil magnate or a coal miner, I don't think



It was a tragedy to the close Groza family when Lou's younger brother, Alex, right, was caught in the basketball scandal. That's Lou's wife, mother with them in 1950.

Lou's attitude toward me would be any different. Nothing that he ever does or says in any company is ever in any way embarrassing."

Dr. Shoemaker has worked out with Groza on the Baldwin-Wallace campus during the month before the Browns start formal drills. "Kids from six to 26 come around," Dr. Shoemaker says. "Lou talks to one about kicking, to another about catching the football, to a third about blocking. I once played football at a small college in Arkansas, and when Lou goes through calisthenics, I work along with him. He's very unpretentious; he's easy. I think that's part of the secret of his 13 years in the game. He doesn't burn himself out with nervous energy."

Harold Sauerbrei, the Browns' publicity director, makes a point about Groza over the years. "I covered the Browns for the Cleveland Plain Dealer before I joined the organization," he says, "and in all that time, I've only seen one change in Groza. He has become a polished young man."

The party that Jackie and Lou Groza threw began at a pool in Berea. Dante Lavelli was there, and

Leo Murphy, the Browns' trainer, and Groza's dentist and Jackie's obstetrician. They were all there as friends, and the Grozas greeted each, headed them toward the lockers, and turned to welcome the next battalion of guests.

"How's the arm?" somebody asked Herb Score.

"Coming along," Score said, looking uncomfortable.

"Did you hear?" Harold Sauerbrei was asking Don Colo, "what happened when Lou took over Ken Coleman's show?"

"The nighttime sports show?" Colo asked.

"Yes," Sauerbrei said. "The announcer came on and said, 'Now we give you the famous drop-kicker, Lou Groza.'"

Then three pretty girls jumped into the pool and began swimming in formation. Groza, at a microphone, played records and announced their numbers.

Past ten o'clock, automobiles began leaving the pool area for the onslaught on Groza's house. Tables were set in the backyard and on each a candle burned. The Grozas elected not to use the floodlights because the candles made for more

suitable dinner lighting. There was punch and beer and enough food for a few football teams. Some guests dropped cigarettes on the lawn and a few people trampled the rose bushes, but no one was injured or disorderly and the party was a success.

It is a long way from mill towns to lawn parties, but Lou Groza has traveled the distance gracefully, if not quite so effortlessly as it appears at first. The records fit neatly in a guidebook: Scoring in most consecutive NFL games (81), most field goals over a career (118), most field goals in a single season (23). There would be another record, too, for total scoring, but the NFL still does not recognize that the All-America Conference existed. As a pro, Groza has scored 892 points, or more than anyone in the history of professional football. Over his eight National League seasons, the total is 633, which leaves him officially second to Don Hutson, a place kicker who also caught passes and retired with 825 points in hand.

But Groza cannot be summed up by numbers, any more than his life can be summed up by place kicking. He is the last of the original Browns, of course, and the last of the Titans, then, for this was the finest football team of its era. He brings intensity and concentration so strongly to bear that his approach to his own game mystified even so successful an athlete as Joe Page. He has a compassion for people, whether or not they fumble. In conversation, he has a special quality of warmth. He looks at you, not as if he were waiting for you to finish the sentence so that he could tell about the day he kicked three, but as if he were honestly interested in what you are saying and hopes that you will go on. "Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength," someone has written, "but it is wrong to use it as a giant." Except when hoisting small children, and blocking rival tackles, Groza keeps his giant's strength concealed.

Because professional football is comparatively new as a major national sport, Groza's name may not stir men across the country as perhaps the name of DiMaggio will. This is unfortunate, for, looking back on our rich age of sport, men may conclude that of all the athletes of his time, Groza was closest to perfection.

Center the ball true. Set it down smartly. Then watch the extra point go on the scoreboard, as though an IBM machine had put it there. That's the way Lou Groza, The Toe, does it.



THE SPORT QUIZ



A former University of Iowa basketball star, Jack announces the "Wednesday Night Fights" over ABC-TV

GUEST CONDUCTOR

JACK DREES

1 Which two former New York Yankee pitchers share the record for winning the most World Series games? Both won seven and lost two in Series play.

2 Which college basketball players led nation in the following last year?
(A) scoring
(B) rebound percentage
(C) field goal percentage

3 In 1951 Elroy "Crazylegs" Hirsch tied Don Hutson's record for the most touchdown passes caught in a single season. He caught (A) 15, (B) 17, (C) 21.

4 True or False? Ranger forward Camille Henry was awarded the Calder Cup at the end of the '53-'54 season for being the best rookie in the National Hockey League.

5 What famous sports broadcaster is a lay reader in the Episcopal Church and was recently awarded an honorary Doctor of Humanities degree from Hobart College?

6 1938 was the last time the same player won the French, American, Australian and Wimbledon amateur tennis championships. Who was this racquet star?

7 Alvin Dark, Jackie Jensen and Paul Giel were All-America football selections during their college days. Can you name the school each played for?

8 In his pro career, former heavy-weight champ Gene Tunney fought one man five times. He won twice, lost once and twice there was no decision. Who was the opponent?

9 Rafer Johnson of UCLA broke the world decathlon record when he scored 8,302 points in Moscow earlier this year. Who held the record formerly?

ATTENTION QUIZ FANS!

Giant Quiz Contest Starts Next Month

You can win prizes galore if your knowledge of sports is equal to the task of solving the two-part Giant Quiz we will present in SPORT for December and January. The prizes:

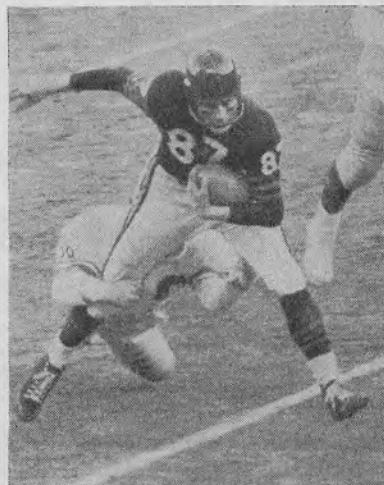
First Prize \$250 Cash

Second Prize \$150 Cash

Third Prize \$100 Cash

Plus these additional valuable prizes:

- 6 Rawlings baseball gloves (pro model)
- 6 Wilson baseball gloves (pro model)
- 6 MacGregor baseball gloves (pro model)
- 6 Nokona baseball gloves (pro model)
- 6 Spalding baseball gloves (pro model)



10 Now in my fifth season in the NFL, I played my college ball at Florence State Teachers, and was Rookie of The Year my first season with the Bears. Who am I?

S
P
O
R
T

For answers turn to page 87

*It will be even closer this
year than last, but it looks like
Detroit and Cleveland
again for the championship.
We like the Lions*

Pro Football Forecast

By Lee Greene

LAST YEAR WAS A surprising season in the National Football League. The Detroit Lions, with veteran Tobin Rote filling in for the injured Bobby Layne at quarterback, won the championship, but only after having to battle to take the Western Division playoff from the remarkable San Francisco 49ers, who had been picked near the bottom in most pre-season selections. The Chicago Bears, the team to beat in the polls, proved to be just that. They finished with a 5-7 record. The Chicago Cardinals and Green Bay Packers, figured for good years, finished as the lowly cellar clubs

in their respective divisions.

But perhaps the biggest surprise of all was provided by the supposedly rebuilding Cleveland Browns. With rookie back Jim Brown gaining 942 yards in 202 carries and quarterback Tommy O'Connell, playing his first varsity season, completing 63 out of 110 passes, the Browns stormed to an excellent 9-2-1 season, the best in the professional ranks. The fact that they were swamped by Detroit in the playoff, 59-14, cannot detract from the season-long achievement.

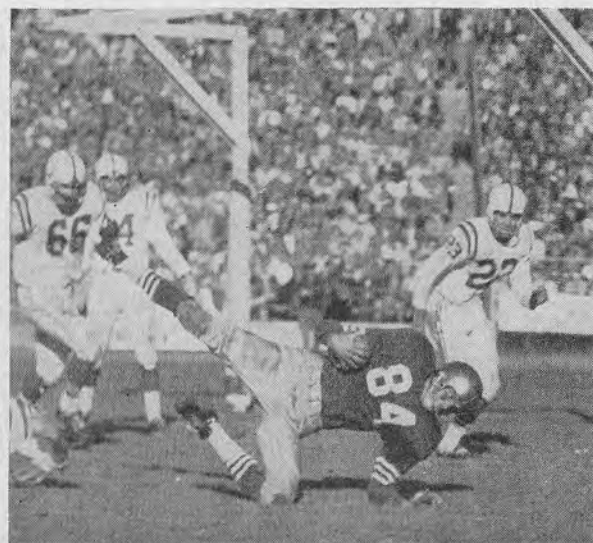
Even without O'Connell, now retired to less hazardous coaching

pursuits, the Browns look awfully good again this year. Coach Paul Brown, professional football's answer to Casey Stengel as a push-button manager, has understudy Milt Plum and Michigan State rookie Jim Ninowski fighting it out for the quarterback assignment, with Jim Haluska ready to move in if either falters.

While the Browns appear to pack too many offensive and defensive guns for the rest of the Eastern Division, Detroit seems to be in equally good shape in the West. With quarterbacks Layne and Rote both available, along with runners like



Jimmy Brown, easily the top rookie of 1957, is Cleveland's biggest runner since Marion Motley. The 49ers' Billy Wilson, right, was NFL's top receiver last year.



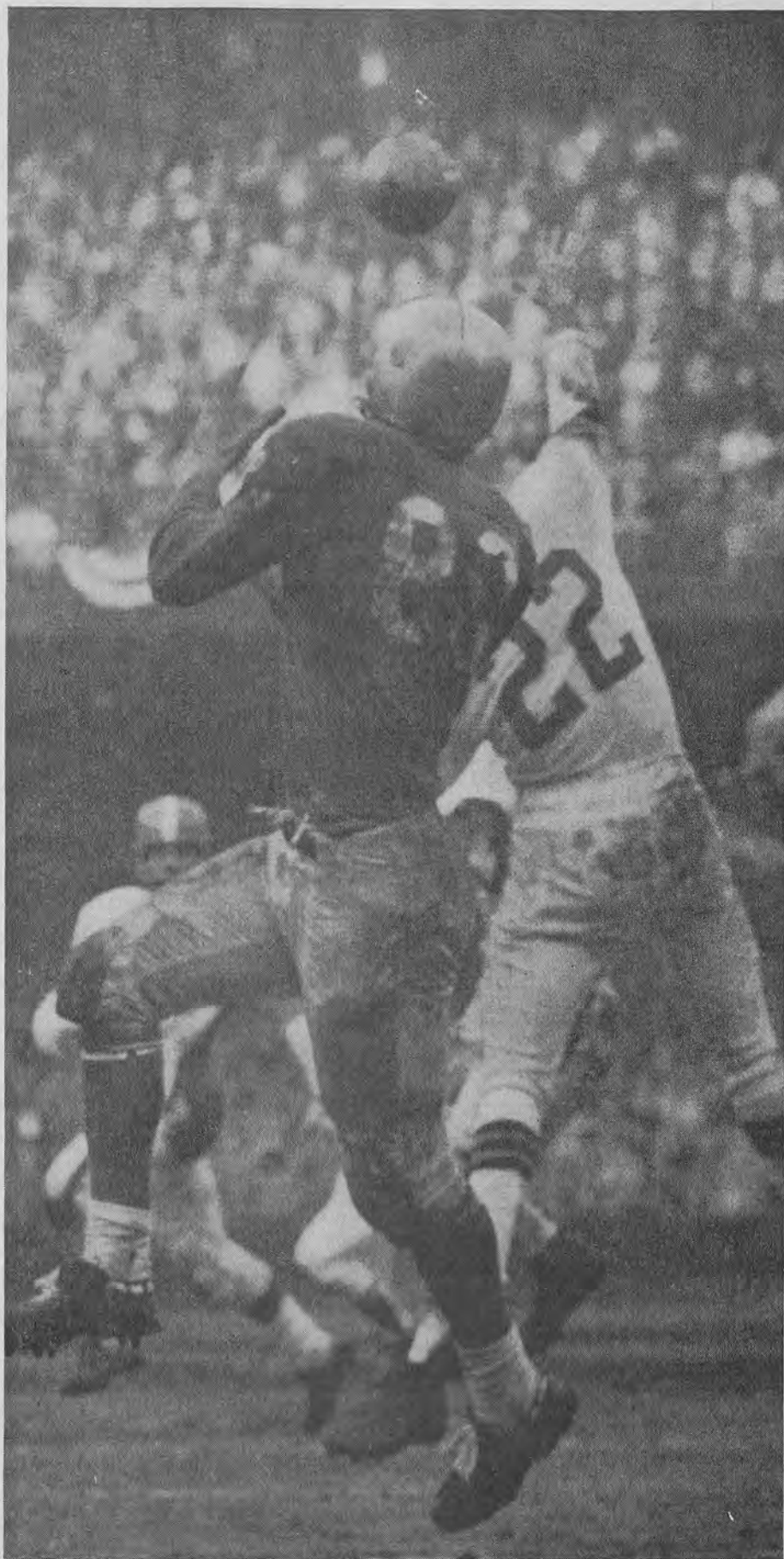
Hopalong Cassady and John Henry Johnson, it's difficult to see how the Lions can miss even if the Bears should suddenly catch fire. At the risk of being repetitious, we think it will be the Lions against the Browns again in the championship playoff. The winner? Detroit, in a squeaker.

As for the others, look for the Washington Redskins and New York Giants to give Cleveland considerable argument in the East. The Skins had the best-looking crop of rookie backs in professional history last year, with halfbacks Ed Sutton and Jim Podoley, along with fullback Don Bosseler, playing first-string behind quarterback Eddie LeBaron. They have another year of experience now, and a new playmate in quarterback Ralph Guglielmi, the Notre Dame ace who has returned from the service to give LeBaron some needed relief. Coach Joe Kuharich, one of the most capable in the business, can be depended on to make the most of what he has—and he has quite a bit.

The Giants, a poor second in the division after winning the championship the year before, have patched up a couple of big holes by coming up with experienced quarterback Tom Dublinski to spell 34-year-old Charley Conerly, and huge Roosevelt Grier back from the Army to supply a one-man defense-within-a-defense. With Frank Gifford deciding to hold off another year on his movie career in favor of running with a football, the Giants are a logical contender.

The Philadelphia Eagles, with new coach Buck Shaw and new quarterback Norm Van Brocklin, figure to improve their 4-8 record of a year ago, but a lot will depend on rookie back Walt Kowalczyk, the Michigan State All-America. The Chicago Cardinals also have a new coach in Frank Ivy, a big winner in Canada, but he doesn't have much to work with after Ollie Matson and Lamar McHan. The Pittsburgh Steelers, with the second-best defensive and worst offensive record of 1957, still have no answer to the punchless paradox.

As for the Western Division, the Bears are certain to improve under the exacting eye of the old "Papa



This TD pass, after a fake field-goal try, from Tobin Rote to Steve Junker helped Lions win title.

EASTERN DIVISION

TEAM	COACH	1957 RECORD	STRENGTH	WEAKNESSES
CLEVELAND BROWNS	Paul Brown	9-2-1	Great defensive line. Fine running backs, headed by Jim Brown. Lou Groza a constant field-goal threat.	Aging offensive line and defensive backfield. Inexperienced quarterback.
WASHINGTON REDSKINS	Joe Kuharich	5-6-1	Fine offensive backfield. Passing of Eddie LeBaron. Offensive line. Defensive play of Brito, Drazenovich.	Weak defensive backfield, both defensive tackles. Lack of experience in the backfield.
NEW YORK GIANTS	Jim Lee Howell	7-5-0	Running of Gifford and Webster. Middle defensive line. Solid linebacking. Punting of Don Chandler.	No replacement for 34-year-old quarterback Conerly. So-so pass defense. Lack of outstanding pass-receivers.
PHILADELPHIA EAGLES	Buck Shaw	4-8-0	Passing of Van Brocklin. Good running backs. Rugged defensive line, anchored by Bednarik. Defensive ends.	Lack of line speed. Offensive ends. Offensive guards. Quarterback depth.
CHICAGO CARDINALS	Frank Ivy	3-9-0	Matson's running. Pass receivers. Rookie backs Hill and Crow. Linebackers.	Quarterback McHan's inconsistency. Offensive line. Defensive ends. Defensive line depth.
PITTSBURGH STEELERS	Buddy Parker	6-6-0	Excellent defensive line. Offensive guards. Experienced players.	Offensive line. No outstanding passing or running backs. Poor rookie crop.

WESTERN DIVISION

DETROIT LIONS	George Wilson	8-4-0	Two great quarterbacks. Defensive backfield. Pass receivers. Schmidt's linebacking. Team experience.	So-so running attack. Lack of reserves in the offensive line.
CHICAGO BEARS	George Halas	5-7-0	Running and passing attack. Offensive line. Hill's pass-catching. Halas' coaching.	Mediocre defensive line. Injured key men. Lack of team depth.
BALTIMORE COLTS	Weeb Ewbank	7-5-0	Huge defensive line. Two good quarterbacks. Running game. Pass receivers.	Old key players. Linebackers and defensive backs. Offensive line depth.
SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS	Frankie Albert	8-4-0	Great running and passing offensive. Pass receivers. Marv Matuszak's linebacking.	Offensive line. Defensive line reserves. Pass defense. Lack of quarterback depth behind 32-year-old Tittle.
LOS ANGELES RAMS	Sid Gillman	6-6-0	Backfield depth. Running game. Pass receivers. Linebackers.	Untested quarterback. Fullback reserves. Secondary defense. Defensive ends and tackles.
GREEN BAY PACKERS	Ray McLean	3-9-0	Quarterback depth. Pass receivers. Secondary defense. Experience.	Running backs. Defensive line. Team slowness. Inadequate reserves. Spotty offensive line.

Bear" himself, George Halas. His main job will be to pep up the passing game, the best in the league in 1956 and one of the worst in 1957. Rick Casares heads a fine bunch of running backs and the Bears' line is as ferocious as ever. The Baltimore Colts, on the other hand, are well satisfied with their attack, built around Johnny Unitas, Lenny Moore and Alan Ameche, but are concerned about their big but aging linemen.

The 49ers seemingly shot their bolt last year in tying Detroit for

the Western title, as 32-year-old Y. A. Tittle and 30-year-old Billy Wilson combined in an unstoppable passing attack. But the ground game didn't amount to much, and Tittle and Wilson can't offset the porous defense indefinitely. Their California rivals, the Los Angeles Rams, are just as bad off, with a new quarterback, Bill Wade, trying to fill Van Brocklin's shoes. With Elroy Hirsch and Tank Younger both gone, the Rams' great offense, No. 1 in the league last season, will be lucky to achieve even the 6-6

record of a year ago. As for the Green Bay Packers and their new coach, Ray McLean, it looks like another season of frustration. Eighth in offense and dead last in defense in 1957, the Packers will be hard-pressed to win more than the three games of last season. But there will be a lot of new faces in Green Bay's new stadium this fall and they could provide some surprises.

With both Pittsburgh and Philadelphia abandoning converted baseball parks in favor of big college

NEWCOMERS	LOSSES	PROSPECTS
Jim Ninowski (Mich. St.), Jim Shofner (TCU), Leroy Bolden (Mich. St.), Bobby Mitchell, Illinois.	Tom O'Connell (retired); Len Ford (traded); John Borton (released).	Plum and Ninowski will quarterback the powerful Browns to another divisional championship. Only Detroit has the stuff to stop them.
Ralph Guglielmi (Notre Dame), Menil Mavraides (Eagles), Bill Anderson (Tenn.), Doyle Nix (Packers), John Olszewski (Cards).	Steve Meilinger, Don Owens, Ralph Felton (traded).	They'll score a lot of points, but they'll have a lot scored against them, too. Their field-goal kicker, Sam Baker, is a big factor.
Tom Dublinski (Lions), Phil King (Vanderbilt), Dorne Dibble (Lions), Frank Yauso (Minn.), Lindon Crow (Cards), Pat Summerall (Cards).	Dick Yelvington, Ray Beck, Bill Austin (retired); Dick Nolan (traded).	Charley Conerly is the big question mark. If he can come up with another good season at 34, the Giants could go all the way.
Norm Van Brocklin (Rams), Walt Kowalczyk (Mich. St.), Mel Dillard (Purdue).	Jim Weatherall, Buck Lansford, Jimmy Harris (traded); Bob Thomason (retired).	Buck Shaw is rebuilding around Norm Van Brocklin and doesn't expect to win them all. But he won't lose many with that big, tough line.
King Hill (Rice), John Crow (Tex. A&M), Ben Preston (Auburn), Dick Nolan (Giants), Bobby Conrad (Texas A&M).	Johnny Olszewski, Lindon Crow (traded); Dave Mann (to Canada); Jack Jennings (retired).	King Hill and John Crow, two great rookie backs, may be able to revive a discouraged team. Cards have talent to be a contender.
Tank Younger (Rams), Ralph Felton (Redskins), Larry Krutko (W. Va.), Bill Krisher (Okla.), Dick Lasse (Syracuse), Mike Henry (USC).	Fran Rogel, Bill McPeak, Elbie Nickel (retired).	Len Dawson may be the passer and Larry Krutko may be the line-smasher. The Steelers need both desperately if they hope to figure.
Alex Karras (Iowa), Wayne Walker (Ida.), Bill Glass (Baylor), Dan Lewis (Wisc.), Karl Koepfer (Bowling Green), Ralph Pfeifer (Kans. St.).	Ray Krouse, Dorne Dibble (traded); Leon Hart, Sherwin Gandee (retired).	With both Layne and Rote available, the Lions seem to have too many horses. Experience gives them the championship edge over the Browns.
Jesse Whittenton (Rams), Dick Klein (Iowa), Bob Jewett (Mich. St.), Bo Dickinson (Miss. Southern), Chuck Howley (W. Va.).	Kline Gilbert (traded); Herman Clark (retired).	Injuries cost the Bears a shot at the championship last season, but they may be ready to tear the league apart now. Passing must improve.
Ray Krouse (Lions), Leonard Lyles (Louisville), Bob Stransky (Colo.), Joe Nicely (W. Va.).	No losses.	Their players are good, but they're old and there aren't enough of them to go all the way. But the Colts will make trouble for anybody.
Fred Dugan (Dayton), Jim Pace (Mich.), Abe Woodson (Ill.), Charley Krueger (Tex. A&M).	Joe Arenas (retired).	You just can't expect another effort as good as last year's. But if Tittle can do it again, it could be another big year in San Francisco.
Buck Lansford (Eagles), Jimmy Harris (Eagles), Frank Ryan (Rice), Lou Michaels (Ky.), Kline Gilbert (Bears), Clendon Thomas (Okla.).	Norm Van Brocklin, Tank Younger, Jesse Whittenton (traded); Elroy Hirsch (retired).	You can't lose Van Brocklin, Younger and Hirsch at one time and not feel it. The Rams will need another year to rebuild that great offense.
Jerry Kramer (Idaho), Len Ford (Browns), Dan Currie (Mich. St.), Steve Meilinger (Redskins), J. D. Kimmel (Redskins), Dick Christy (N. C. St.).	Doyle Nix, John Petitbon (traded); Carl Vereen (retired).	An odd assortment of rookies and castoffs can make life interesting if they jell, but it's a lot to ask.

stadiums this year, 1957's attendance record of over 2,800,000 will probably be shattered. The Steelers move into 60,000-seat Pitt Stadium and the Eagles will hold forth at the University of Pennsylvania's 75,000-seat Franklin Field.

Here's the rundown on the individual teams, in the order we believe they will finish:

EASTERN DIVISION:

CLEVELAND BROWNS — Coach Paul Brown still hasn't figured out how

to beat those Detroit Lions, as last year's results can attest. The Browns lost only three games, and two of them were to Detroit. But the rest of the league offers no great mystery for Cleveland. Last season was supposed to be set aside for rebuilding, but the Browns passed and smashed their way to a regular-season 9-2-1 record as Tommy O'Connell gave a reasonable facsimile of the great Otto Graham at quarterback and All-America rookie Jim Brown revived memories of Marion Motley's powerful days as

the pros' strongest fullback.

O'Connell, who waited a long time for his season in the sun, has now retired to the University of Illinois coaching staff but the Browns, as usual, are not caught short. Milt Plum, a Penn State alumnus who filled in when O'Connell was injured, hit for 41 out of 76 and gave the team an added threat with his fine running on the option plays. To back up Plum, the Browns drafted Michigan State quarterback Jim Ninowski this year.

It was Jim (→ TO PAGE 81)

Wild Goose Chase

(Continued from page 41)

400 white hunters account for four or five thousand more," Alex said. "It doesn't even touch the more than a million that pass here every year."

"These million geese," I asked, "are they all blues?"

"Mostly blues and snows," Hennessy said. "Some Canadas mixed in, but not too many."

It was dark now and we had come ten miles up Moose River when suddenly we could see the moon, which had come up like an elevator, shining on an expanse of water that looked as vast as the Atlantic Ocean.

"James Bay," Hennessy said. "It flows into Hudson Bay."

This man Hennessy is something of a legend in the far north. In the decade that he has been in business, the handsome, wavy-haired Irishman has established a solid reputation as a man who will take anything—tools, machinery, food—as far north as anyone wants it. He does it by snowmobile, tractor, sled, dog team and back pack, and he hasn't been stumped on a job yet. But the James Bay Goose Club is his particular pride, and I was shortly to see why.

Looming out of the darkness of the shore was a great, black, mechanical monster. "The buggy," Hennessy said, describing a half-track especially designed to operate on swampy ground. We jumped out and helped beach the big, heavy canoe. Sitting back from the shore was a small, wooden shack. Hennessy told us that we would wait in the shack for the tide to go out on the bay. "That way we can run along the beach in the half-track and it won't be so rough going. If we go right now, we'll be hitting ruts and bumps the whole 12 miles to the club."

We sat and talked, and then, about

an hour and a half later, we got into the swamp buggy and started up the dark shoreline toward the club. The buggy moved neatly across the great tidal flats where no man could walk.

For another hour and a half we rode along, completely surrounded by water, and then we were there. A cluster of lights grew before us and a group of chattering Cree Indians helped us down from the buggy into the thick mud. We expected that the accommodations would be as rough and primitive as the barren country, but when we walked into the club lounge, it was as bright and comfortable and modern as any men's club in New York. There were leather couches, deep chairs, piled rugs, a fully equipped bar, a French chef, recessed lights, hot and cold running water. It was an amazing sight in such wild country.

All of the lumber and the equipment needed to build the club had been brought in by Hennessy and his men on canoes and rubber rafts, and much of it was back-packed across the mud flats to this high, dry spot that surveys 80 square miles of tidal terrain. "It should have cost about sixty thousand dollars to build," Hennessy said. "But because of the transportation and labor, it went over a hundred thousand."

After charcoal broiled steaks and a discussion about when we wanted to take off for geese in the morning, I retired to a soft mattress and covered myself with an eiderdown quilt. As I dropped off to sleep, I could hear the sounds of the geese in the night, out in the trackless tidal flats.

The next morning at four, Joe Dolan and I were bundled into the swamp buggy for the ride out to the marshes. Our Cree guide's name was Danny Weasley. He was a short,

brown man, with well-molded features and smiling eyes. He kept nodding and smiling all the time.

On the way out, the guides sat in another buggy, leading the way. They called out at the geese, and giggled and laughed heartily. The Crees are the best goose callers on the North American continent, and I could tell why as I listened to the wild, shriek-like sounds of the wild goose that came effortlessly from their throats.

They begin learning to call geese from the moment they begin to walk. Goose is one of their food staples, and they prepare it somewhat like venison, smoking it and cooking it in a variety of ways. Goose in the pot may hang over the Indian's campfire for as long as ten days, with various seasonings added from time to time.

When the older Indians feel that the youngster has learned to call the geese well enough, he is given a gun and sent out to provide all the goose meals for the family. There is no formal instruction given in the art of calling; the young Indians simply go out on the marshes and listen. They imitate the birds calling on the wing until they are tone-perfect.

We were way out on the marshes, and as far as the eye could see there was nothing but stunted brown grass and barren flatlands. Completely surrounded by the sea-like landscape, we got out of the buggy and took from our guide a big bundle of leafed willow branches that he had cut back near the club on the higher ground.

Sticking the branch ends firmly into the soft ground, the guide made a complete circle, and there was our blind. Then, about 60 yards in front of the blind, after he had held his finger up and tested the wind, he began pushing two-foot sticks into the soft marsh. Next he took a knife off his belt and stripped pieces of the turf from the earth and arranged them over the sticks, humping them so that they looked like geese feeding. Then he went to a nearby stream and cut strips of blue clay from the bank and spread it over the turfed sticks, slicking it carefully with his knife so that the humped figures picked up a slate-blue sheen. He took a roll of tissue paper from his pack and fashioned the white head of the blue goose on the decoys. Next he varied the spread by draping pieces of white cloth over other decoys. These would be the snow geese that always travel with the blues. When he was finished, there were about 30 impressively realistic figures.

"That and the blind in eleven minutes flat," said Joe Dolan, who knows as much about stooling decoys as any man alive. "Fastest thing I've ever seen."

The Cree motioned us back into the blind and waved us down so that our heads came below the branches. Off to our far right we could see great wedges of geese moving in waves. "Too far," Joe said. "But look at those waves. Maybe that's why these people call them 'wavys' instead of blues."

"No. That's a corruption of the Indian word for wild geese," I said. "I read it in a book. Been reading up on these blues for years."

"Tell us more," Joe said as he hunkered in the mud.

I told him that the blues breed in faraway Baffin Island, and often go so far into the Arctic wilderness that no one really knows where. The youngsters are a solid slate blue, but



"Better go in for Davis at fullback. They're out to get our fullback."

the adult geese have white heads and sometimes other white markings.

"The snow and the blue are the same family," I said. "The Indians think that every twenty-fifth blue goose egg is a snow goose. Biologists have seen them interbreeding on Baffin Island, so maybe it's true. The snow goose certainly always travels with the blue."

"Like now," Joe Dolan said sharply. "Look!"

Several hundred yards ahead of us, riding the north wind like pieces of wind-blown paper, about 30 geese were bearing down on our decoys. Three white shapes flapped among the darker ones.

Danny Weasley got down like a chicken eating corn and started calling. The call welled up from the ground, startling in its realism and its clarity. The geese veered, swung toward us and coasted on the current toward our decoys, loudly returning Danny's calls.

We had been instructed not to pop up out of the blind until the guide told us to shoot. The geese came closer, circling in the wind, and then headed in. When they were about 50 yards out and still coming in, Danny stopped calling and said, "Shoot!"

We both jumped up and fired. I led my Browning on a big blue and he crumbled. Then I swung on a flaring snow and missed. Joe, swinging his Winchester magnum with graceful ease, knocked down a snow and a blue with two beautifully placed shots. Danny gave me a sharp look of displeasure, then rushed out and retrieved the geese we had killed. The other geese were only dark shapes on the horizon now, still calling loudly as they flew away.

Danny took the dead birds and, arranging them on notched sticks, placed them with the mud decoys. He smiled as he came back, and nodded his head with satisfaction as he climbed into the blind. Now the stool was perfect, even to the scent.

Although this was late September, and all the books said that the big migrations of blues were due now, the geese apparently didn't read the books. They weren't here. True, we saw hundreds, perhaps even thousands, of them, but they were high and the Indians were having difficulty calling them in. Danny kept saying, "October, October," meaning that we should be here later to see the main body of migrating geese.

But there were enough for me. I had never seen that many geese in one place, milling about the sky, calling to one another, slanting into the mud flats with the September sun shining on their slate-blue feathers.

We shot for three more days and came out of that wild country with ten geese apiece. Every day when we returned to the club, a Royal Canadian Mounted Police constable checked our day's take, typing down the record as soon as the geese were counted. After that, the birds were handed to the Indians to pluck and place in the big walk-in deep freeze.

If you've never been on a wild goose chase, we suggest you start thinking about it. Not until you've heard that strange, high call of the blue goose coming down from the night sky, until you've heard the Cree Indians calling those wild, wonderful birds in, have you reached the hunting heights. Do it once and you're hooked. You're as gone as a goose.



by PAT FERRER, Popular leader from Westhampton Beach High School, L. I., N. Y.

A girl tells frankly...

what girls think about boys who have pimples

IN THE first place, the girls I know are sympathetic to boys who have this problem because don't forget, girls have it too. But I think the difference between us and the boys is, that most of us do something about pimples while so many boys just do nothing, hoping their pimples will clear up by themselves.

"No one can deny that pimples are unattractive and if you don't take care of them they can get worse. I don't think that any boy should go along calmly ignoring pimples, taking it for granted that they aren't a handicap, that they don't matter. Believe me, they do.

Another Side to the Problem

"On the other hand, some boys are overly sensitive about their pimples. They get self-conscious, embarrassed to the point where they won't have dates, avoid as many parties as they can, really suffer when they find themselves in mixed groups. They seem to think that girls don't want them around. Which is wrong. We understand; we'd like to help.

"Of course I can't say to the boys I know that they should do something about their pimples. That's why I'm so glad to have the chance to write this—to tell many boys that not only should they do something about pimples but that they can do something quickly and easily, thanks to CLEARASIL. I use this wonderful new medication and so do most of my friends. It certainly does the job! Today with CLEARASIL available to all

of us there is really no excuse to let pimples be a social problem."

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Army's Touchdown Twins

(Continued from page 21)

to get stronger. It wasn't Waldrop. It was No. 21, Anderson. The coaches had figured him for a big and promising kid, but nothing like this. The ball was on the 15 and the quarterback slipped it to him on a straight dive over tackle. Linemen buckled as he shot through, and with a couple of long strides he was in the end zone. Later, he threw a pass for another touchdown, and finally he ran it over himself for a third one. "We knew," Blaik said, "we had something special."

Recognition was more delayed in the case history of Dawkins. Blaik's big problem the last few seasons at Army has been uncovering quarterbacks to maneuver his teams. When Dawkins was moved up to the varsity in 1956, the long search was supposed to be over. Here was the salvation, a trained quarterback, with a fine prep school record in Michigan, a nimble mind, rangy physique and the novelty of throwing lefthanded passes.

"But I knew the first half hour of the first day of spring training," Blaik says with a shake of his head, "he wouldn't make it. He wasn't a natural enough passer to play quarterback in the T. But he could run."

This came out when they sent Dawkins back to field a punt in the first spring scrimmage. The ends, covering, knifed in on him from the sidelines. Pete flicked a hip at one, then the other, and slipped between them into the open field. A tackler came at him and Pete nodded his head in a feint, turned on a flash of speed and left the tackler looking. Backfield coach Tom Harp nodded to Blaik. Blaik nodded back. Right then Pete Dawkins became a halfback.

The only trouble was that they had to make him over as a football player. "For eight years, playing quarterback," he says, "I never once thought of blocking. I never had to play defense." Pete spent the 1956 season with the scrubs as cannon fodder in varsity scrimmages, a disheartening period of learning a new position, new techniques, wondering if his college career wouldn't be over before he got the hang of it. To keep him eager they let him into a game occasionally, when it didn't count. Every time they did, Pete scored a touchdown. That was the tip-off. He pushed ahead of half a dozen veterans and started the '57 season as a regular.

Flat-stomached Pete doesn't look as if there could be 200 pounds on his lean bones (he's 6-1), but he has great muscular development. Where Anderson is a slasher who picks his spot and rips through a hole with force, Pete is a long, smooth strider who can swing a wide arc and outrun a defender or squeeze through a hole and rocket 50 yards, as he did against Pitt last fall, before the other team is wise to the fact that he has popped through. Anderson may have a shade more speed and a better intuitive grasp of running, but Pete's not the kind of partner who will always play second fiddle. Dick Voris, who left Army to become the Virginia head coach this year, said, "Andy did a great job, but Pete was the guy who came through when you needed it most. He broke up games."

They complemented each other beautifully, Pete running to the left in natural southpaw style, Bob to the right, both capable of throwing on the

run to keep the secondary loose, and both possessing the heft to do a blocking job.

"Their display late in the Tulane game last year," Blaik says, "was the finest I've seen at Army. They went 74 yards on their own strength, with the team losing, the line crumbling and time running out."

It started with fourth down and two to go on the 26-yard line. Tulane led, 14-13, and there was five minutes left to play. Army couldn't afford to punt. It might be the last chance. Anderson fought ten yards over guard on a quick opener for the first down. Dawkins took a reverse and ran around left end. All his blockers vanished, but he fought through half a dozen tacklers for 21 yards into Tulane territory. The line parted on a quick opener and Anderson zipped through for 30. Now Army was getting close. Fullback Vince Barta changed the pace with a dive of three yards. From the ten with Dawkins leading and applying the key block, Anderson stormed right end and over the goal line. Army won, 20-14.

In Blaik's strategy table, halfbacks like these have a special meaning: the defense can't overshift to stop Dawkins, or Anderson will break loose; and it works even more the other way. Anderson was the third leading ground gainer in the country last

SUDDEN SUCCESS IN SAN FRANCISCO

Patience, luck and good baseball have made the Giants into an artistic and financial success in their new home. Read how it happened next month in SPORT.

year, picking up 983 yards in nine games for a 6.42 average per carry, breaking Glenn Davis' seasonal marks at Army. He was also the fourth highest collegiate scorer, and his 14 touchdowns made him the country's No. 2 touchdown producer. Dawkins netted 665 yards for a respectable 5.36 average. He was No. 18 in the country in total yardage.

This dual pressure is tremendous, now that they've had a year together. The boys are attuned to each other's habits. They sense blocking directions. Their adept teamwork, and their brilliance in solo dashes, make Pete and Bob sure things to break loose for long gallops at least once a game (if you'll forget last year's blanking by Navy).

There wasn't a prettier run in 1957 than Anderson's 82-yard flight against Notre Dame, a spectacular effort which first made college football Anderson-conscious. Bob broke between right tackle and end on a simple handoff the first play of the game Army ran from scrimmage that afternoon. He remembers a linebacker diving laterally toward him and almost knocking him down. But Bob regained his balance and cut back to his left as he penetrated the Irish secondary. There he was confronted by Notre Dame's safety man, Bob Williams. "He had me dead to rights,"

Anderson says. "I remember looking at his eyes. They were on my belt buckle, where they're supposed to be. But then I guess he switched to my legs. I started left, faked to the right with a quick crossover step, and then went left again. The last I could see, he was sitting on the ground."

Native speed (he has run a 10-flat 100) carried Bob the rest of the way to the end zone. But the excitement of the play was seeing this kid sophomore, before a tremendous audience of 90,000, faking a tested Notre Dame defender right on his rumble seat without even the brush of a hand.

Bob is a transplanted New Jerseyite who was moved from Linden to Cocoa, Fla., near the site of the Cape Canaveral missile tests, because he was stricken with rheumatic fever at the age of ten. "I couldn't," he says, "walk at all for a week." Anderson is the anglicized version of a name his grandfather carried to this country from Czechoslovakia, one Bob can neither spell nor pronounce. "Andrucky—" is as far as he gets. He is full-lipped, dark-eyed and huskily handsome. A bashful smile plays around his lips, and his young, smooth forehead wrinkles when he concentrates on the words that come softly, a little hesitatingly. He thinks over carefully everything he says.

You can't help wondering, as you see him standing with athletic ease and a slouch in Army publicity man Joe Cahill's office, how he ever got to West Point and its strictly regimented life. Even in fatigues and helmet liner he is physically tremendous, with the thick neck and deep chest of a tackle and the spraddle-gaited walk of a fighter who would be hard to knock off his feet. He stands 6-2 and his playing weight is between 200 to 210. At Cocoa High School he won 15 letters in four sports, passed a football with both hands, and made two prep All-America selections, drawing about 20 scholarship offers.

"I thought of following my brother to Georgia Tech," Bob says. "He never played there because he hurt his shoulder. But one summer I was umpiring a Little League game back home. While I was dusting the plate between innings a man named Jack Crockett asked me suddenly if I'd ever thought of going to West Point. It sounded good. You get a free education there, and it cost my family \$1,600 a year to send my brother through college. You play top-notch football at the Point, too, and finally, since I was bound to go into the service sooner or later, anyhow, it would be better to do it as an officer."

There was one other important factor. "All the other schools I visited," Bob says, "made it too easy for the football players. Everything was done to make it comfortable for them. Here we have to get up at 5:50 in the morning. Even on the day of a game. It makes it hard to play football, darn hard. But if I have to choose, I'd rather have it the hard way. Doc Blanchard gave me my biggest lesson my plebe year. He made me get tough."

And what did he learn as a football player last year?

"I learned football, sir. In high school I never really had to block. I carried the ball three out of every four plays. It's tough to move a man out who's larger than you are. But if I don't, Pete runs right up my back."

His coach says, "Anderson's inclined to play himself down."

Trainer Ed Pillings says, "It's his humbleness that impresses you."

Yet Anderson, mature and at 20 quietly confident in his football ability, doesn't practice self-abasement. It doesn't occur to him that it sounds pat and facetious when he says, "I'll never get a thrill here to match just stepping out on the field for the opening game against Nebraska last year. That was my one ambition, starting an Army game, and here it happened in my very first one. Afterwards I said, 'Gee, maybe I'll get to start next week, too.'"

"Sure, I enjoyed making All-America. I even drank half a beer, and I don't like the stuff, at one of the parties in New York. Then the guys on the team came up and said, 'Hey, can I shake your hand?' I don't want to be treated any different. Some of the kidding got a little rough. I don't like it when they keep doing it over and over. It's not kidding any more."

Anderson has a special mission this year, to redeem himself for last year's Navy game (14-0 for the Cotton Bowl-bound Middies). It sticks in his craw that the Annapolis boys were able to hold him to 18 yards in 11 carries. "I hope they get to see the other side of me this time," he says solemnly. "If you haven't been in a Navy game, you can never know what it feels like. It's almost as if you're fighting for your life."

Anderson went into the big game with a strained knee that had hampered him late in the season and kept him out of contact drills. It was complicated by a slight charley horse. Piling into that tough Navy wall on the first play of the game, he reinjured the leg. That, and the Navy line,

kept him in check the rest of the day.

In the meantime, Dawkins took over as the one effective Cadet ball carrier. He racked up 63 of the 88 yards Army was to gain all afternoon and spearheaded the one drive that almost tied the Middies in the third quarter. A handoff fumble fouled it up on the nine-yard line.

On the way back from the desolation and gloom of that afternoon in Philadelphia, the Cadets cast their ballots for the 1958 captain and it came up Dawkins. It was no surprise. Besides his football abilities, which are considerable, Pete is one of the truly outstanding men in the Cadet corps. He is everything you imagine a West Pointer should look like—with the apple pink of Michigan still in his high-boned cheeks, intensely blue eyes under sharply cropped blond hair, poised, articulate, erect. The same age as Anderson, he has more of a whippet look to his body, although he stands an inch shorter and weighs about the same.

He is also refreshingly frank. "I can't really say yet whether I'm going to make the military my life's career," he said last summer when he stood in line to become captain of the corps, the highest cadet honor in the Academy. "I came here because I liked the idea of a free education and military training. But I had no idea what I was getting into. You can really hate it at first. The first day I got here, some guy told me to slap my chin in, and I almost let him have it."

Pete could feel that he had come a long way when he spent last summer in command of Beast Barracks; he was the No. 1 cadet on campus in charge of breaking in the newcomers

to the Academy. Pete has the demeanor of a leader and the forcefulness to command. No one questions his ability. He attended Cranbrook Prep outside Detroit on a scholarship and is one of the most gifted students at West Point. "A real brain," the other fellows say. He was the president of last year's junior class.

Between Anderson and Dawkins, who move in different spheres at the Academy, there is the easy camaraderie of men who share the experience of a violent contact sport. There is no sense of competition between them, no envy by Dawkins of the fact that Anderson's national acclaim has been greater. There is the satisfaction of knowing they make a good team.

Besides their running, Blaik says he will take advantage this year of their threat off the pass-run option on wide pitchouts. Army again has an unproved hand working at quarterback, Joe Caldwell. Caldwell is touted as the school's best thrower since Vann, and the disappearance of most of the 1957 line has caused the Army board of football strategy to discuss plans for a wide-open attack this fall, with greater emphasis on the aerial end.

Yet when the chips are down, and the blockers have their assignments down pat, Army's real power will flow right and left on the ground, with Anderson and Dawkins digging for long yardage.

In a moment of exuberance, back-field coach Harp let slip this thought:

"I saw a pretty good Big Ten team last spring—Ohio State. And a couple of pretty good backs, Don Clark and Bob White. I wouldn't trade our boys for them."

— ■ —

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Wanted: A Bill Of Rights For Umpires

(Continued from page 35)

couldn't protest these firings without getting the ax myself. I certainly didn't expect any of the other umpires, including the men who were closest to me, to protest my case. They are walking on a thin enough tightrope as it is. They can be fired at will, and they know it. Even a dishwasher, if he belongs to a union, has more security than a big-league umpire.

Umpires never get long-term contracts. They all work on a year-to-year basis. And, since contracts don't go out until January, every umpire sits on a hot seat of uncertainty for three months. He actually does not know, from the time the season ends in September until he receives his contract in January, whether or not he still has a job.

You can imagine what this does to a man's morale. An umpire takes a chance every time he spends a dime, because he's never sure until he signs the new contract (if it comes) where he's going to get the next dime. He can't plan ahead, he can't assume any long-term obligations and his mind is free of financial worries only nine months a year.

Even the signing of a contract doesn't always mean that an umpire will keep his job. All it guarantees is a season's salary, the only shred of security he has. Augie Guglielmo went through spring training, then lost his job before Opening Day. Guglielmo was one of the greatest young umpires I ever saw. He had guts, savvy and judgment, and he would have been an asset anywhere. But evidently he displeased someone in authority—I never found out who or why—and out he went. He's now working in the International League, where he is still outstanding.

Scotty Robb was the victim of failure of the league to back him up in a rhabarb. He was umpiring a game between the Cardinals and the Reds in Cincinnati on April 22, 1952, with Warren Giles, the president of the National League, watching from his private box. In the third inning, after Robb called Solly Hemus of the Cards out on strikes for the second time in the game, Hemus threw his bat toward the St. Louis dugout. Robb thumbed him out of the game. Eddie Stanky, then the Cards' manager, charged out, and he and Robb began pushing each other around. Robb ordered him out of the game, too, after a loud and lengthy argument.

Giles conducted a hearing in his office the next morning. When it was over, he announced that he was fining Hemus \$25, Stanky \$50 and Robb an amount "much greater than the combined fines of the players." This public reprimand, which came without warning, was enough to force Robb's resignation. Scotty was hired to umpire in the American League a short time later. He remained there until he retired to give all his time to his printing business in New Jersey. He later expressed deep admiration for Stanky as a fighting manager, but at the same time he said he didn't feel he had been given a fair shake by the NL president.

Only the umpire is hurt by these sudden terminations of contracts, because the league has only the one-year obligation. Marty Marion, who had a multiple-term contract as man-

ager of the Chicago White Sox, sat out the entire season of 1957 at full pay. He lost his job in 1956, but his contract had another year to run. This could never happen to an umpire.

If the ability of umpires could be judged by the season, as it is in the case of ballplayers, the year-by-year system might work. But a good umpire is a good umpire—once he knows his business, he really won't be much better or worse than any other good umpire. Therefore, once he has proved himself, he should be assured of his future employment. A big-league umpire should be hired on a trial basis for a year or so, during which period he could be subject to one-year contractual terms. But after that he should be given tenure, just like a teacher or a civil service worker. From then on, barring illness or misbehavior, he should be sure of his job until he reaches the age of retirement.

Umpires' salaries should be set on a graduating scale, depending upon length of service. Under present conditions, rookie umpires, to the best of my knowledge, start in the big leagues on a par with rookie ballplayers, at \$7,000. A rookie ballplayer who makes the grade moves up fast. But a rookie umpire who makes it is lucky if he gets a \$500 raise after the first

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year. There is no limit to the amount of money a ballplayer can make. I doubt if any big-league umpire makes more than \$12,000, and none gets a raise except at the pleasure of the front office.

While the starting salary was lower when I first broke in, it was customary at that time to give National League umpires automatic raises of \$500 a year. This system is no longer in operation. Something similar to it should be instituted. An umpire should get automatic annual increases until he reaches a set figure—say \$15,000 a year. It would take him about 15 years to reach that point. Few umpires actually last that long.

All of which brings me to the subject of retirements and pensions. An umpire's retirement age should be comparatively low—maybe 55—since he must be in top physical shape in order to function properly. And, once he's retired, he should be entitled to a pension comparable to that of a ballplayer. The present umpire's pension is little more than a pittance, arbitrarily set by the league.

If an umpire retires after 15 years of service, he can collect about \$150 a month for life. Under the same circumstances, a ballplayer can get \$500 a month, or even more.

The only way to adjust umpires' pensions to those of ballplayers is to include umpires in the players' organization. There aren't enough umpires to form an organization of their own, and the man who tried to instigate such an organization would be risking his job. That's how Ernie Stewart lost his job.

In 1945, Stewart, an American League umpire with a college degree and four years experience in the majors, went to Happy Chandler, then the commissioner of baseball, to request certain improvements in conditions for umpires. He put particular stress on the pay for working in the World Series, which then was considerably less than it is now. He not only got nowhere, but he failed to get a contract the following season.

Ballplayers have the services of a high-priced lawyer. If the umpires got together and tried to hire a lawyer, everyone, including the lawyer, would end up out in the street. There are only 32 umpires in the combined big leagues and since scores of promising young umpires are in the minors waiting to move up, all 32 are expendable.

The only important extra income available to an umpire is a World Series assignment. The four base umpires—including, of course, the man behind the plate—collect \$3,000 apiece; the two foul-line umpires get \$1,500 each. There's no set rule on how these World Series jobs are given out. An umpire gets his assignment a few weeks in advance, but, as in the case of his contract, he can't plan on it.

Umpires for the World Series are picked by the Commissioner, on the recommendation of the presidents of the two leagues. About a month before the Series, each president submits the names of candidates, and the actual selection is announced a week or so later by the Commissioner. There is no set system in the selection, which is a bad mistake. If a man is good enough to work 154 games in a season, he is good enough to work the Series. Therefore, I believe the umpires should work the Series in rotation. They should be on a set schedule.

I worked two World Series in ten years, which is about average, but somewhat below what should be the average. Lee Ballanfant worked four World Series in 21 years; Al Barlick worked four Series in ten years. Johnny Quinn and Red Jones spent years in the majors without ever working a Series. No one experienced umpire is that much better than another. Working the Series should be like getting a raise and tenure—an automatic situation for the proven big-league umpire.

The All-Star game is hardly a plus. The umpires working that get \$100 in cash plus a gift. The ballplayers are given only a souvenir, but a huge amount is added to their pension fund. The umpires would happily work the All-Star game for nothing more than a souvenir if they could be included in the player organization, which benefits from the pension fund.

Umpires are allowed only \$510 a month expenses, exclusive of transportation and, while that looks big, it actually isn't enough. Roughly, it amounts to about \$17 a day for hotels, meals, local transportation and tips. When you start breaking it down, you'll see what I mean when I say it's not enough.

The average hotel room in a major-league city costs about \$8. If you spend less than that in a first-class hotel, you'll end up in a room the size of a closet. Another \$7 to \$8 goes for food. Most ball clubs allow their players a minimum of \$7.50 a day for the purpose. That doesn't leave very much for tips and transportation. Because of the weight of the equipment they

carry, umpires must travel by taxi. In some cities, where the ball park is reasonably near the hotel, this is not a hardship, but in places like Milwaukee and Philadelphia, where distances are long, cabs run into money, even when divided four ways, since the umpires working together usually travel together.

But the surprise rub is in the tipping. Getaway days cost every umpire a small fortune. His equipment, including spiked shoes, chest protector, mask, shin guards, a couple of suits, and accessories, must be carried in a suitcase separate from the one in which he has his personal belongings. A typical getaway day tipping program costs about \$6. The umpire has to take good care of bellhops, doormen, cab drivers and redcaps in two cities, to say nothing of porters if he travels by train.

Every single change of scenery an umpire makes costs him money over and above the \$17 a day the league allows him. I figured it cost me \$7 every time I made a move. Obviously, \$17 a day isn't enough expense money. The umpires should be allowed at least \$20. There is no reason why, when they're traveling on baseball business, they should have to use their own money for legitimate expense. I imagine this situation is even worse since the league expanded to the West Coast.

I'm sure there isn't an umpire in either league who doesn't agree with me on the grievances I have pointed up and, conversely, there's not an umpire in either league in a position to point them up himself. That's why I've wanted to bring them out.

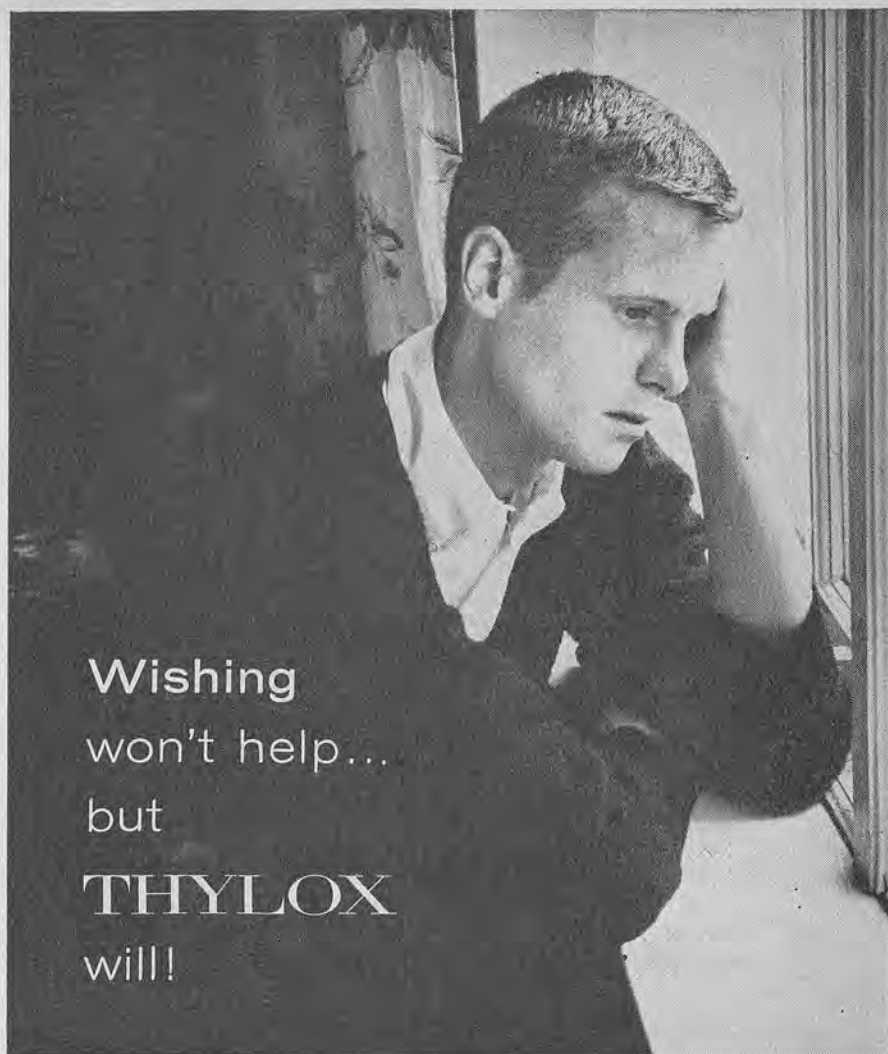
There isn't anything I can do for myself; I'm through, a typical victim of a system which robs an umpire even of his birthright as an American citizen—the right of appeal. If I were to try to appeal the decision which resulted in my being fired, I could only appeal to the man who fired me, which, of course, would place me in a ridiculous situation.

I think, as many newspapermen have repeatedly pointed out, that the umpires of the two leagues should be combined, responsible to an umpire-in-chief who, in turn, would be responsible directly to the baseball commissioner. A big-league umpire is a big-league umpire, not an American or National League umpire. The umpires should be interchangeable within the two leagues. The commissioner has to select the World Series and All-Star game umpires; he should, perhaps through his umpire-in-chief, assign umpires to all games. In any event, it is too confusing under the present setup.

I loved my profession and I'd have stayed with it as long as those in charge would have let me. I miss it badly. Baseball has been my life for as long as I can remember. I was proud of my job and happy to be able to carry it out in the major leagues. I objected to the working conditions, but I accepted them because of my love for the game. Other umpires, I suppose, will do the same.

That still doesn't make it a fair system. For the sake of the fine men who are umpiring in the big leagues, I hope someone whose voice will carry more weight than mine will come out for a change. It might take guts, but if it brings results, it will be worth the effort.

— ■ —



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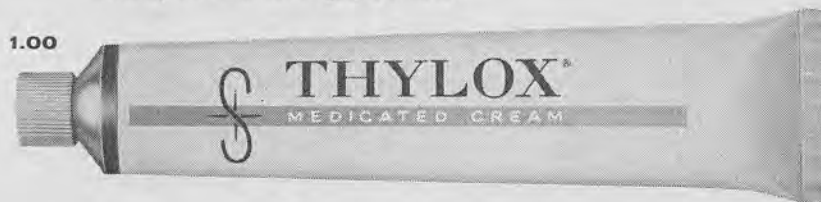
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The Georgia Peach

(Continued from page 44)

congregated in the left-field stands at the New York ball park. The foremost heckler among them was a lusty-lunged, booming-voiced man named Lueker. Lueker's razzing went beyond the limits of decency. He was violently abusive in his insults, shamelessly vulgar in his epithets.

Cobb was angered by the cascade of invective, but he did his best to control his hasty temper. However, at the end of the fourth inning, Sam Crawford, his fellow outfielder, nudged him. "You don't have to take that kind of stuff from anyone," Sam said indignantly.

"He better simmer down," Cobb said, casting a burning glance into the stands.

"If he don't," Crawford volunteered, "we're all behind you."

Cobb wasn't due to bat the next inning, and rather than tempt fate by passing the left-field stands, he sat out the Detroit half of the inning in the bullpen. But the next inning, he had to come in for his turn at bat. As he ran in from his center-field position, the heckler cut loose with an especially vile volley.

Cobb was fuming. The skin on his face tightened into a violent red. His fists clenched and unclenched nervously. Even after he was seated in the dugout, the taunts continued to rain down on him. His eyes turned cold and hard, narrowing into a fierce glint. When the inning was over, he left the dugout slowly and deliberately. "Oh oh," manager Hughie Jennings said excitedly to the men on the

Tiger bench, "he's going to do it. You see that look in his eyes? When Ty gets that look, there's nothing can stop him."

Cobb trotted mechanically down the left-field foul line toward his position. Suddenly, he stopped, veered, and charged toward the grandstand like an angry bull, vaulting the rail and pushing and slashing his way through the mass of stunned spectators until he got to Lueker.

The crowd watched dumbfoundedly as the furious ballplayer punched the offending fan savagely. The people could scarcely believe what they were seeing. No ballplayer had ever before dared to venture into the stands.

Disgustedly, Cobb pushed the limp figure of Lueker aside. Now the crowd awoke into a mob and moved menacingly toward Cobb. Ty chopped and fought his way through them and back to the playing field. Several fans yelled out, "Let's get him and finish him!"

But the Detroit players had sprung into action. Armed with bats, they stood at the foot of the stands challenging the belligerent crowd. "Just try and get him!" Wahoo Sam Crawford shouted.

For a tense moment it seemed as if the fans would storm the field. They seethed with the fury of a lynch mob. The park became frighteningly silent. Nerves tightened, muscles quivered. The fuse was burning.

But the moment passed. The rage of the crowd subsided. Cobb was ejected and the ball game continued.

The incident, however, had repercussions. In fact, it was only the beginning of one of the most bizarre chapters in baseball history. After

receiving the umpire's report of the fight, league president Ban Johnson suspended Ty indefinitely. The Tigers held a meeting and voted to go on strike until he was reinstated. They did so not out of any great sympathy or affection for Cobb but because they were in the midst of a difficult pennant race and they knew all too well that his .400 bat was indispensable.

The Tigers were scheduled to play the Athletics in Philadelphia the next day. Manager Jennings telegraphed Detroit owner Frank Navin the news that "the boys will not play without Cobb. And it'll cost us \$5,000 for every game in which we can't field a team."

Navin, stung by the threat to his pocketbook, wired Jennings to dig up a team, any team. And the "Tigers" that took the field the following day were a choice assortment of local semi-pros, sandlotters and college boys. A circus-loving home town crowd of 20,000 watched the Athletics maul the pick-up Tigers by a score of 25-2.

When Ban Johnson heard about the farce, he was infuriated. He cancelled the remainder of the Philadelphia series, called in the striking Tigers and laid down an ultimatum: "Unless this team reports in Washington for its next scheduled game," he threatened, "I'll banish every one of you from organized baseball."

The stubborn Tigers held another meeting. Cobb, playing the rare role of peacemaker, prevailed upon his teammates to quit their strike. And they did so while Cobb sat out a ten-day suspension. The disgruntled Tigers finished sixth that year, well behind Boston.

But the fans were still out to get Cobb. They wanted vengeance for the beating inflicted upon the heckler. Later that season, while Cobb and his wife were driving to the train station in Detroit, three thugs jumped the car at a red light and attacked him with a knife. Ty successfully fought them off, but not before he had been badly cut.

Still, Cobb didn't stop fighting with the fans. One day he exploded at a waiter in Cleveland. Another day he matched blows with a Detroit butcher. These fights were in addition to the day-in, day-out altercations he had with his fellow ballplayers on the field and in the locker room.

There wasn't a man on the Detroit team Cobb could call a friend, and many of them despised him as cordially as he hated opposing ballplayers and umpires. Ty knew it and seethed, but did nothing until Charles "Dutch" Schmidt joined the club in 1906. Schmidt was a huge 25-year-old rookie catcher and one of the strongest men in baseball. He had been a boxer and had actually fought the great Jack Johnson. Cobb took one look at the easy-going giant who liked to give locker-room demonstrations of his strength, and instantly found an outlet for the rage he could not release against his other teammates.

"Why, you big baboon," he berated the newcomer, "where in hell did they ever get a pair of shoes for those feet? Why, I bet you never even wore shoes back in Arkansas."

"They sure is kinda tight at that," the unsuspecting rookie said, grinning. "Sure wish I could wear a pair like yours, Ty. I hear you keep them spikes real sharp." With that the fun-loving Schmidt grabbed one of Cobb's shoes and, swinging his ham-like fist like a sledge, hammered the spikes

TY COBB'S DOINGS

	Lifetime A. L. Totals	Lifetime Rank	Best Season	No. of Times Led League	World Series 1907-200 1908-368 1909-231	Yearly Batting Averages 1905 through 1926 with Detroit 1927-28 with Philadelphia, A. L.
Games	3033	1	156-1909, 1915	1	17	1905 .240 1917 .383*
Times at bat	11429	1	625-1924	1	65	1906 .320 1918 .382*
Runs	2244	1	147-1911	5	1	1907 .350* 1919 .384*
Hits	4191	1	248-1911	8	17	1908 .324* 1920 .334
One-base hits	3052	1	169-1911	6	12	1909 .377* 1921 .389
Two-base hits	724	2	57-1911	3	4	1910 .385* 1922 .401
Three-base hits	297	2	24-1911	4	1	1911 .420* 1923 .340
Home runs	118	Unranked	12-1921, 1925	1	0	1912 .410* 1924 .338
Total bases	5863	1	367-1911	6	23	1913 .390* 1925 .378
Runs-batted-in	1901**	4**	144-1911	4	8	1914 .368* 1926 .339
Stolen bases	892	1	96-1915	6	4	1915 .369* 1927 .357
Percentage	.367	1	.420-1911	12	.262	1916 .371 1928 .323

*Led league.

**—Not including 1905-06 (RBI not compiled prior to 1907; officially compiled from 1920).

MAJOR-LEAGUE RECORDS

Years	Most with one team (22, tied with Anson and Ott).
Games	Most lifetime (3,033), most lifetime in outfield (2,938), most seasons 100 or more games (19, tied with Wagner and Speaker).
Times at Bat	Most lifetime (11,429).
Runs	Most lifetime (2,244).
Hits	Most lifetime (4,191), most years leading league (8), most consecutive years leading league (3, tied with 4 players), most years 200 or more hits (9), most times five or more hits in game, lifetime (14), most times five hits in game, season (4 in 1922, tied with Keeler, Musial).
One-Base Hits	Most lifetime (3,052), most years leading league (6).
Three-Base Hits	Most years 20 or more (4, tied with Crawford).
Home Runs	Most in two consecutive games (5 in 1925, tied with six players).
Total Bases	Most lifetime (5,863), most in two consecutive games (25 in 1925, tied with Adcock).
Stolen Bases	Most lifetime, modern (892), most in one season (96 in 1915), most caught stealing in one season (38 in 1915).
Batting Percentage	Highest lifetime average (.367), most years leading league (12), most consecutive years leading league (9), most .400 seasons (3, tied with Burkett, Hornsby), most consecutive .400 seasons (2, tied with Burkett, Hornsby), most .300 seasons (23), most consecutive .300 seasons (23).

CHART BY ALLAN ROTH

into the wooden floor of the locker room. The other players roared as Cobb strained to tug the shoe loose. "You lousy busher!" he screamed, his face turning tomato red. "I'll get you for that! I'm gonna beat hell out of you! I'm gonna cut you into little pieces!"

If Cobb had a sadistic streak in him, as many of his contemporaries have claimed, it showed at its worst in his treatment of Schmidt from that day on. He took special delight in tormenting and harassing the confused rookie. He doused him with water, put sand in his food, berated him in the dugout and humiliated him in public. Every man on the Detroit club and most of the town's baseball writers knew what was happening and waited breathlessly for Schmidt to blow his top. The fact that he could easily have killed Cobb with his bare hands seemed to bother no one. They actually wanted to see him try. And Cobb himself was driven by the same insane desire. Every failure to get a substantial rise out of Schmidt galled him to a fresh outburst of fury.

"You're yellow!" he screamed at the giant one afternoon. "You're a skunk with a yellow stripe and you stink! You're just a big, muscle-bound ape and you haven't got an ounce of guts in your belly!"

"You shouldn't talk like that to me, Ty," Schmidt said, with a deep frown. "I don't take that kinda stuff from folks. If you wasn't on the same team, I think I'd make you put up your dukes."

It was more than Cobb could take. Like a David without a slingshot, he hurled himself into the amazed Goliath. His fists, elbows and knees all sought vulnerable parts of Schmidt's hard body. The big fellow had his hands full simply holding him off. He looked around at the silent ring of players for some word of advice.

"Give it to him good, Dutch," one of them said. "It's the only language he knows."

Outweighed by more than 50 pounds, Cobb didn't just lose that fight; he was massacred. The big man aimed all his punches at Ty's body, sending him bouncing repeatedly off the lockers and walls. But Ty kept coming back for more. Even when Schmidt begged him to give up, Cobb groggily kept coming at him. Finally the other players, satisfied that Ty had learned his lesson, stepped in and stopped it.

The most amazing part of the story was that they were mistaken. Cobb not only didn't let up his torrent of abuse, but actually went after Schmidt again a few weeks later, with the same results. Even though Schmidt later sided with Cobb in another fight and Ty showed his gratitude by simply ignoring him thereafter, the giant was always nervous and ill at ease when Cobb was around.

Cobb's extra-mural brawls are just too numerous to catalog, but one other tussle is worthy of mention. According to impartial street-fight observers, it rates even higher than the famous Mickey Walker-Harry Greb aftermath. This was the run-in Ty had with umpire Billy Evans. It took place under the Detroit grandstand after a ball game. For a full hour, fists flew. Cobb took a terrible beating, but finally gained the upper hand by resorting to rough-house tactics.

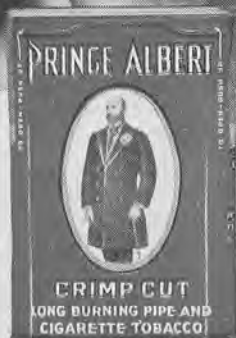
Ty Cobb simply could never acknowledge defeat. His emotional public face was made up in equal



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PRINCE ALBERT



parts of flaming anger and icy superiority. He scoffed openly at sentimentality; he rejected sympathy of any kind; he had few, if any, close friends. Both within and without the fraternity of baseball, he was a very lonely man.

His nature regarded any indication of sentiment or friendliness as a sign of weakness and he played the lone wolf role to the hilt. He ate alone, roomed alone, and even demanded the same absolute privacy when he was home with his family. In his later years, when he should have mellowed as the need for a competitive edge vanished, he remained the same. After 39 years of marriage, in which she had stood faithfully by him as he progressed from a nickel-nursing ball-player to a multi-millionaire soft drink stockholder, his wife, Shirley Lombard Cobb, divorced Ty in 1947.

Ty tried another marriage, to a woman much younger than himself, only to see that, too, dissolve in a divorce court two years later. Even a deeper personal tragedy was the loss of two of his three sons in the prime of life. Herschel Cobb died suddenly in 1951 at the age of 33, and Ty, Jr., died in 1952 at the age of 42. One son, Jimmie, and two daughters survive, but today Cobb's only real solace lies in his memories of his baseball achievements.

His achievements, of course, were exceptional. A quick glance at his record reveals that Cobb is the sole member of the ultra-exclusive 4,000-hit club. And 96 stolen bases in one season is a record that stands even more impregnable than Ruth's 60 home runs in a season. But what is most amazing about Ty's records is

the fact that he was neither a natural hitter in the Ruthian sense nor a speed merchant of the stop-watch variety.

The triumph of Ty Cobb was one of sheer drive, a drive impelled by an anger that would have destroyed a lesser man. But fortunately, in baseball, Cobb found an outlet for his fury. And instead of being destroyed, he successfully created for himself a legendary career in the socially sanctioned world of sports.

One would surely suppose that Cobb's anger was spawned in some jungle-like community—the fierce squalor of a city slum or the barefoot poverty of a backwoods town. But Tyrus Raymond Cobb was the eldest son of a well-to-do and respected family of the Old South. His father, W. H. Cobb, was a distinguished educator who served as a Georgia State Senator. His mother was a quiet, aristocratic lady of considerable charm. The social standing of the family was above question.

Ty was born on December 18, 1886, in the town of Narrows, Ga., near the Carolina border, and he grew up in the nearby community of Royston. There he worked in the corn fields and played Town Ball with the other boys. Town Ball was a simplified variant of baseball; the runner was declared out if the fielder hit him with the ball while he was rounding the bases. Ty developed astonishing agility in dodging these throws, but more important, he discovered at an early age that running the base-paths was an exciting sport. In Town Ball too, Ty learned how to place his hits. For since there was no set number of players to a side, different fielding



The Victory Notre Dame Wants To Forget

POSSIBLY one of the most unusual and intriguing football games ever scheduled pitted a squad of Notre Dame All-Stars against a similar group of collegians from other schools back in 1935. A match like that would draw interest even today, but there was an added bizarre touch a generation ago. For the game was played in Boston in the middle of December—and indoors!

It was the loam, oddly enough, that started the whole thing. Four hundred tons of the rich, slightly gamy stuff had been dumped onto the concrete surface of the spanking new Garden for a rodeo appearance. Promoter Joe Alvarez, who normally concerned himself with wrestlers, went to the rodeo, looked at all that dirt and got inspired.

Alvarez got a couple of old Rockne men immediately interested. Dr. Eddie Anderson, then, as now, coach of Holy Cross, was willing to coach the All-Stars. Hugh Devore, later to assume coaching prominence himself, agreed to recruit former Notre Dame players. The fee for each player was to be \$300 plus expenses, a nice bundle in those depression days. Hughie did his job well, lining up such former All-Americans as the great Frank Carideo and Marty Brill, as well as such lesser lights as Frank Leahy, then an obscure Fordham assistant coach, Bucky O'Connor and One-Play O'Brien. A pretty good, if undistinguished, crew of local collegians was recruited as opposition.

The game was booked for Wednesday night, December 11, 1935, at the Garden. But a week before the game the first gray clouds in the rosy promotional dream started to gather. Some of the old Notre Damers had been thinking it over and decided to stay put. The most notable was Carideo.

The pro season ended the Sunday before the game and Hughie put in a call that evening to his old buddy Jim Leonard, a halfback for the Philadelphia Eagles. Leonard, feeling no pain, agreed to play again in 72 hours. "And I got a couple of good lads with me who'll play too, Hughie," he added. He neglected to mention that the two he had in mind were a couple of Boston boys on the Eagles' squad, Swede Hanson and George Kenneally.

Later that same Monday morning the bleary-eyed trio was on its way to Boston, with a stop at New York to pick up Leahy and O'Brien. At Pennsylvania Station Leahy boarded the train—alone. "Poor Hughie," Leonard clucked, "he was counting on One-Play. Looks like you're elected, George." And with those words George Kenneally suddenly blossomed into a reasonable reincarnation of One-Play O'Brien. Swede Hanson was not quite as fortunate. He appeared in the opposing lineup as "Al O'Neill of Temple."

By kickoff time there was a full house in the Garden stands but plenty of room in the Notre Dame locker area. Coach Anderson counted noses and found himself with 14 authentic ex-Notre Dame lettermen and Kenneally.

The game got underway and Marty Brill promptly fumbled, setting up a 25-yard scoring run by Boston University's Dick Van Iderstine. Harvard's Bob Haley kicked a second-period field goal for a 9 to 0 lead.

In the locker room the weary Irish insisted on the full \$300 before setting foot back on the aromatic sod. Alvarez reluctantly anted it up and the effect was better than a Rockne pep talk. In the third period Sheeketski hit Brill with a spectacular touchdown pass, Leonard converted, and it was 9 to 7. In the fourth period Leahy had to retire from the game with injuries. Like most of the other players on both squads, he had been cut by old tin cans embedded in the loam and was replaced by the obliging Kenneally.

Jim Leonard and Leahy had worked up a tackle-eligible play on the train between New York and Boston and Kenneally now badgered Leonard to call it. He did and the resulting 50-yard pass completion put the ball on the collegians' ten-yard line with time running out. Leonard thereupon kicked a field goal—the first he had ever attempted in his life—and won for old Notre Dame, 10 to 9. And so the great promotional dream ended.

Well, not quite ended. Promoter Alvarez challenged the Notre Damers to another game, this time with a team made up exclusively of wrestlers. The Irish respectfully—and wearily—declined. It was going to be tough enough for the alma mater to live down this game without having Rockne turn over in his grave.

—Lee Greene

situations confronted the hitter each time he came up to bat.

From Town Ball young Tyrus graduated into sandlot baseball, and by the time he was a lean 13 he was the regular shortstop of the Royston Rompers. But baseball as a career was at this point far from his ambition. He hoped some day to attend the University of Georgia and study medicine.

His father, the Senator, had other ideas about Tyrus' future. He wanted his son to become a lawyer. Often he forced young Ty to go down to the local judge's office to read among the musty law papers of Blackstone. Ty would go there, but, obstinate and bitter, he would merely thumb through the pages and stare out of the window.

As Ty grew older, the arguments with his father over his choice of a career grew in frequency and intensity. "I can still see him," Cobb has recalled, "standing tall and stern, his hands behind his back, telling me I didn't know what I wanted to be. It made me feel that something was wrong with me."

Ty found that nothing was wrong with him on the baseball field. There he could assert himself and still come out on top. An intelligent youngster, he studied the rules and the tactics of the game. Diligently, he practiced the fundamentals.

Without his father's knowledge, Ty wrote to the Augusta team of the old Sally League for a tryout. They agreed to give him one at his own expense. Now Ty's troubles came to a head at home. Senator Cobb was shocked by the idea. Professional baseball, in those days, was scarcely considered a proper occupation for a respectable young man.

In a bitter all-night session, father and son squared away at each other. Tempers flared, but neither would give ground. Finally, in the early hours of the morning, the outraged father, realizing that nothing could stop his strong-willed son, begrudgingly gave faint consent.

Still, it was under a dark cloud of protest that Tyrus set out for Augusta. He carried more than the usual burdens of the young athlete heading for his first important trial. For he felt that he had to show them. And he swore to himself that he would not return home to his family until he had made good. And he did, too, after being sent down briefly.

In 1905, the Detroit Tigers conducted their spring training in Augusta and Ty relished the practice games with the major-leaguers. He hustled, he ran his pants off, he razed the famous ballplayers in the big-league lineup, he argued violently with the umpires. But the major-leaguers, far from being non-plussed by the brash youngster, merely dismissed him as a fresh kid bushier.

Ty watched enviously as the Tigers headed north and Augusta opened its season in the Sally League. His roommate was a pitcher from Atlanta named Nap Rucker, later to become a hero in Brooklyn. Rucker once told an anecdote which is immensely revealing of the young Cobb.

In those days the Augusta players dressed and showered in their hotel rooms. Rucker, easy-going, and Cobb were getting along fine until one afternoon when Nap, knocked out of the box, went straight to their hotel room. When Cobb returned from the ball park, Rucker was already in the shower. For several minutes Ty

waited outside the bathroom door. Then, when Rucker emerged, Cobb went at him savagely. "I take my shower first," Ty ordered coldly.

"What's the matter?" the astonished Rucker asked, backing away. "You gone crazy? Just 'cause I got to the shower first today?"

"Nap, please try to understand," Cobb said, now somewhat subdued. "I've got to be first, no matter what it is."

In his compulsion to be first, Ty became his own press agent. Grantland Rice, then writing sports for the *Atlanta Journal*, suddenly was besieged with telegrams from readers named "Smith" and "Johnson" and "Brown" calling attention to "the sensational play of Augusta's new rookie phenomenon." Granny tersely replied to one of the telegrams, "The mails should be fast enough for Cobb," then decided he had better take a look at the "new boy wonder."

Fortunately, Cobb was leading the league in batting and living up to his self-inspired press notices. He sold Granny, and subsequently, through Granny's widely read stories, news of his exploits began to reach the major leagues.

The Detroit club, hard hit by injuries at the time, dispatched Hennie Youngman to scout "that wild, crazy kid we saw last spring." And upon Youngman's recommendation, manager Bill Armour decided to buy Cobb's contract for \$750. The only mention made of the transition in the Detroit newspapers was a simple one-line report that "Cyrus Cobb, Augusta outfielder, was signed today to play for the Tigers." Upon his arrival in the Motor City, Cobb promptly informed the reporters that his name was Ty, with a T. But, bored and uninterested, they walked away.

It would be nice to report that from the moment in 1905 that he first put on a uniform, 18-year-old Ty Cobb was established as a major-league ballplayer. But the facts won't hold for it. He did get a hit in his first big-league time at bat, a solid double off spitballer Jack Chesbro. But he finished his brief rookie year in the majors hitting a quiet .240.

Cobb reported to spring training in 1906 determined to stick with the Tigers.

To say that Cobb succeeded is an understatement. Within two weeks he didn't have a friend on the ball club. Within a month no one was even

speaking to him. But by the end of the season he was installed as the regular centerfielder.

In 1907, with the rookie stigma removed and a hard shell developing to cover his thin-skinned sensitivity, the terror of Cobb began to show itself at the plate and on the base paths. Leading the league in batting, RBIs, total hits and stolen bases, Ty spearheaded the Tigers to the first of three straight pennants. He even achieved the status of a hero.

But Ty's popularity didn't last very long. The following spring the 21-year-old batting champion was a holdout. He wanted a salary of \$5,000. The sportswriters of the day regarded the request as unreasonable—ballplayers in those days weren't supposed to like money—and when holdout Cobb missed spring training, they rapped him hard.

Only when owner Frank Navin finally offered a compromise contract of \$4,500 did Cobb report to camp. Each subsequent season, too, he was a perennial holdout, forcing the Detroit management to raise the ante steadily, until he was getting a salary of \$40,000 a year, the high-water mark in major-league pay until Babe Ruth came along in more plush days.

Cobb was always shrewd about what he did with his hard-earned money. Playing for Detroit in the early days of automobile expansion, he invested wisely in the growing industry. Coming from Georgia, he was naturally attracted to the cotton market, into which he ventured with great discernment. His biggest financial coup, the one that was to cushion him for life, also came about because of his Georgia upbringing. In 1921 he bought a large block of stock in Coca Cola at \$1.18 per share and watched the decimal point slide over until the stocks were worth \$181 per share. When he retired from baseball, Cobb was one of the few professional athletes ever to end his career in the graceful role of a millionaire in his own right.

In his approach to baseball, Cobb was a realist, too, always cultivating his investment in himself. During the winter he would walk and hunt endlessly to build up his legs. During spring training he wore weighted shoes that caused him to work harder and paid off later by making his feet seem to fly when he switched to ordinary playing shoes. Following the same principle, he was the first hitter

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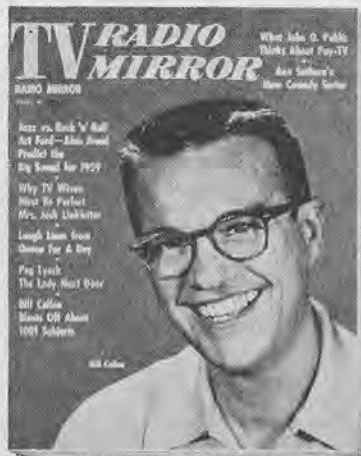


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to swing three bats as he approached the plate.

Probably the most scientific ball-player of all time, the mentally alert Cobb studied both himself and the other players continuously. He compiled his own book on pitchers. And he discovered for himself a way to snap out of a slump. He simply tried to meet the ball and hit it right back to the pitcher's box. Only when he had regained his confidence would he try swinging freely again.

Cobb gripped his bat in a unique way, almost a choke, his right hand three inches from the knob, his left hand three inches higher. He explained his reasoning this way: "If you had a long pole and wanted to touch something with it, how would you do it? By holding it down on the end with both hands? Or by putting one hand down here and the other up here to give you better leverage? Well, that's what I do with my bat. That's how I get around on the ball."

With his sliding grip, and his feet planted close together, Ty could lean into the pitch and place a hit anywhere. Defensive shifts such as those set up against Ted Williams would have been meaningless against him. Ty called his shots to left, right, or center field. He bunted down either baseline, applying a "reverse English" that made the ball roll dead. If he had any weakness or blind spot, two generations of American League pitchers never discovered it.

Ring Lardner, in a short story, succinctly records the greatest tribute to Cobb's batting ability. A rookie pitcher asks his manager, "How do you get Cobb out?" "That's easy," the manager answers snidely. "You just get a gun and shoot him."

The more traditional recourse held open to a pitcher in dealing with a difficult hitter is the base on balls. But to walk Cobb deliberately was to invite disaster. He could, and often did, score from first on a single. A sacrifice bunt was often sufficient for him to get from first to third. He could score from second on an infield out. And, of course, he was always a threat to steal any base at any time.

So respected was Cobb's base-stealing talent that once during a pre-game skull session, manager Connie Mack of the Athletics posed this question to his catcher, Wally Schang: "Now, suppose Cobb was on second and you knew he was going to steal third? What would you do?"

Schang shot back his answer unhesitatingly. "Why, that's easy, Mr. Mack. I'd call for a pitchout, fake a throw to third, hold on to the ball, and try to tag the bum as he slid home."

In addition to his other abilities, Cobb was a superlative fielder. He would try for any ball regardless of personal risk. He could take a backward somersault dive into the bleachers, land on his neck, and still come up with the catch. His throwing arm was accurate. One afternoon, shifting from his customary centerfield position to right field, he threw out three runners at first base.

Legend has it that Cobb would sit on the steps of the dugout before a game nonchalantly sharpening his spikes. That, of course, is only legend. But a legend, it should be remembered, is a believable untruth. Ty Cobb carefully converted his reputation for violence and volatility into base hits and stolen bases by purposely creating the kind of charged

atmosphere of high tension in which he thrived best. Opposing players became nervous and edgy, pulling bone-head plays, as they tried to anticipate the unpredictable Cobb. At the same time many players actually lived in physical fear of him. The word passed around the league was "Don't get Cobb mad." For one never knew what the Georgian might do next. An old-timer said recently, "I used to feel he'd just as soon chase me out of the park with his spikes as look at me."

To Cobb, victory was the only consideration. Just as he would strike fear into the hearts of his opponents in order to gain it, so too could he willingly cast doubts into the minds of his friends. On Shoeless Joe Jackson, he used the subtler and more devious form of psychology. Jackson considered himself a friend of Cobb's. They bore a mutual respect for each other's skills and shared the same common origin as southerners. But in a contest, no one was a friend of Cobb's.

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THE EDITORS

In 1911, while Cobb and Jackson were vying for the league batting title, Detroit came into Cleveland for a six-game series. And Cobb tendered Jackson a special treatment he had devised for the occasion. On the first day of the series he arranged to pass Joe as the clubs exchanged the field during batting practice. Jackson good naturedly walked up to Cobb. "Hello, Ty," he said smiling.

Cobb's face turned red. "Stay away from me!" he growled.

"What's the matter?" Jackson asked, surprised.

"Just keep out of my way," Cobb sneered.

Each inning as they passed each other when the teams changed sides, Jackson would ask, plaintively, "What did I do, Ty? What's the matter?" Cobb, in turn, just glared silently.

Jackson suffered the confusion of the innocent. With his mind distracted as he tried to figure out how he had irritated Cobb, he went hitless in the first three games of the series. Meanwhile actor Cobb's average swelled into a commanding lead.

"I stole that title from Jackson," Cobb boasts with a loud laugh. "If I waited for nature to take its course, he would have beaten me. I had to come up with something." Cobb hit .420 that year, Jackson .408.

That Cobb succeeded in "stealing" the title was almost poetic justice, for in the previous season his fellow ball-players had conspired to cheat him out of a batting crown that was rightfully his. In 1910, Cobb and Nap Lajoie, the affable Cleveland second-baseman, were locked in a close battle for the championship. That year, the Chalmers Auto Company offered the added incentive of a new car to the league leader. Detroit finished its season with Ty the apparent batting champ. The Indians had a double-header with the St. Louis Browns on that last day of the season. The games could have no bearing on the standings. The Browns, among themselves, agreed to let the popular Lajoie know that hits were his for the asking. They played far back on the infield grass and feebly waved their gloves as Lajoie bunted eight for eight, apparently gaining enough points to edge out Cobb for the title.

Hugh Fullerton, a resolute and fair-minded sportswriter, was indignant at the travesty. He went back over an early-season game, in which he had been the official scorer, and, unbeknown to anyone, changed from an error to a hit the scoring of a questionable play on which Cobb had reached first base. When the official figures were announced it was Cobb .385, Lajoie .384.

Winning batting championships was a compulsive habit with Cobb. In his first 14 full seasons in the league he won 12 of them. In his 15th season he broke the pattern of the obsession. And in his 16th season he changed the focus of his energies in what many consider to have been his worst move in baseball. He became a manager.

The Tigers, whose leadership Ty assumed in 1921, were far from championship caliber. They had finished seventh the previous season. But Ty quickly molded them into the hittingest club of all time; the team batting average was a lusty .316. Harry Heilmann, who had been a .309 hitter in 1920, became a .394 hitter in '21. Cobb himself hit .389. Still the club could do no better than finish sixth.

By 1923, however, the Tigers were

a driving second-place club, with Cobb pushing his players unstintingly. By and large, though, Ty was unhappy as a manager. The game of baseball as he relished it—the carefully placed hit, the adroit bunt, the skillful steal, the niggardly pursuit of a single run and the zealous guarding of it—was a thing of the past. A new power game had arrived, and Ty was out of step and skill with it.

Cobb sadly summed up the transformation that had taken place. "I guess more fans would rather watch Ruth clout one over the fence than watch me steal a base."

After the 1926 season, at the age of 40, Cobb gave up the helm of the Tigers, and announced his retirement as a player. But Connie Mack lured him to the A's as a player with a \$60,000 offer. Even at 41, the efficiency of the battle-scarred Georgia Peach was unimpaired as he hit an astonishing .357, stole 22 bases, and earned a suspension for himself by unceremoniously pushing umpire Red Ormsby around. However, after one more season—hitting .323 at the age of 42—Cobb called it quits for good.

Since leaving baseball, Ty has often been seen fit to defend his good name. He stoutly denies any allegation that he ever played dirty ball. "Aggressive, yes, but dirty, no! But I guess if they ever make a movie out of my life the first scene will show me crashing into third base, cutting somebody's leg off."

Cobb also becomes infuriated when he is said to have been lucky. He believes he made his own luck. "I was alert. I'd notice things and I'd store them away. And then when I applied them it might seem like luck, but it wasn't. I had planned it."

Of late, Cobb's name has been appearing on the news pages with a quiet but consistent frequency. At the age of 71 he has returned to his home state of Georgia. He has established in his hometown of Royston a medical center in honor of his father. He has set up an educational foundation to help young students through college. And he is now building for himself a dream house on top of a mountain.

"There is a quality about the people where a fellow is born that makes him feel like he belongs," a comparatively mellow Cobb told Atlanta sports-writer Furman Bisher recently. "This is the country where I belong. I don't want to be set aside from the rest of the people. I just want to ease into life here without any fanfare."

Perhaps Cobb has gone full circle and found peace. Perhaps his anger has abated and the fire that seemed unquenchable has finally been banked. But some years ago another famous Georgian, Grantland Rice, visited the retired Cobb. They were joined by Nig Clarke, the old Cleveland catcher, and the three old-timers fell to reminiscing. Granny reminded Clarke of the knack he had of tossing his mitt away after a two-out tag as if the call couldn't even be considered close.

Clarke laughed. "I fooled a lot of umps that way. Many's the time I missed the runner but the umps still called him out."

Clarke turned to Cobb. "I missed the tag on you at least five times when you were called out."

Cobb put down his drink. His face was flushed. Suddenly he leaped across the table at Clarke and began to pound him. "Five runs!" he shouted. "You cost me five runs!"

That was more like Cobb.



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Billy Wade On The Spot

(Continued from page 51)

intense rivalry between him and Van Brocklin that not even a \$25,000-a-year salary was adequate compensation for Bob.

Waterfield and Van Brocklin played each week before a hotly partisan crowd of Waterfield and Van Brocklin fans who drove when each rival committed an error, seizing upon the incident as grounds for getting their respective favorite into the game.

Both quarterbacks quit reading their mail. "Letters from each faction got so derisive," Waterfield says, "they were giving the two of us inferiority complexes."

Another thing that influenced Waterfield's retirement was severe criticism of his play by even those outside the quarterback fan clubs. Waterfield had helped lead the Rams to the world championship in 1951. A record of 9-3 in 1952—good only for second place in the Western Division—wasn't satisfactory by Los Angeles standards. Bob caught a fusillade of criticism and quit.

The quarterback pressure wasn't relieved when Van Brocklin took command. For instance, the president of the Ram Fan Club stood up one day and accused Norman publicly of refusing to throw to Elroy Hirsch because of personal jealousy of Hirsch's popularity. Van Brocklin grew to hate Los Angeles and left eventually on a note of bitterness, convinced that everyone in the community hated him.

A native of Nashville and a bright star at Vanderbilt University, Wade has been a member of the Ram organization for the last five years, serving mostly as a combat observer. Before that, he spent two years in the service. That means his last serious brush with football was back at Vanderbilt in 1951.

During his time with the Rams, Billy has played only sporadically, with no great measure of success. Socially, however, he's a wow. Wade is a tall, well-constructed 205-pounder with blue eyes, wavy brown hair and an infectious smile that characterizes a remarkably even disposition.

"It is absolutely impossible to know Bill Wade and not love him," coach Gillman says. "This fellow is the all-time salt of the earth. He is the nicest, most gentlemanly person I've ever met in football."

Free of most vices, Wade neither smokes, drinks, swears nor engages in character assassination of others. His genuine wholesomeness, together with his good nature, has made him a prime target for teasing by his roommates, who, like their coach, have found that

developing a fondness for Bill is easy.

"Wade is touchy on only one thing," says Les Richter, his roommate. "He hates to be called 'Billy,' although that's what all the fans know him as. The guys rib him to death about it. When they get on the airplane or the bus, they sing that old tune . . . 'Oh where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? Oh where have you been, charming Billy?'"

"Bill shakes his head and says shyly, 'Dad gum you guys.'"

Wade's resistance to the use of profanity has become almost legendary in the National Football League, where the language gets pretty carbonated at times and is hardly recommended for Cub Scout packs. Once a year, in training camp, the Rams put on a show attended only by team personnel, coaches and press. The players decided one year to give Wade a quick walk-on line in which he was to come to the center of the stage, yell "Oh, damn it!" and then leave. The idea appeared sidesplitting to everyone except Wade.

"Doggonit, fellas," he complained, "it just isn't right."

"When someone called him chicken," Richter recalls, "he agreed to go through with it. The time came for his cue and we pushed him onstage. He was miserably uneasy. He looked at the audience, braced himself—and then got cold feet at the last second. 'Oh, darn it!' he yelled, and left."

It is pointed out, however, that such discretion doesn't always mark Wade's behavior during heated moments on the field. Last year, for instance, a Cleveland tackler caught Wade on an attempted pass, twisted his nose, put an elbow in his teeth and kned him in the groin. Appalled at such villainy, the Ram players asked Billy what he said to his attacker.

"I looked him in the eye," Wade said proudly, "and I called him a dirty rat."

A number of tacklers in the NFL have taken advantage of Billy's amiable nature. Last year alone, in a season in which Wade made only infrequent appearances, opponents drew 15-yard penalties four times for roughing him.

"I know what I'm doing not punching back," Billy says. "The second punch is always the most dangerous. The first punch is never seen and the third is self-defense. But the second is the one that gets you thrown out of the game."

While he makes no fetish of virtue, nor does he preach, decency comes naturally to Wade, the son of a retired Nashville judge now connected with

the trust department of a local bank. The elder Wade was captain of the Vanderbilt football team in 1921, setting a precedent to be followed years later by his two sons. Bill was named captain in 1951 and his brother, Don, who died tragically in an auto accident two years ago, was voted captain in 1952.

As a collegiate quarterback, Bill set scores of school and conference passing records and won endless honors, including All-America, All-Southeast Conference, All-Dixie and several "Most Valuable Player" awards. And it almost goes without saying that he won the Vanderbilt award in his senior year as "Most Regular Fellow on Campus."

The Rams were so impressed with Wade as a player and as a man that they selected him as their bonus choice in 1952, a year remembered fondly in pro football because it produced the finest crop of draft prospects in the National League's history. Apart from Wade, the Rams had their pick of such quarterbacks as Babe Parilli, Don Heinrich, Larry Isbell, Ed Brown, Al Dorow and the late Harry Agganis. Also available were Hugh McElhenny, Ollie Matson, Frank Gifford, Bill Howton, Gino Marchetti and Bob Toneff.

Of the foregoing, it was the inspiration of the Rams to take a man who wasn't to make the starting lineup for seven years. Eddie Kotal, the chief scout of the Rams, explains: "Bill had everything you look for in a pro quarterback prospect. He had size, a big arm, good accuracy and no history whatever for injuries. He also had leadership ability and he was what we call 'coachable,' meaning an easy type to teach."

Actually, Wade's parents weren't anxious for their son to play professional football at all. They disapproved of the unstable life it engendered and urged Bill to settle down in Nashville upon his return from the Navy. Wade had been an excellent student in college where he majored in business administration. But the excitement and the glamour of the big-time game had a fascination that Billy just couldn't resist, and he promptly embarked upon a career of sitting on the bench.

"It was the worst experience of my life," Bill says. "Things got so after a while that I hated to go out to dinner with the boys on Sunday night. They would go over the game, all excited, and talk about blood-curdling incidents, and I would just sit there embarrassed, with nothing to contribute to the conversation. I began to feel like a man spending the war in the Pentagon."

Though Bill got to play a fair share of only three games in his rookie year, 1954, it has probably been his most successful season to date. He did well against the Cardinals, Giants and Packers—games won by the Rams—and gained considerable favor among the fickle Los Angeles fans who were beginning to rise up against Van Brocklin. A Bill Wade Fan Club suddenly burgeoned, and there came from the Coliseum stands on Sundays exuberant cries of "We Want Wade!"

"When I first heard it," Billy says apologetically, "I wanted to find a hole and crawl into it. I didn't want to hurt Van Brocklin. But I can't say I honestly disliked the idea of the people wanting me. It's a good feeling."

Van Brocklin suspected as much, for he dug in with a new vigor in 1955 to thwart any encroachment upon

Otto Graham's advice to the coaches:

LET THE QUARTERBACK CALL THE PLAYS

One of professional football's greatest quarterbacks during his career with the Cleveland Browns, Otto Graham comes out strongly in favor of the quarterback, not the coach, as football's field boss. Otto pulls no punches as he gives examples from his college and professional experience to back up his argument.

Don't miss it in **SPORT** for December

his job by the newcomer. Norm led the Rams to the Western Division championship. However, in the play-off game against the Browns, he seemed to suffer an acute attack of astigmatism, judging from the way he mistook Cleveland defenders for Los Angeles receivers. Before he was taken out late in the third quarter, he was charged with six interceptions which resulted in a Cleveland lead of 31-7.

Wade manipulated a 57-yard touchdown drive in the fourth quarter and played so admirably (the Rams lost, anyway, 38-14) that in 1956 coach Gillman decided to obey the entreaties of his grandstand advisory staff and alternate Wade and Van Brocklin at quarterback. The Ram owners, not in the least bashful about kibitzing, agreed that this was a capital idea.

With Van Brocklin playing the first and third quarters, and Wade the second and fourth, the Rams opened with a bang against the Eagles, winning, 27-7. An excited Los Angeles press, sizing up the Ram team as the greatest yet, asked why someone hadn't thought of the Wade-Van Brocklin plan before.

The answer became evident the following week against the 49ers. With Los Angeles in command by a 23-19 score, Wade faded to his own seven-yard line for a short pass—and threw an interception on the 12. San Francisco charged to the front, 26-23. On the next series, Wade faded for another pass on his 14, fumbled, and San Francisco quickly expanded its lead to 33-23.

The Rams were finally defeated, 33-30, to touch off a calamitous five-game losing streak. By this time, one newspaper was conducting a poll of its readers to determine whether Gillman should be permitted to continue coaching. As it turned out, the results of the poll were never published, although, judging from what he heard each Sunday from the stands, Gillman had to assume that he had lost.

Then the Van Brocklin and Wade factions fell to fighting over which man should be used more. Van Brocklin finally got the edge toward the end of the season, and the Rams, winning their last two games, finished with a record of 4-8, their worst performance since the club moved from Cleveland to Los Angeles.

By the start of the 1957 season, Gillman had learned his lesson about the alternating quarterback system. He was resolved to go with one man full time and he chose Van Brocklin, though not without serious misgivings.

"I knew that Van had temperament and stubbornness," Gillman said, "but he also had talent and experience. Coming off that miserable season in '56, I didn't dare gamble on Wade. He was still green, and he frightened me half to death every time he dropped back to pass. It was always a tossup whether he would throw one for a touchdown or get bounced for a 20-yard loss."

Billy played very little in 1957, especially after the game with the Bears at the Coliseum. When Van Brocklin began to misfire in the third quarter, the inevitable cry of "We Want Wade!!" arose from the gallery. So Gillman gave them Wade.

Billy started by making 29 yards on the first three plays. On the next three, he lost 29. Now he was even. When the Bears began throwing him for longer losses than he could gain back, the same people who had yelled

at Gillman to bring Wade in now screamed to take him out.

In the fourth quarter, with the Bears leading 16-10, Wade got another drive started. He picked up 30 yards in three plays, after which he was thrown for losses of ten and 15 yards. The Rams had to punt and eventually lost, 16-10.

Giving careful thought and reflection to Wade's tendency to get thrown for colossal losses, Gillman is undecided whether Billy merely requires more experience, or whether his brain freezes when he fades to pass under pressure and things don't go as planned.

"Bill is a sincere, intense player," the coach says. "He has tremendous range, courage and speed, and he handles the ball beautifully. But he hasn't yet learned the art of scrambling, without which no quarterback in pro football is worth a nickel."

"If everything goes to blueprint and the receiver gets downfield and the blocking is faultless, Bill will step back gracefully, align his body with the flight of the ball and throw with mechanical perfection off the back foot, using a smooth long-arm action. But dammit, all the passes in this game don't have to look pretty in order to win."

"Say your quarterback is trapped back there and is running for his life. He must be able to throw any kind of ball from any position. You take a guy like Y. A. Tittle. He can throw them out of his ear. Or if Bobby Layne finds his first receiver covered, he'll flick one underhand to someone else. And he'll often do it with two tacklers hanging on his back. That's what we must teach Wade—to improvise when a crisis arises and not get thrown for a loss that kills your whole series."

It wasn't actually necessary for Gillman to go with Wade this year. He had his choice of taking a chance on Billy, or enduring another year of unhappy relations with Van Brocklin. Gillman and his old quarterback got along somewhat less than famously. The Rams claimed that Van Brocklin

never respected the right of the coach to run the team. The result was that Norm was traded to the Eagles, and Wade, at last, became the Rams' No. 1 boy.

The Rams appear quite certain Billy will make it. Their second-string quarterback is Frank Ryan, a substitute for King Hill at Rice last year.

"I feel in my heart that I've really earned the chance," Wade says. "Being a second-string quarterback can be the easiest job on the team. You can loaf and do things half-heartedly because you rarely get in the game, anyway. But I've worked hard and given it a conscientious try at all times."

Asked to explain his aptitude for getting thrown for losses, Wade replies: "It isn't always my fault, you know. If someone misses a block, or the defense decides to rush its linebackers, anyone can get nailed for a loss. The times, though, that it is my fault, it's probably due to inexperience. You can't sit on the bench as long as I have and not make mistakes under pressure. Fellows like Tittle and Layne and Van Brocklin have had the benefit of 18 games a year—12 league and six pre-season. When I once get this much playing time, I'm positive my losses will be cut 'way down!'"

Since Gillman rarely enjoyed the luxury of calling plays during the reign of Van Brocklin, Wade was asked if he, too, would resist signals from the bench, or would give the coach a break. "It's my personal feeling that the quarterback should call the plays," Billy says, "but I still respect the right of the coach to call them if he wants to. He has the most at stake. If a team doesn't win, the coach gets fired, not the quarterback. Whichever way coach Gillman wants it is all right with me."

As this goes to press, Gillman has decided that he will call the plays. Now in his fourth year on the job, he has already set a record for time in office as a Los Angeles coach. If Wade can help him make it five, the mark could last forever.

— ■ —

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Statistics Tell The Story

PRO FOOTBALL POINT BREAKDOWN

The Detroit Lions didn't place among the leaders on offense and defense—the Rams and Browns took those honors. But the Lions won the NFL championship, thanks in good part to their talent for beating the clubs with the most impressive statistics

By ALLAN ROTH

PRODUCTIVE performances at crucial moments, not an overpowering offense or immovable defense, propelled the Detroit Lions to the National Football League's championship last season. The Lions were far from outstanding in either the offensive or defensive statistical rankings, yet they compiled an 8-4 season's record and romped to the title in the playoff game with the Cleveland Browns. Detroit, with 251 points, placed sixth among the league's offensive powers, and ranked seventh defensively, allowing 231 points.

Cleveland (9-2-1) showed the best balance of the NFL's 12 clubs. The Eastern Division champs led the league in defense, holding their opponents to 172 points, and placed third in scoring, with 269.

The passing wizardry of Los Angeles brought them the pro league's offensive title with 307 points. A porous de-

fense gave up 278 points and caused a 6-6 Ram finish.

The individual scoring picture shows quick-reflexed, pass-grabbing hands and swift, churning legs taking back seats to talented toes. The top five scorers in the league last year were all kicking specialists. Lou Groza, Cleveland's perennial king of the kickers (see page 53), and Sam Baker, Washington's long-range boomer, tied for the scoring title with 77 points each.

Lenny Moore, Baltimore's hard-charging halfback, was the league's top scorer among the non-kickers. He got 66 points on 11 touchdowns. The Chicago Cardinals' fleet All-Pro back, Ollie Matson, and Pittsburgh's veteran, Jug Girard, joined Moore as the only non-kicking specialists to lead their clubs in scoring.

Of the 353 touchdowns scored in the NFL last season, 183 were on running plays and 170 on passes.

		POINTS FOR & RANK		OPPONENTS' POINTS & RANK		TOUCHDOWNS (Running—Passing**)		TEAM LEADERS					
								EXTRA POINTS		FIELD GOALS		TOTAL POINTS	
EASTERN CONFERENCE													
Cleveland	(9-2-1)	269	3	172	1	Brown	10(9*-1)	Groza	32	Groza	15*	Groza	77*
New York	(7-5)	254	5	211	3T	Gifford	9(5-4)	Agajanian	32	Agajanian	10	Agajanian	62
Pittsburgh	(6-6)	161 S	12	178	2	Girard Mathews }	4(0-4)	Glick	10	Glick	5	Girard	29
Washington	(5-6-1)	251	6T	230	5T	Bosseler	7(7-0)	Baker	29	Baker	14	Baker	77*
Philadelphia	(4-8)	173	11	230	5T	McDonald } Thomason }	3(0-3) 3(3-0)	Walston	20	Walston	9	Walston	53
Chicago Cardinals	(3-9)	200 S	10	299	11	Matson	9(6-3)	Summerall	24	Summerall	6	Matson	54
WESTERN CONFERENCE													
Detroit	(8-4)	251 S	6T	231	7	Cassady	6(3-3)	Layne	25	Martin	7	Layne	43
San Francisco	(8-4)	260 S	4	264	9	Tittle } Wilson }	6(6-0) 6(0-6)	Soltau	33	Soltau	9	Soltau	60
Baltimore	(7-5)	303	2	235	8	Moore	11*(4-7)	Rechichar	22	Myhra	4	Moore	66
Los Angeles	(6-6)	307 S	1	278	10	Arnett } Hirsch }	6(3-3) 6(0-6)	Cothren	38*	Cothren	11	Cothren	71
Chicago Bears	(5-7)	203	9	211	3T	Galimore	7(5-2)	Blanda	23	Blanda	14	Blanda	71
Green Bay	(3-9)	218	8	311	12	Howton	5(0-5)	Cone	26	Cone	12	Cone	74

*League leader.

S—Includes one safety.

**Jim Mutscheller, Baltimore, led the league in touchdowns on passes (8).

Pro Football Forecast

(Continued from page 65)

Brown who was the darling of the Cleveland fans, however, and it's hard to see how he can miss again this year. Brown gained 942 yards on 202 carries in 1957. Against Los Angeles, he picked up 237 yards in 31 attempts to smash the single-game professional record.

Other rookies who made it big with the varsity last season were ends Paul Wiggin and Bill Quinlan, and guard Vince Costello, an unknown from Ohio University who moved into the Browns' defensive line like a veteran. This year's rookies won't have nearly as much responsibility, but Jim Shofner of Texas Christian is given a solid chance of making the offensive backfield. But first he'll have to beat out men like Ray Renfro, Lew Carpenter, Chet Hanulak, Billy Reynolds, Ed Modzelewski and Milt Campbell. Shofner may have a better shot with the aging defensive unit of Warren Lahr, Don Paul, Ken Konz and Junior Wren.

Old age is also creeping up on those wonderful Cleveland linemen, but it still doesn't show too badly. Don Colo, Darrell Brewster, Mike McCormack and Lou Groza are all getting along in years.

A problem which came to a head in the playoff rout by Detroit—the failure of the secondary defense to knock down or intercept Tobin Rote's passes—has commanded a lot of attention from coach Brown in the pre-season exhibitions. If opponents show signs of penetrating the pass defense to any great extent, Brown can be counted upon to revamp his veteran unit. The same goes for the defensive line, which showed signs of sluggishness last season for the first time in years. The handwriting has been on the wall since Brown traded competent but slowed-up defensive end Len Ford to Green Bay.

Look for Plum, Brown and Groza to more than hold up their end on offense. If the defense can match their effort, the Browns could win everything in sight. They might even lick those Lions.

WASHINGTON REDSKINS—Coach Joe Kuharich, who has a contract clause specifying that he is the only man on the club authorized to select new talent, can take the bows for the success of a daring experiment last year. He benched his regular offensive backs, Tom Runnels, Dick James and Leo Elter, none of whom weighed more than 190, and replaced them with rookies Jim Podoley, Ed Sutton and Don Bosseler, all big 200-pounders. Tiny Eddie LeBaron at quarterback dreaded the day one of them would miss a signal and run him down, but the quartet worked wonders together. The three burly youngsters gained over 400 yards apiece and grabbed a total of 48 passes.

Place-kicker Sam Baker did his bit, too, tying Groza for the scoring title with 77 points, as the Redskins put on their best offensive display since the days of Sammy Baugh. Add to this array quarterback Ralph Guglielmi, the Notre Dame All-America fresh from the service to spell LeBaron, and Johnny Olszewski, the California and Chicago Cards ace, for backfield reserve strength, and the point-scoring problems become little ones.

Only traded Steve Meilinger is

missing from last season's fine offensive forward wall. Either Tom Braatz or Joe Walton will probably join center Jim Schrader, guards Dick Stanfel and Red Stephens, tackles Don Boll and Ray Lemek, and end Johnny Carson, possibly the most underrated pass-catcher in the league.

But defensively there are a few storm clouds present in the otherwise rosy Washington picture. The Redskins have two great defensive stars in end Gene Brito and guard Chuck Drazenovich, but the remainder of the line, as well as the secondary, is undistinguished. Kuharich tried rookies there last year, too, but the results were disappointing. The Meilinger deal brought safety Doyle Nix and defensive halfback John Petitbon from Green Bay, and they will probably help. So will rookie Bill Anderson of Tennessee, who can play end or halfback on defense.

Kuharich could probably come up with another great rookie backfield from the likes of Fred Bruney of Ohio State, Stan Flowers of Georgia Tech, Charley Dupre of Baylor and Dick Lynch of Notre Dame, in addition to Guglielmi and Anderson, but chances are that most will be given shots at defensive assignments first.

If you get the feeling that the Redskin offense is loaded this year, you're absolutely right. As with the Browns, if the defensive crew simply holds its own, Washington could go all the way.

NEW YORK GIANTS—To nobody's surprise, the Giants failed to repeat in their championship defense last season. In fact, they surprised a lot of people by doing as well as they did, with a 7-5 record.

Their quarterback, Charley Conerly, is officially listed at 34 but is believed to be several years older than that. Their best runner, Frank Gifford, makes no bones about the fact that he doesn't want to play anymore, preferring a movie career. Their next best back, Alex Webster, is from the Canadian leagues. Their best pass-receivers, Ken McAfee and Kyle Rote, are an oddly matched pair. McAfee can run but can't fake; Rote fakes beautifully but is slow.

Yet this is virtually the same cast that played such fine week-in-week-out football two years ago, and coach Jim Lee Howell, a patient gentleman of the old school, thinks they can win again with a few patches here and there.

The problem of finding a replacement, and eventual successor, to the graying Conerly has still not been solved. Tom Dublinski, an old Detroit and Canadian pro hand, will probably work with the short-passing Don Heinrich behind Conerly.

The Giants lost three good men from last year's line in Dick Yelvington, Ray Beck and Bill Austin, but they don't even miss them now that Rosey is back. That's Roosevelt Grier, a 275-pound defensive specialist who may be one of the best in football. Teaming with tackle Dick Modzelewski, middle guard Sam Huff, and ends Andy Robustelli and Jim Katcavage, plus linebackers Harland Svare, Bill Svoboda and Cliff Livingston, he makes up a big unit in one of the best defensive lines anywhere.

The pass defense behind them leaves something to be desired, how-



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CHICAGO CARDINALS—Unhappy in their roles as the lepers of Chicago, the Cardinals are about to abandon hope that they will ever lure the fans to the wrong side of town and Comiskey Park—at least not while the Bears are packing them in at Wrigley Field.

This year, Parker has vowed to mend his oversight but it may be tougher than he thinks. In his zeal

to make trades for linemen a year ago, he traded away not only good players but six of his first ten draft choices.

Len Dawson, a slim, smooth quarterback from Purdue, who took over the team briefly late last season, is being given the inside track on the job this year although Morrall is still around, and so is Jack Kemp, a dark horse from Occidental, who may be better than either one. About the only other back worth mentioning is little Billy Wells, who could be good if he could get some running room.

Jack McClaire has the slot back spot sewn up, and in other moves to bolster the offensive platoon, Parker has switched 250-pound tackle Willie McClung from defense to offense, while picking up ex-Packer John Nisby and ex-49er Mike Sandusky to man the offensive guard positions. He's trying to substitute experience for depth although a couple of rookies may be able to help out. Bill Krisher was a great guard for Oklahoma and Mike Henry was a mammoth tackle at Southern California.

Look for improvement as Parker, a perfectionist, carefully assembles the parts of his new machine. But he's still got a long way to go.

WESTERN DIVISION:

DETROIT LIONS—Nobody in Detroit realized just how good quarterback Tobin Rote really was until Bobby Layne got hurt late last season. All Rote did then was step in and run the team to near-perfection as it beat San Francisco for the division championship and then proceeded to blast the Browns right out of the league title game. The question now that pleasantly annoys coach George Wilson is which one will he use this year? Actually, since both are getting along in years, each will see plenty of action as the Lions go after the big crown again.

It doesn't really make that much difference who throws that football for Detroit so long as ends Jim Doran,

Dave Middleton and Steve Junker, as well as halfback Hopalong Cassidy, are around to catch it. These boys are so good that when Dorne Dibble, another first-class pass-snagger, had an off-season last year, he wound up being traded away.

The passing carries most of the offensive load, since the offensive line and running game are only average. Cassidy, Gene Gedman and John Henry Johnson are adequate ball-carriers, but Wilson pines for a big powerful fullback, now that Leon Hart has retired. Rookies Dan Lewis of Wisconsin and Ralph Pfeifer of Kansas State have the best chances of cracking the backfield.

In that offensive line, all-pro Lou Creekmur stands out at tackle but the middle needs plugging. Charley Ane is being moved in to see what he can do about it. Newcomers Alex Karras, Wayne Walker and Bill Glass will also have shots at offensive play.

On the defense, all is serene, especially with the amazing Joe Schmidt backing up tackles Gil Mains and Bob Miller, and ends Darris McCord and Gene Cronin. Schmidt, at 222, is as fast as a cat and hits like a bull. Arrayed behind him is the finest defensive backfield anywhere in Jack Christiansen, Yale Lary, Jim David and Carl Karilivacz, with Terry Barr often spelling Christiansen. They are plain murder on passes.

Perhaps the strongest point of all for the Lions is their overall team experience. Players are not allowed to get decrepit in the Detroit system, and Bobby Layne is the only ten-year man on the roster. On the other hand, the great majority of the squad has had at least three professional years under their belts, and their poise and savvy often overcome their weaknesses.

Paul Brown of the Cleveland Browns, a master exploiter of weaknesses, has never been able to find a consistent soft spot in the Lions, who are his jinx team. But he can take



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some small comfort in the fact that nobody else has been able to find a fatal chink in the Detroit armor, either. It takes a lot to beat this team, we don't think it's going to be done often enough this year to keep the Lions from their second straight championship.

CHICAGO BEARS—The biggest disappointment of the 1957 season, the Bears, a pre-season favorite, finished with an inglorious 5-7 record, and owner George Halas was fit to be tied. He shoved coach Paddy Driscoll aside and announced that he was taking over the coaching reins himself once more—at least until he straightened the team out. The Bears certainly needed some straightening out. Even taking into account injuries to key men like Harlon Hill, the sensational pass-snaring end of 1956, and several other good players, the Bears certainly looked pathetic at times a year ago. Their passing and running, always the strongest points of any Bear team, petered down to one effective back, Rick Casares, and he simply ran his way into exhaustion.

Zeke Bratkowski, hailed as the new Luckman, made the comparison look particularly odious in the early part of the year until veteran Ed Brown was reinstated to the quarterback job. Willie Galimore, a spectacular rookie early in the season, showed little after he was hurt. Perry Jeter and Bobby Watkins, two other good backs, were either hurt or ineffective.

In the light of the offensive failure, the misdeeds of the Bears' strictly average defensive line stood out even more glaringly than usual. Halas has determined that he won't get caught short there again, either. Rookie Chuck Howley of West Virginia moves in as a linebacker behind Bill George, a fine middle guard. Doug Atkins stays at defensive end, but J. C. Caroline goes from the defensive to the offensive backfield. Service returnee Charley Sumner and Jesse Whittenton, obtained in a trade with the Rams, are now defensive backs.

Offensively, in addition to moving Caroline over, Halas is grooming Jim Dooley or rookie Bob Jewett of Michigan State to play end opposite Harlon Hill. Bo Dickinson, a Mississippi Southern ace, is expected to help out Casares with the heavy-duty ball-carrying.

The offensive line, pretty good to begin with, has been altered with the trading of Kline Gilbert, the retirement of Herman Clark and the switching of Stan Jones from guard to tackle. Dick Klein and Ted Karras have a good chance to break in.

Halas wants a winner, and he wants it this year. And maybe Halas himself is all this team needs.

BALTIMORE COLTS—Last year the frisky Colts went to the West Coast for their last two games of the season with a divisional championship practically in the bag. All they needed was one win and they could do no worse than a tie. All that happened was that they lost both of them, 17-13 to San Francisco and 37-21 to Los Angeles. It was a bitter pill to swallow after such a good season, but owner Carroll Rosenbloom and Coach Weeb Ewbank are patient men who can look to the sunny side of the situation.

It was John Unitas, a rangy quarterback discarded by Pittsburgh and relegated for a time to sandlot ball, who stepped in when highly touted

George Shaw was injured. Unitas then proceeded to throw passes—301 of them—as the Colts opened up the offensive throttle. He completed 172 of them and accounted for 24 touchdowns to enhance his position as No. 3 passer in the league.

Unitas succeeded with a motley group of pass-receivers and offensive linemen, most of them passed over or under-rated by opponents. The ends, Jim Mutscheller and Ray Berry, are no gazelles, but they never stop trying and they aren't afraid to throw their weight around on blocking assignments. George Preas, Alex Sandusky, Buzz Nutter and converted end Art Spinney, joined by huge rookie Jim Parker, were the guys up front who gave Unitas the protection he needed and helped open the holes for half-backs Len Moore and L.G. Dupre, and powerhouse fullback Alan Ameche.

All hands are back this year and Ewbank has some pretty good rookies to work into his weak spots—linebackers and defensive backs. He isn't too concerned about the huge but aging defensive wall. End Gino Marchetti at 240 is the little man of that crew, which includes end Don Joyce and tackles Art Donovan and Gene "Big Daddy" Lipscomb. Joyce, at 29, is the youngest of them. Linebackers Jack Patera, Bill Pellington and Doug Eggers were joined last season by Don Shinnick, and Ewbank was also able to work more youth into the defense by putting first-year men Andy Nelson and Milt Davis in the defensive backfield. Davis responded by leading the league in interceptions.

Joining the team this year will be Len Lyles, a small-college back from Louisville, who may be the fastest man to hit the league since Buddy Young's heyday with the same team.

The Colts showed a pronounced tendency to poop out in the closing stages of ball games a year ago, a sure sign of old age. But the younger players still haven't attained the caliber of the old boys, so there will probably be more of this again this year.

SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS—The 49ers came tantalizingly close a year ago. They racked up an 8-4 record as Y.A. Tittle put on a show at quarterback, and Clyde Connor, Billy Wilson and Hugh McElhenny seemed to be everywhere, catching the ball. The momentum continued into the divisional playoff with the Lions. For the first half Tittle and the 49ers could do little wrong and they held a 27-7 lead early in the second half. But then, as the San Francisco fans watched unbelievably, their dreams of their first divisional title faded in a flurry of Tobin Rote passes and a 31-27 Detroit victory.

It was a bitter blow for Coach Frankie Albert and the veteran Tittle. For they had finally succeeded in giving some cohesion to a team of great individual players. Now it's going to be twice as hard to keep them playing consistent team ball.

Tittle, McElhenny, Jet Joe Perry and R.C. Owens are back from last year's fine backfield. Joe Arenas' retirement will be more than offset by the addition of two good Big Ten backs, Jim Pace of Michigan and Abe Woodson of Illinois. The only other quarterback on the team is John Brodie, but he is potentially a great one.

Connor and Wilson, a pair of top-flight ends, will be joined by Fred Dugan, a fine player from Dayton, leaving the middle of the line as the

only offensive problem. Huge Bob St. Clair fills one tackle spot more than adequately but Bob Cross, the other tackle, has knee trouble. Frank Morze, the center, is slow at 280, and the guards, Bruce Bosley, Ted Connolly and Lou Palatella, could use more speed, too.

The defense is in better shape, although one-deep in most spots. Leo Nomellini at tackle and Bob Toneff at end are capable veterans, and line-backer Marv Matuszak, obtained in a trade with the Steelers, was worth his weight in gold last year. Matt Hazeltine and rookie Karl Rubke had good years, but the only source of depth coming up from the rookies this season is Charley Krueger of Texas A&M, who can handle offensive tackle or defensive end.

Dickie Moegle blossomed out as a surprisingly good pass-defender a year ago and, with a little help from Bob Holladay and Val Joe Walker this weak spot may be plugged.

Ticket sales are up in San Francisco but the team, while good, doesn't seem to be up to another championship effort.

LOS ANGELES RAMS—The colorful, controversial Los Angeles entry will have a decidedly new look this year. Gone are brilliant but outspoken quarterback Norm Van Brocklin, spectacular end Elroy Hirsch and tooth-jarring fullback Tank Younger.

The Los Angeles fans will miss those three characters, but coach Sid Gillman is now free to develop the type of team he thinks will be a big

problem with the defense, especially ends, tackles and backs. Les Richter at middle guard anchors the center of the line, and rookie Lou Michaels, a 238-pound tackle from Kentucky, is almost a cinch to earn a berth. Otherwise, the Rams will be forced to go with the same line, although they have shuffled the defensive backfield around and remolded it around ex-Eagle Jimmy Harris.

But the big question mark is Wade. If he comes through, Gillman will be hailed as a genius by the mercurial Rams' fans, and he will be able to go about the rest of his rebuilding program unmolested. If Wade fails, he could easily take Gillman down with him. That's a long, shaky limb for those two fellows to be depending on.

GREEN BAY PACKERS—If the wonderful little city of Green Bay thought that a new stadium was all its beloved Packers needed to tear the league apart, it was mistaken. Even though Green Bay presented what appeared to be a smooth blend of veteran and rookie strength a year ago, all they could do was win three games.

New coach Ray "Scooter" McLean, the old Bear halfback, doesn't have to worry about what to do. It's a matter of what to do first.

One thing he doesn't worry about is passing. With under-rated Bart Starr, occasionally brilliant Babe Parilli and versatile Paul Hornung available to throw the ball, and crack ends Billy Howton, Max McGee and Gary Knafele around to catch it, the Packer offense will always be a threat.

Hornung, of necessity, has become a fine fullback and, with the recent addition of big Steve Meilinger from the Redskins, still another offensive threat is present. There isn't much speed at halfback, but Don McIlhenny and rookie Dick Christy of North Carolina State should fill the bill. Veryl Switzer has returned from the service to add depth, and Senior Bowl star Jim Taylor from LSU is a definite asset. Add a mended Ron Kramer to the slot back spot and Green Bay has the makings of an offensive that nobody could be ashamed of.

The offensive line, however, is pretty thin. If everybody stays healthy, they can do a good job. But if McLean has to go to the bench he may be in trouble. Joe Skibinski, Jim Salisbury, Forrest Gregg and all-pro Jim Ringo spark the one-deep unit.

Defensively, the Packers are in good shape in their secondary but need all sorts of help up front. Bobby Dillon, John Symank, Henry Gremminger and Billy Kinard have a peculiar knack for grabbing off other people's passes.

McLean's answer has been to pile beef all over the place. They may not move fast, but giants like Dave Haner, Jerry Helluin and J. D. Kimmel are tough to move around. Linebackers Tom Bettis, Sam Palumbo, Bill Forester and Carlton Massey picked up a lot of on-the-job experience last year—the expensive kind. They should make fewer mistakes, and Green Bay's top rookie, center Dan Currie of Michigan State, is available.

Under McLean, the Packers can be expected to show a smart and diversified offense. With some defensive improvements and a minimum of injuries, they could even get into contention. Green Bay, the National Football League's museum piece, will be a very lively piece of bric-a-brac.

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winner. Last year's 6-6 slate was about par for the old crew in recent years.

Squarely on the spot in the new look is Billy Wade, the modest young quarterback who has been playing in Van Brocklin's big shadow in recent years. Wade has all the equipment to be as good as Van Brocklin, but has lacked a decisiveness that is essential in the split-second professional timing. Gillman claims this was only a combination of inexperience and lack of confidence, both of which will be eliminated this year. But just in case Wade should falter, one of the rookies on hand is Frank Ryan, a substitute to All-America King Hill at Rice last season and rated by many experts as better than the star.

There are plenty of good halfbacks and ends to make the Rams' attack move. Jon Arnett, Ron Waller, Tom Wilson, Corky Taylor, Del Shofner and rookie Clendon Thomas give plenty of quality and depth at halfback, while Bob Boyd, Leon Clarke and Lamar Lundy easily take up the slack left by Hirsch's departure. But fullback is still something of a problem with only Joe Marconi available to take Younger's old spot. Wilson will do some running from fullback.

Gillman is also blessed with a pretty good offensive line, thanks to trades which brought in Buck Lunsford from the Eagles and Kline Gilbert from the Bears. Combined with all-pro guard Duane Putnam, they form the nucleus of a strong unit.

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College Football's Public Enemy No. 1

(Continued from page 12)

of Governor Gordon Persons of Alabama when he took office in January, 1950. Governor Persons, as an aroused Auburn alumnus, demanded that the coach who produced this scurrilous record, Earl Brown, be dismissed and replaced by a man who could give Auburn "a representative team."

It is possible that, without Governor Persons' boot, Brown might have been allowed to serve out the year remaining on his contract. Auburn people are basically compassionate, and in those ragged times they were ever hopeful that their big year was just around the corner.

Brown, a Notre Dame graduate with a good wartime coaching record at Dartmouth, was paid off and dismissed. Ralph Jordan, an Auburn alumnus who had been an outstanding athlete in his undergraduate days, was hired to replace him. Jordan, an assistant at the University of Georgia since 1947, was not actually requested to place Auburn No. 1 in the nation. Auburn's modest demand for football happiness at the time he was hired is represented in the statement of a typical alumnus: "We don't worry about winning any championships. All we want is a respectable football team that can hold its own, maybe a team good enough to win five games a season."

The No. 1 ranking in 1957 appears to have occurred almost by accident. The general conclusion is, however, that to become the No. 1 football team in the nation one must also become a No. 1 sinner. Before Maryland, UCLA, Oklahoma and Michigan State enjoyed No. 1 rank in the nation, all tasted the bitterness of an NCAA probation. But none felt anything near the force of the lashing Auburn took. On the first count, Auburn was fined, placed on probation for two years and relieved of possible bowl invitations until further notice. On the second count, the probation and bowl ban were extended to 1961, the most stringent football penalty ever leveled by the NCAA.

Both Auburns, town and campus, were crushed. At first there was the silence that comes with shock, then an eruption of resentment. Outspoken alumni, a quaint breed of bird that goes about screaming "War Eagle!" for reasons not yet satisfactorily explained even in the town of Auburn, charged that their school was being discriminated against because it had become a national champion. Walter Byers, executive secretary of the NCAA, listened patiently to this complaint and replied tersely: "Our infractions committee is made up of seventeen men from all sections of the country. These men are men of integrity, which accounts for their position on this committee. None of these men could have any personal reason to persecute any member school. It is a reflection on their character to imply such."

What had happened? Auburn had swept house after Earl Brown was fired and started afresh, and while there were some strong vows taken at the time, none indicated that the administration cared to go so far as to land on the NCAA carpet. On February 15, four days after Brown was dismissed, Garland W. (Jeff) Beard, a former Auburn discus thrower, was appointed athletic director, replacing

kindly Wilbur Hutsell, a venerable campus figure who really only wanted to be track coach. Said Beard on his appointment: "I will not rest until Auburn regains the dominance in sports it once enjoyed so proudly."

Eleven days later, a screening committee of alumni emerged from the living room of Dr. Ralph B. Draughon, president of Auburn, and introduced Jordan as the new head football coach to a cluster of shivering newspapermen at two o'clock in the morning. Said Jordan on his appointment: "I will make every effort to produce a representative football team."

There were no alumni cracking a whip over Jordan's head, ordering him to go out and win everything in sight, for he was the popular choice of all hands for the position of head football coach. Jordan had been an outstanding center on the football team, a high-scoring forward on the basketball team and a lefthanded pitcher on the baseball team at Auburn, graduating with the class of 1932. He was immediately absorbed into the Auburn coaching offices, then presided over by Chet Wynne, who produced the school's last championship football team. In 1932, the year before the Southeastern Conference seceded from the Southern Conference, Auburn won nine games and tied one, and finished in a tie with Alabama for the unofficial title.

Except for two years of military duty and a brief, disillusioning professional experience with the ill-fated Miami Seahawks, Jordan was away from Auburn only the four years he spent as an assistant to Wallace Butts at Georgia, from mid-1946 until his old school whistled for him.

He is a warm, smooth man from Selma, Ala., with an ingratiating manner, a wife, two lovely daughters and a sprite of a son called "Peewee." When the Jordans moved into the same home the Browns had occupied, there was much joshing about town. When the Jordans set out pecan trees, which mature slowly, the neighbors kidded him. "Well, Coach," they'd say, "you must be planning to be with us a while." And they would laugh and clap him on the back.

Jordan was brought to Auburn more as a savior than an aggressor. Its football stock had hit its lowest depths. Never before had an Auburn team lost ten games in one season. The Tigers were everybody's doormat. Even Wofford and Southeastern Louisiana, scheduled as breathers, had whipped Auburn in 1950.

Jordan's tonic worked like magic. Without benefit of his own player recruits, his first team, the 1951 edition, came out swinging and won five of its first six games. On this elevating debut, the War Eagles arose and soared from the depths in one huge wad of ecstasy. It was then, it seems, that the Auburn people realized they could become giants. That breath-taking Jordan inaugural did more for the eventual welfare of football at Auburn than could ever be measured. Above all, it convinced the alumni that the right man had come to the job, that Jeff Beard had known what he was talking about when he said: "He (Jordan) is the only man who can organize Auburn people and restore the prestige of football here. I'll stake my job on him."

Football prosperity began to bust

Auburn at the seams. A town of 6,000 permanent population, it expanded to 14,500 during the school year, and to 45,000 on a major football date. Cliff Hare Stadium was enlarged to seat 35,000. The home schedule was gassed up. A school that couldn't remember the last time it played a money game on its home campus began playing two or three a season. But there had never been anything like 1957 for Auburn.

The team started slowly, with a 7-0 victory over Tennessee. It managed to win three Southeastern Conference games with the modest total of 16 points, all scored by Billy Atkins, a fullback from a class C high school in Millport, Ala. The Tigers had close calls with Kentucky and Georgia, but finished the season with a flourish, destroying Alabama, 40-0, a margin that seemed to influence national opinion, for only in the last week of the Associated Press poll did Auburn finally reach No. 1.

Chiefly, Auburn's might was based on a tough defense that allowed an average of only 133 yards per game to the opposition, running and passing, and an opportunistic offense that always seemed to be able to scare up just enough points to win.

Against Georgia Tech, for instance, Atkins kicked a field goal in the first

Browns, was reported by a Church of God minister in Gadsden, Ala., to have offered his twin sons, Harry and Robert Beaube, both halfbacks, out-and-out cash gifts of \$500 each to accept Auburn football scholarships. The twins said that Herring gave them the money in the lobby of the Reich Hotel one evening. Two days later the minister returned the money to the donor and told him Auburn hadn't heard the last of it. The elder Beaube reported the gift to Commissioner Bernie Moore of the Southeastern Conference, and the SEC and the NCAA lined up for whacks at the Tiger hide.

The Beaube twins were halfbacks of little better than average ability and about the only thing that made them essential to Auburn was the fact that the University of Alabama was pursuing them, too. The twins later matriculated at Tulsa University and, at latest reports, had yet to make their mark on the football world.

Officials at Auburn responded to the case in a mystifying manner, although it was clearly one of the most flagrant violations on record—the only case at the time in which a member of a coaching staff had been exposed offering money to high school prospects. Dr. Draughon explained: "We were caught in a competitive situation."

In a formal statement, he elaborated: "Auburn offered legal athletic aid, but persons acting in the interests of another institution (Alabama) intervened, leading the boys to believe they would be given a furnished apartment in excess of grant-in-aid. It is granted that our representative acted unwisely in the heat of competition to make a cash payment to meet this offer."

"We feel that the rule penalizing Auburn alone, without penalty to the other institution, constitutes something less than equal justice."

As a public statement from the president of a major institution of higher learning, this was read with some disbelief. Dr. Draughon had, in effect, defended the action of the assistant coach. Auburn accepted its sentence not with humility, but with bitterness. If talent proselytizing slowed down at Auburn, the effects were never apparent on the field. The Tigers kept showing up as big, or bigger, and as good or better, than ever before.

The "competitive situation" mentioned by the president was still in existence and the Auburn scouts were competing the only way they knew.

There were whispered rumors that the ethics committee of the National Coaches Association was planning some blackballing action against Herring. It never came off. He still is on the staff at Auburn, so respected for his work that he was one of the lecturers at the NCAA convention clinic last winter.

Over a year ago the rumor flags began flying again. Auburn was said to be under new investigation concerning a quarterback from Guntersville, Ala., named Don Fuell. This past April the lid was blown off. At a special meeting in New Orleans, the NCAA adjudged the Tigers guilty of "offering and providing illicit financial aid and equivalent inducement to Donald Fuell to persuade him to enroll and insure his enrollment at Auburn." This brought about an extension of the probation and bowl ban just 11 days before the original probation was to have ended. Further,

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The SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 61

- 1 Allie Reynolds and Red Ruffing.
- 2 Oscar Robertson, Cincinnati (35.1); "Boo" Ellis, Niagara (.262); Ralph Crosthwaite, W. Kentucky (.610).
- 3 (B) 17. 4 True. 5 Red Barber.
- 6 Don Budge. 7 Dark, LSU; Jensen, California; Giel, Minnesota. 8 Harry Greb. 9 Russia's Vasily Kusnetsov held the record with 8,013 points.
- 10 Harlon Hill.

ten minutes and the defense made it hold up all afternoon. Jimmy (Red) Phillips, a spectacular end, became an All-America; Jackie Burkett, the center and the fastest man on the squad, was the SEC's sophomore of the year; Jerry Wilson at end, Zeke Smith at guard and Tommy Lorino at halfback starred then and are All-America prospects this year, along with Burkett.

Basically, the 1958 Auburn team should be equal to last year's national champions, give or take an opportunity or two. The ugly scars of probation have not begun to show, if indeed they ever will. There was no slackening of the recruitment pace after the first blow by the NCAA, and this infraction, by its character, was far more damaging to the school than the second.

And there had been two lesser infractions earlier, placing Auburn in the uncomfortable position of being a four-time loser since Jordan took over. First the Tigers were found guilty and punished by the SEC for giving a tryout to a boy from Chattanooga. Then, a little over four years ago, the school was fined by the conference for presenting gifts to four football prospects from Atlanta.

In December, 1956, an assistant coach from Auburn, Hal Herring, a former linebacker for the Cleveland



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Auburn was eliminated from competition for NCAA titles just a few weeks before its baseball team was due to qualify for the national tournament.

A short time later, the SEC executive committee met and bludgeoned the bloodied Tiger's head some more. The NCAA's charges and penalties were approved, and in addition Auburn was forbidden to share the bowl pots brought into the conference by other member teams, which often amount to a considerable sum.

This writer later learned that only through the personal efforts of Commissioner Bernie Moore at the New Orleans meeting was Auburn spared the cancellation of a full year's football schedule. This was because Auburn itself made public the evidence of its misdeed: That Fuell, who came from a family of modest means, was married shortly after he was signed to a grant-in-aid contract by Auburn, and also came into possession of a boat with a 35-hp motor; that, after reporting to the campus, he was able to afford an air-conditioned apartment, a television set, a stove and a refrigerator; and that he was to receive a new automobile or \$2,200 in cash in his sophomore year.

Auburn fought back bitterly. A press conference was called hurriedly at which 105 sworn statements, photostats, deposit slips, invoices and cancelled checks were offered in the school's defense. A good deal of the conference also was devoted to putting the finger on Alabama as the dirty informer that put the finger on Auburn.

The Fuell case soon developed into an almost hilarious series of episodes of espionage and counter-espionage, with private detectives flitting in and out of the scene like Keystone Cops. Some unknown client employed a former Pinkerton man to spy on Auburn, and Auburn itself employed a private eye "to find us guilty, if he could." And of course the SEC and the NCAA had their ace bloodhounds on the spoor.

Auburn finally gave up the fight after the SEC executive committee upheld the NCAA findings and convictions. But Fuell himself, supported by "interested alumni," set a precedent for persistence. He carried the fight into an Alabama circuit court in August, obtaining a hearing to force the SEC to show cause why he should be declared ineligible to participate in athletics at Auburn. He was not expected to get very far with his argument.

Because of sensational scouting reports that had leaked out around the South, Fuell was hotter than a two-dollar iron before Auburn came along. Recruiting artists from several SEC members had reported back: "Hands off. This kid's looking for a deal. He's too hot to handle."

Fuell allegedly had set himself up on a businesslike basis, meeting college coaches in motels by appointment and entertaining all offers. It was Alabama that first requested SEC investigation of Auburn's activities regarding Fuell. Alabama was then under the coaching guidance of J.B. Whitworth, a boyhood friend of Jordan's at Selma, and later a fellow member of the coaching staff at Georgia.

After a cursory probe by his staff, Commissioner Moore reported "insufficient evidence." As late as last March, Moore wrote Walter Byers of the NCAA: "I am still of the opinion

that there is not sufficient evidence to substantiate the allegations against the boy or Auburn."

In the meantime, Tulsa University had also reported Auburn to the NCAA, setting off a major investigation that led to conviction. Moore later explained that his and the SEC's change of position was based on new evidence that the NCAA had turned up.

On the academic side, Auburn had paid a heavy price for its football fame and glory. The same month that the football team was acclaimed No. 1 in the nation, the School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering lost its accreditation. It was a coincidence, but a damaging one.

Actually, the honor of the Auburn football team and the dishonor of the engineering department had no connection in any shape, form or manner. The athletic department is a business in itself, operated on its own and by its own hand, under faculty scrutiny. But unfortunately the public lumped the two together and there was much harassment of the institution editorially and otherwise. Even the *Saturday Evening Post* took the editorial effort to observe, "Unbeaten teams don't make up for mediocre education."

These turn of events have only succeeded in cementing Auburn's all-for-one-and-one-for-allness, the kind of fever that first seized its people when Jordan broke in with five victories in the first six games of 1951. There have been cases in which outspoken old grads have said, "Let's have this thing investigated fully and either give our coaching staff a clean bill of health or clean it out." But this attitude has been inspired more by the alumni conviction that their school has been more sinned against than sinning. Generally, the alumni have stuck loyally by, welded together in mass resentment, as the season ticket sales boom onward and upward.

There could be a retrenchment of recruitment at Auburn for a reason other than the probation already hanging over the Tiger's head. With Bear Bryant at Alabama, Auburn will be more closely scrutinized than ever by a man who is himself a special-

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ist at circumventing the usual talent-hunting hazards. And it goes without saying that Auburn will be observing arch-rival Alabama just as closely in return. This may have the desirable effect of eliminating all but petty cases of violation on the part of both.

For those not aware of the fact, it should be pointed out that the Auburn-Alabama rivalry reached such a degree of intensity in 1907 that the football series was cancelled and not renewed again until 1948.

There is little basis for guessing about Auburn's future in football. For reference, one might point to the cases of contemporaries rated No. 1 and also found guilty of rules infractions. Neither Oklahoma nor Michigan State has suffered on the field or at the box office. UCLA and Maryland endured recessions, but this appears to be only a temporary condition.

Auburn, however, is located in an area of rural isolation not consistent with football greatness. The town is located on what is known as "The Plain" of east-central Alabama, 120 miles southeast of Birmingham and 58 miles northeast of Montgomery, and was named for the Auburn in Oliver Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village* ("Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain . . .").

Its football tradition is rich. On February 20, 1892, Alabama Poly defeated Georgia in Atlanta, 10-0, in what is said to have been the first college game ever played in the deep South. John Heisman coached there from 1895 to 1899, losing only four games. A little Irishman named Mike Donahue came there in 1904 and stayed until 1922, establishing for

Auburn that first period of dominance to which Jeff Beard referred. But at that time it meant little nationally, for the rest of the United States paid slight attention to southern football then.

Auburn's record in the SEC had been spotty until Jordan came along. He has now brought considerable attention upon a town once happily resigned to its reputation as a rural retreat. Auburn is now firmly established among the giants of the SEC and traffic in its direction will not necessarily cease because of two major convictions by the NCAA. Only the years can determine their effect on the attraction of spectators and athletic talent in this television age.

Jordan and his men will proceed more cautiously in recruitment, chiefly by controlling over-enthusiastic alumni. In causing the Auburn followers to rally around in historic numbers, Jordan has found himself and his football staff supported with almost fanatical devotion. It was charged that alumni handled the details of the Fuell deal, but in all such cases the profiting school is held responsible, nevertheless.

If the ill effects of the Beaubé twins case did not drag Auburn down, then the Fuell case probably will not. However, there cannot be a third crime and conviction. If there is, it is a certainty that the football factory will be shut down for a year of suspension, leaving "The Loveliest Village" to revert to its poetical sublimity and the institution to its first responsibility of educating young men and young women.

— ■ —

You Can't Pick A Series Hero

(Continued from page 17)

Veeck a favor, but it is more likely that Stengel did not think Bearden could survive in the American League without a fast ball, and advised the Yankees to palm him off on the Indians.

Bearden helped bring a world championship to Cleveland with a 20-7 record in 1948. He pitched well in Cleveland's closing rush, then beat the Red Sox in the playoff game which clinched the pennant for the Indians. And yet there were far more likely prospects to choose among even if you believed that a pitcher was going to be the hero of this Series between the Indians and the Braves. There were illustrious names indeed—Bob Feller, Bob Lemon, Johnny Sain and Warren Spahn. Bearden, tired after his playoff game stint, didn't even appear in the Series until the third game. Then he shut out the Braves, 2-0. When the Indians had a chance to wind up the Series in the sixth game, but appeared in danger of blowing a three-run lead, Bearden was called into the game in relief. He took over from Bob Lemon in the eighth inning and underwent the perils of Pauline in two of the tensest innings in Series history.

Bearden has always insisted that he was lucky to save that game and that he could easily have been the goat of the Series. But it is just such luck—combined with latent ability—that makes October heroes. For Bearden was never hit harder in his life than he was by the Braves in those two innings.

Clint Conatser, the first batter,

caught hold of a knuckler and blasted it for a 400-foot out to center field, a run scoring after the catch. Phil Masi then came up and hit the left-field wall with a long double, bringing in another run. At this point Cleveland manager Lou Boudreau called time and went out to the mound.

"I thought he was going to yank me," Bearden said, "but all he told me was, 'Keep chucking. You'll stop them. If you don't, you're pitching tomorrow anyway!'"

Mike McCormick stepped up next and smashed a hot line drive straight at Bearden that he was able to hang onto for the last out of the inning. But the tension continued the next inning when Eddie Stanky walked. Sibby Sisti, a good bunter, was sent in to sacrifice and set up the tying run. Bearden made him hit a high pitch for a little pop that catcher Jim Hegan converted into a double play and the Braves were dead.

For Bearden, the effort was his crowning glory both as a baseball player and a man. He had been seriously wounded during World War II and wore a metal plate in his head. Yet he had achieved more glory in his first year in baseball than many men attain in a lifetime. It is anticlimactic to add that he never again was a winning pitcher in four more major-league seasons with Cleveland, Washington, Detroit and the old St. Louis Browns. In 1956 he failed in a comeback try with the Braves, the team he had beaten eight years earlier.

When Johnny Mize became the hero of the 1952 Series, it was another case

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of the man who almost wasn't there. Mize had considered retiring from baseball that spring.

"I had all my stuff packed in the car, ready to drive to St. Petersburg," Mize said later, "and then I said to myself, 'This is silly for a guy my age. Why should I keep punishing myself? I'm going to unpack this stuff, call the ball club and tell them I've had it.'"

It turned out to be merely a passing thought. The 39-year-old Mize went to training with the Yankees but saw little action during the season. He came to bat only 137 times, hit four home runs and batted .263. The old boy got his chance in the Series against the Dodgers because of the failure of Joe Collins. Collins opened at first base for the Yankees but went hitless in 11 times at bat. Sent up as a pinch-hitter in the ninth inning of the third game, Mize clouted a home run in a losing cause. But it gave Stengel an idea.

John was in the line-up at first base when the fourth game got under way. He hammered a home run off Joe Black and the Yankees won, 2-0. The next day he hit a homer with two men on in the fifth inning to tie up the game and then, with the Yankees trailing in the bottom of the eleventh, he nearly tied it again as a leaping catch by Carl Furillo in front of the bullpen robbed him of another homer. In the deciding seventh game, John got two more hits, driving in Rizzuto with the Yankees' first run. New York won the game, 4-2, and the Series, four games to three. Despite his late start, Mize had six hits in 15 times at bat for a .400 average, hit three homers and drove in six runs. It was his farewell to baseball and no fiction writer could have devised a better ending to a distinguished career.

In 1953 it was Billy Martin's turn. In one of the most spectacular World Series performances of all time, Billy tied Babe Ruth's record of 23 total bases for a six-game World Series. Batting .500, he got 12 hits, which included two home runs, two triples and a double, and batted in eight runs against the Dodgers.

"He's the 135-pound home-run hitting champ of the majors," Stengel said sarcastically of the 155-pound Martin before the Series began. "He swings from the heels but he just ain't strong enough to be a slugger."

So Martin dragged his .257 batting average into the World Series and went berserk. He began and ended the slaughter of the Dodgers. He hit a bases-loaded triple in his very first time at bat. Later he got two more hits and stole a base as the Yankees won the opening game, 9-5. He tied up the second game with a seventh-inning home run off Preacher Roe. His accomplishment in the third game can best be expressed negatively. That was the day on which Carl Erskine smashed the Series strikeout record, fanning 14 Yankees. He did not get Billy even once. Martin even more conspicuous the next day, rapped a single and a triple as the Yankees lost, 7-3. He drove in what proved to be the winning runs with a two-run homer in the seventh inning of the fifth game, and then wound up the Series the next day by driving in Bauer with a ninth-inning single off Clem Labine.

Billy's modest explanation for his prodigious feats was: "I inherited DiMaggio's locker when he retired last year. I guess Joe left some base hits in it." But it was a flip cover-up for

the bitterness he had felt before and during the series.

"At every World Series, I always read where the writers rated the opposing second-baseman over me," he said later. "First it was Jackie Robinson, and then it was Jim Gilliam. I always got the feeling I had to show them, all of them."

Martin secretly boiled every time Brooklyn manager Chuck Dressen ordered men walked to pitch to him. "Why did you do it?" he demanded of his old Oakland manager when they met after the Series.

"Because I thought you were the All-American out," said Dressen frankly.

Dressen had forgotten that the boy who used to bat eighth in his batting order was—and still is—one of the best clutch players in baseball. The memory slip cost him his job the next season, when Walter O'Malley refused to extend his contract.

What fan will forget Dusty Rhodes in 1954? Few Series heroes have risen from such absolute obscurity as Dusty did. A journeyman ballplayer all his life, he seemed to have reached the end of his brief and undistinguished big-league career in 1953. But when the Giants toured Japan that fall, Dusty got a chance to do a lot of playing—and a lot of thinking.

"I used to pinch hit a lot," Dusty recently recalled, "and I struck out a lot. So I took a tip from Don Mueller and just tried meeting the ball more."

Dusty enjoyed considerably more success in 1954, but he was still only a part-time player and he did not appear to loom large in Durocher's pre-Series plans. Even Bobby Hofman overshadowed him as a pinch-hitter. In the Series against Cleveland, Dusty's chances for immortality hung precariously until Durocher played one of his celebrated hunches.

Dusty was so nervous just before the Series that he could hardly eat. His daily diet consisted of coffee and doughnuts for breakfast, no lunch and a couple of sandwiches for supper. "I was in my first Series and I was scared," he told reporters later. "When Leo sent me up to hit for the first time, all I wanted to do was hit that ball and get out of there. All those people terrified me."

With the score tied in the bottom of the tenth inning of the first game, and Willie Mays on second base, the Indians walked Hank Thompson to pitch to Monte Irvin. Leo was suddenly bitten by a hunch. He sent up Rhodes to bat for Irvin. Dusty dumped a blooper into the right-field seats and the Giants had won the opener, 5-2.

In the second game, the Giants were trailing, 1-0, in the fifth inning when Irvin was due up once more with two men on. Leo, bearing down hard on a good thing, called on Rhodes again as a pinch-hitter. The gods (Chinese gods, undoubtedly) were on Dusty's side again, and he bloomed a hit into center field for a run. Inserted into the lineup in left field, Dusty got another chance to hit in the seventh when the Giants were leading by a run. He walloped a home run to wrap up the game. In the third game he was called on once more to bat for Irvin, this time with the bases loaded in the third inning. He belted a single to drive in two runs and the Giants were on their way to another victory. The Giants wound up the Series in four straight. They were the world champions, Dusty was a hero and Leo was a genius.

"I don't see why they're fussin' and fumin'," the delighted Rhodes now crowed. "If there's a pitcher I can't hit, I ain't seen him yet."

Apparently Dusty's eyesight was none too good, since he had hit .250 in 1952 and .233 in 1953, prompting Du-rocher to remark, "The only reason I keep that big lug around is because he looks good in the hotel lobbies."

Rhodes was never able to recapture his magic World Series formula, or even his regular-season mark of .341 and 15 home runs. By 1957 he had plummeted steadily to .205 as National League pitchers, realizing he lived on fast balls, fed him nothing but curves and slow stuff.

Johnny Podres was the young man who lit up the skies over Brooklyn in 1955. The chances of Johnny, a sore-armed southpaw who had had a 9-10 record during the season, to rise up and be a Series star seemed as remote as the chances of the Dodgers finally winning their first world championship. But manager Walt Alston had lost faith in Don Newcombe and had to put the biggest burden on his young southpaw. Podres halted what appeared to be a Yankee runaway by beating them, 8-3, in the third game and then, with the two teams tied at three victories apiece, brought "next year" to Brooklyn by pitching a 2-0 shutout and clinching the Series.

The most remarkable individual accomplishment in World Series history was credited to Don Larsen in 1956. Don was far more renowned for his off-the-field escapades than for his success on the mound. For years he had labored under the twin burden of a reputation as a playboy and a losing pitcher. In his sole appearance in the 1955 Series, he had distinguished himself only by lifting a high pop foul which conked Yankee owner Del Webb on the skull. His first start in the 1956 Series proved to be another disaster, Larsen being knocked out in the second inning as the Dodgers went on to win, 13-8.

Then, with the Yankees battling for their lives and faced with the necessity of finding a pitcher who could match Dodger ace Sal Maglie, Stengel turned in desperation to Larsen in the fifth game, Larsen, handling the Dodgers so easily that his spectacular performance was scarcely spectacular at all, pitched the first perfect game in World Series history. He beat Maglie and the Dodgers, 2-0, and the Yankees went on to recapture the world championship.

And then it was 1957. Warren Spahn and Whitey Ford were the pitchers who drew the attention before the Series started. But when Lew Burdette came on the scene, both were forgotten. He beat the Yankees three times, 4-2, 1-0 and 5-0. Not since Christy Mathewson pitched three shutouts in 1905 had a pitcher so completely dominated another team in a World Series. Stengel loaded his lineup with lefthanded batters, but that was all right with Burdette. His screwball, breaking away from them, gave them fits.

Did Stengel feel he was about to be ambushed last fall by Burdette? Not according to Burdette, who used to belong to the Yankees.

"Casey didn't even know my name when I was with them back in '51," Burdette says. "He'd just holler at me, 'Hey, you, get in there and warm up!'"

But Stengel, who had guessed wrong about Gene Bearden years before, apparently had made an even worse

error in Burdette's case. The laconic righthander, who introduced a psychological weapon into the game by pretending to throw a spitball on every pitch (according to many sources, it isn't always a pretense), had been a big winner for five straight years with the Braves. But maybe some sort of World Series hex is working on him, too, since he was surprisingly ineffective for most of this season.

With the extensive scouting reports that precede each Series, how do ordinary ballplayers blossom out as heroes?

Why can an ordinary player rise to greatness when his opponents are thoroughly versed in his weaknesses?

Even the most detailed knowledge of an opponent's style often proves useless. Al Lopez, whose Indians were wrecked by Rhodes in 1954, was talking about Dusty and that Series recently.

"We knew Dusty because we used to play the Giants in the spring," Lopez said. "He was always trying to kill the ball and we kept it away from him. Then, during the '54 season, we learned that Dusty was trying to meet the ball more, and you had to work on him differently. We tried everything. He hit a curve ball off Lemon for a home run, a knuckler off Wynn for a home run, a slider off Wynn for a single and a fast ball off Garcia for a single."

Sometimes a player simply gets hot at the end of the season and a World Series is too brief to cool him off. In the field, a competent player just happens to be in the right place at the right time and comes out of it a hero. And then there are the cases in which a shrewd manager takes advantage of his special knowledge of a player's capabilities. When the player comes through, it is a big surprise to everybody—but not the manager. For instance, the Dodgers had a hunch that Podres could handle the Yankees. He had always pitched brilliantly against them in exhibition games. Most people had forgotten that Dessen had started him against the Yankees, just four days after his twenty-first birthday, in the 1953 Series. But for an error behind him at a critical moment, Johnny might have won then, too. When Alston, after the failure of his ace, Newcombe, turned to Podres in 1955, Walt was doing more than just playing a hunch.

Dressen, perennially unlucky in his World Series decisions with the Dodgers, almost made a hero out of Joe Black in 1952. "He'd been my relief pitcher all year," Dressen says, "but he'd also won more games than anybody on the club and he was my most dependable pitcher. I figured that by starting him in the Series opener I'd get a chance to use him three times; and if he won two of those games, we'd win the Series."

Black, though he pitched courageously, couldn't quite make it. He beat Allie Reynolds in the opener, lost to Reynolds, 2-0, in the fourth game, and then lost the seventh game, 4-2. Dressen, who knew you had to play it differently in the Series, hadn't won his gamble, but only because a few breaks went the wrong way. And it's the little things that make a man a World Series hero.

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SHOULD COLLEGE FOOTBALL PLAYERS BE PAID?

LAST FALL, the editor of this magazine listened to one of the most prominent coaches in the country argue that the only way to make sense out of the recruiting mess that has plagued college football for so many years is for the NCAA to pass legislation providing for the players to be paid.

Last August, Terry Brennan, the clear-minded young coach of Notre Dame's football team, called for an NCAA rule requiring prospective college players to sign a declaration of intent binding them to stick with the college of their choice or suffer prescribed penalties (such as a year or two of ineligibility). Terry's idea is to bar shopping around by the players, to put an end to unrestrained bid-topping.

In this issue of *SPORT*, Furman Bisher of the *Atlanta Journal* describes the trouble Alabama Polytechnic Institute, better known as Auburn, got into when it went all-out after football success. The school zoomed to No. 1 in the national rankings and, in the process, virtually became the NCAA's Public Enemy No. 1.

What with one thing and another, you can't escape the feeling that big-time football is only a shade less larcenous than bank robbing. As we have observed before in this space, the reason for all the smoke and fire is simple: There is a whole lot of money involved. Tickets to big-time college football games cost just about as much money as any form of entertainment this side of *My Fair Lady*, and the smell of that kind of money stimulates a lot of scheming. The schools scheme to build big stadiums to attract large numbers of spectators. They hire expensive coaches to create teams good enough to fill those stadiums. The coaches realize that recruiting talent is at least as important a part of their jobs as designing irresistible offenses and impregnable defenses, and they don't spare the horses in trying to sign up the best of the annual crop of high school heroes. And the players, increasingly aware of how important they are to the whole crazy system, hold out for all they can get. It's still college football but you would have to be awfully naive to call it an amateur sport.

So perhaps, if nobody has any intention of making the old amateur code govern the game, the wisest course would be to adopt a new code. Anything would be preferable to the demoralizing and degrading bribery that is so common today. For, let's not deceive ourselves, it's nothing but bribery when a representative of one of our distinguished American universities approaches a high school graduate and offers him an illegal drawing account, or a slightly used convertible, or guaranteed "job" payments, in order to coax him to enroll there instead of somewhere else.

The coach we mentioned in the first paragraph is a tough, hard-bitten citizen who knows all there is to know about football, and a great deal about the people who run it and the boys who play it. He isn't a day-dreamer and he doesn't indulge himself in wishful thinking. From a purely practical standpoint, he thinks the evils of uncontrolled recruiting can best be stamped out by paying the players. It is his contention that a standard wage, perhaps \$100 or \$150 per month, should be set up by the NCAA. Knowing he would get the same money, no more and no less, at whatever college he picked, the player would be more likely to choose the college that is best for him scholastically (depending on his interests) and geographically (depending on where he lives).

Naturally, the weakness in the pay-them-above-the-table plan is that a larcenous college still could corral more than its share of the talent by offering side payments in addition to the legal sum. But our friend the coach thinks this is unlikely to happen. For one thing, he says, the colleges would be parting with just about as much cash as they would care to; and for another, the NCAA, having become realistic enough to pass this legislation in the first place, surely would be tough-minded enough to crack down on violators with a vengeance that would give pause for thought to every college possessing the slightest shred of pride in its reputation.

It's worth trying. Isn't it better to be on the level than a chiseler? Isn't it better to take an honest pay check than a bribe? Sure, it is.

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